

## ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LXXVII. — MAY, 1896. — No. CCCCLXIII.

## LETTERS OF D. G. ROSSETTI.

I. 1854.

LIFE seems to me strangely varied this sunny January day, as, sitting at my desk in the parlor of a pleasant villa on the outskirts of the little town of Alassio, I look beneath palm-trees upon the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and listen to the measured beat of the waves on the sandy shore. Lying open before me are copies of the letters which Dante Gabriel Rossetti wrote to his friend William Allingham. In the table drawer are copies of another set of letters, which, more than a century and a half ago, Swift wrote to an Irish country gentleman. This double correspondence, written by men wide as the poles asunder, I have brought from England to edit in Italy for readers on the other side of the Atlantic. Have I not good reason for finding a strange variety in life?

Delightful as is this spot where winter seems to have gone a-maying, yet it better suits a poet or a painter than an editor, who needs long shelves of books far more than trees laden with oranges and bushes weighed down with roses. From England and libraries I have been driven far away by weakness of health. In editing Rossetti's letters — that part of my twofold task to which I have turned first — I have had the help of friends at home. Mr. W. M. Rossetti has read the whole of the correspondence, and has furnished me with elucidatory notes. These are indicated in each case by the addition of his initials, to distinguish

them from the passages which I quote from his interesting Letters and Memoir of his brother. My old friend Mr. Arthur Hughes, who, though not one of the seven Pre-Raphaelite Brothers, lived in great intimacy with many of them, has let me draw on his reminiscences. More than forty years ago he was painting in Rossetti's studio; his hand, happily, has lost none of its exquisite skill. Mrs. Allingham, whose pictures of English cottages are not surpassed in refinement and in beauty by the best of her husband's verses, enables me to give a brief sketch of that graceful poet's uneventful life. He had made some beginning in writing his autobiography. From what he had written she sends me a few extracts. Some day, I am told, a memoir of him will be published. It will be delightful indeed if it contains the full records he kept of his long talks with Tennyson and Carlyle. Of Carlyle he saw much more than most of that great man's friends, for during some years scarcely a week went by in which they did not walk together. Strange to say, this intimacy has been passed over in total silence by Mr. Froude. In the four volumes of his hero's Life there are sins of omission as well as of admission.

William Allingham was born at Ballyshannon, County Donegal, in March, 1824, of a good stock, for he was sprung from one of Cromwell's settlers. Of Ballyshannon he gives the following de-

scription: "The little old town where I was born has a voice of its own, low, solemn, persistent, humming through the air day and night, summer and winter. Whenever I think of that town I seem to hear the voice. The river which makes it rolls over rocky ledges into the tide. Before spreads a great ocean in sunshine or storm; behind stretches a many-islanded lake. On the south runs a wavy line of blue mountains; and on the north, over green, rocky hills rise peaks of a more distant range. The trees hide in glens or cluster near the river; gray rocks and boulders lie scattered about the windy pastures. The sky arches wide over all, giving room to multitudes of stars by night, and long processions of clouds blown from the sea, but also, in the childish memory where these pictures live, to deeps of celestial blue in the endless days of summer. An odd, out-of-the-way little town, ours, on the extreme western verge of Europe; our next neighbors, sunset way, being citizens of the great new republic, which indeed, to our imagination, seemed little, if at all, farther off than England in the opposite direction."

Of the cottage in which he spent most of his childhood and youth he writes: "Opposite the hall door a good-sized walnut-tree leaned its wrinkled stem towards the house, and brushed some of the second-story panes with its broad fragrant leaves. To sit at that little upper window when it was open to a summer twilight, and the great tree rustled gently, and sent one leafy spray so far that it even touched my face, was an enchantment beyond all telling. Killarney, Switzerland, Venice, could not, in later life, come near it. On three sides the cottage looked on flowers and branches, which I count as one of the fortunate chances of my childhood; the sense of natural beauty thus receiving its due share of nourishment, and of a kind suitable to those early years."

Allingham's schooling was far too brief

to satisfy his thirst for knowledge. He was scarcely fourteen, if indeed quite so old, when he was placed as a clerk in the town bank, of which his father was manager. The books which he had to keep for the next seven years were not those on which his heart was set. He was a great reader. Year after year he kept adding to the scanty stock of learning which he had brought from school, till in the end he had mastered Greek, Latin, French, and German. His father, proud though he was of his son's intelligence, had little sympathy with his constant craving for knowledge. In the bank manager's eyes, it was not the scholar, but the thorough business man who ranked highest. From the counting-house the young poet at last succeeded in escaping. "Heart-sick of more than seven years of bank-clerking, I found a door suddenly opened, not into an ideal region or anything like one, but at least into a roadway of life somewhat less narrow and tedious than that in which I was plodding." A place had been found for him in the customs, as it was found for another and a greater dreamer on the other side of the Atlantic.

"In the spring of 1846 I gladly took leave forever of discount ledgers and current accounts, and went to Belfast for two months' instruction in the duties of Principal Coast Officer of Customs, a tolerably well-sounding title, but which carried with it a salary of but £80 a year. I trudged daily about the docks and timber-yards, learning to measure logs, piles of planks, and, more troublesome, ships for tonnage; indoors, part of the time practiced customs bookkeeping, and talked to the clerks about literature and poetry in a way that excited some astonishment, but on the whole, as I found at parting, a certain degree of curiosity and respect. I preached Tennyson to them. My spare time was mostly spent in reading and haunting booksellers' shops, where, I venture to say, I laid out a good deal more than most people, in

proportion to my income, and managed to get glimpses of many books which I could not afford or did not care to buy. I enjoyed my new position, on the whole, without analysis, as a great improvement on the bank; and for the rest, my inner mind was brimful of love and poetry, and usually all external things appeared trivial save in their relation to it. Yet I am reminded by old memoranda that there were sometimes overclouding anxieties: sometimes, but not very frequently, from lack of money; more often from longing for culture, conversation, opportunity; oftenest from fear of a sudden development of some form of lung disease, the seeds of which I supposed to be sown in my bodily constitution." This weakness he outgrew.

Having gone through his apprenticeship, he returned to Donegal, where he was stationed for some years. Close to his office he had a back room, where he kept all his books and where he read for hours together. Here, no doubt, he covered many a sheet of paper with verse. From Mr. Arthur Hughes I have the following account of the young poet:—

"D. G. R., and I think W. A. himself, told me, in the early days of our acquaintance, how, in remote Ballyshannon, where he was a clerk in the customs, in evening walks he would hear the Irish girls at their cottage doors singing old ballads, which he would pick up. If they were broken or incomplete, he would add to them or finish them; if they were improper, he would refine them. He could not get them sung till he got the Dublin 'Catnach' of that day to print them, on long strips of blue paper, like old songs; and if about the sea, with the old rough woodcut of a ship on the top. He either gave them away or they were sold in the neighborhood. Then, in his evening walks, he had at last the pleasure of hearing some of his own ballads sung at the cottage doors by the crooning lasses, who were quite unaware that it was the author who was passing by."

He liked, his widow tells me, to see all sorts of people and all sides of life. He knew every cottage for twenty miles round Ballyshannon. When she visited the place with their children, after his death, "very many," she writes, "were the friendly greetings we had from folk who remembered him kindly." He sought for sympathy outside the narrow limits of this secluded spot. "I had," he says, "for literary correspondents, Leigh Hunt, George Gilfillan, and Samuel Ferguson, and for love correspondent F. [one of his cousins], whose handwriting always sent a thrill through me at the first glance and the fiftieth perusal." In June, 1847, he paid his first visit to London, and called on Leigh Hunt.

"I was shown into his study, and had some minutes to look round at the book-cases, busts, old framed engravings, and to glance at some of the books on the table, diligently marked and noted in the well-known neatest of handwritings. Outside the window climbed a hop on its trellis. The door opened, and in came the *genius loci*, a tallish young old man, in dark dressing-gown and wide turned-down shirt collar, his copious iron-gray hair falling almost to the shoulders. The friendly brown eyes, a simple yet fine-toned voice, easy hand-pressure, gave me greeting as to one already well known to him. Our talk fell first on reason and instinct. He maintained (for argument's sake, I thought) that beasts may be equal or superior to men. He has a light earnestness of manner, a toleration for almost every possible different view from his own. I ask him about certain highly interesting men. Dickens, a pleasant fellow, very busy now, lives in an old house in Devonshire Terrace, Marylebone. Carlyle, I know him well. Brown-ing lives at Peckham, because no one else does! He's a pleasant fellow, has few readers, and will be glad to find that you admire him (!).

"In 1850 I ventured to send my first volume of verse to Tennyson. I don't

think he wrote to me, but I heard incidentally that he thought well of it; and during a subsequent visit to London (in 1852, perhaps) Coventry Patmore, to my boundless joy, proposed to take me to call on the great poet, then not long married, and living at Twickenham. We were admitted, shown upstairs, and soon a tall and swarthy man came in, with loose dark hair and beard, very near-sighted; shook hands cordially, yet with a profound quietude of manner; immediately afterwards asked us to stay to dine. I stayed. He took up my volume of poems, which bore tokens of much usage, saying, 'You can see it has been read a good deal!' Then, turning the pages, he asked, 'Do you dislike to hear your own things read?' and receiving a respectfully encouraging reply, read two of the *Æolian Harps*. The rich, slow, solemn chant of his voice glorified the little poems."

These two poems, which are included in Allingham's *Day and Night Songs*, are mentioned by Rossetti in one of his letters as among his favorites. He too glorified his friend's verse by his recitation. "I remember," writes Mr. Hughes, "before I knew Allingham, Rossetti speaking of him to me and of his poems, and reciting as he only could *The Ruined Chapel*, beginning:—

'By the shore a plot of ground  
Clips a ruined chapel round,  
Buttressed with a grassy mound,  
Where day and night and day go by,  
And bring no touch of human sound.'

He was the most splendid reciter of poetry, deep, full, mellow, rich, so full of the merits of the poem and its music." Nevertheless, his recitation, fine though it was, must have been marred by one great defect: the man who made "calm" rhyme with "arm" had no ear for one of the most beautiful sounds in the English language. Tennyson, to whom in early years he sent some of his poems in manuscript, found fault with these "cockney rhymes," though he himself

had been guilty of them, and guilty of them in print. In the first version of *The Lady of Shalott* "river" rhymes with "lira."

As years went by, Allingham saw much more of the world and of those men of letters whose society he loved. In the course of his official duties, he was moved first to one station, and then to another, in England. Twice he had an appointment in London. In 1870 he retired from the customs, being appointed sub-editor of *Fraser's Magazine* under Froude. He succeeded him as chief editor in 1874. In the same year he married. He died in 1889.

In printing these letters I have omitted much as being only of passing interest. A few passages have been struck out which might, it was thought, give pain either to those criticised by Rossetti or to their surviving friends; although, were I to print the whole of the correspondence, little fault could be found with it on the score of severity. In these letters, at all events, the writer was not often harsh in his judgment of his fellow-men. It is time, however, to bring this introduction to a close, and allow Rossetti to begin to speak for himself.

## I.

26 April, 1854.

MY DEAR ALLINGHAM, — We lost my father to-day at half past five. He had not, I think, felt much pain this day or two, but it has been a wearisome, protracted state of dull suffering, from which we cannot but feel in some sort happy at seeing him released.

I shall call on you soon, and meanwhile and ever am yours sincerely,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

Will you tell Mrs. Howitt, should you see her?

Dante Rossetti, a year before his father's death, sketched the old man as he sat at his desk deep in study. This striking likeness is reproduced in the *Letters*

and Memoir. The son of an Italian blacksmith, early in life Gabriel Rossetti showed that he had that double gift by which his own son was to become famous. The painter's art, however, he neglected for poetry. His love of freedom, under the despotic Bourbons, brought his life into danger. After lying hid in Naples for three months of the spring of 1821, he escaped to Malta on an English man-of-war. There he was befriended by that witty versifier, Hookham Frere. "One of my vivid reminiscences," writes his son William, "is of the day when the death of Frere was announced to him, in 1846. With tears in his half-sightless eyes and the passionate fervor of a southern Italian, my father fell on his knees and exclaimed, 'Anima bella, benedetta sii tu, dovunque sei!' (Noble soul, blessed be thou wherever thou art!)" He settled in London, where he supported himself by teaching Italian. With all the fervor of a poet and the enthusiasm of an exiled patriot, he was, like Mazzini, a man of the strictest conduct. By hard work and thrift, aided by an excellent wife, he always kept his family in decent comfort, and never owed a penny to any man. "He put his heart into whatever he did." His learning was great, though his application of it was often fanciful. In the literature of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance he found far deeper meanings than had ever been dreamed of by the authors. As the little Dante looked over the woodcuts of some old volume, he would be awed by his father's declaration that it was a *libro sommamente mistico*, — a book in the highest degree mystical. Free-thinker though he was, nevertheless "for the moral and spiritual aspects of the Christian religion he had the deepest respect." In his early years he had been a famous improvisatore. Throughout life he was great in declamation and recitation. If on one side of his character he affected his son by sympathy, on another side he no less affected him by a

spirit of antagonism. Of politics he and his brothers in exile talked far too much for the young painter. Of *gli Austriaci* (the Austrians) and *Luigi Filippo* (Louis Philippe) Dante Rossetti heard so much in his youth that he seems to have registered a vow "that he, at least, would leave Luigi Filippo and the other potentates of Europe and their ministers to take care of themselves." At all events, for the whole of his life, as regards current politics, he was a second Gallio, — he "cared for none of those things."

The old man bore his banishment the more easily "as he liked most things English, — the national and individual liberty, the constitution, the people and their moral tone, — though the British heaven of social Toryism was far from being to his taste. He also took very kindly to the English coal fires. He would jocularly speak of 'buying his climate at the coal merchant's.'" Paralysis struck him in his closing years. Nevertheless, "he continued diligent in reading and writing almost to the last day of his life. His sufferings (often severe) were borne with patience and courage (he had an ample stock of both qualities), though not with that unemotional calm which would have been foreign to his Italian nature. He died firm-minded and placid, and glad to be released, in the presence of all his family."

## II.

HASTINGS, Monday, 26 June, 1854.

... Perhaps you heard that I called on you with the mighty MacCracken, who was in town for a few days, but we did not find you. What do you think of Mac coming to town on purpose to sell his Hunt, his Millais, his Brown, his Hughes, and several other pictures? He squeezed my arm with some pathos on communicating his purpose, and added that he should part with neither of mine. Full well he knows that the time to sell them is not come yet. The Brown he sold privately to White of Madox Street. The

rest he put into a sale at Christie's, after taking my advice as to the reserve he ought to put on the Hunt, which I fixed at 500 guineas. It reached 300 in real biddings, after which Mac's touters ran it up to 430, trying to revive it, but of course it remains with him. The Mil-lais did not reach his reserve, either, but he afterwards exchanged it with White for a small Turner. The Hughes sold for 67 guineas, which really, though by no means a large price for it, surprised me, considering that the people in the sale-room must have heard of Hughes for the first time, though the auctioneer unblushingly described him as "a great artist, though a young one." I have no doubt, if Mac had put his pictures into the sale in good time, instead of adding them on at the last moment, they would all have gone at excellent prices.

Some of the pictures in the body of the sale went tremendously. Goodall's daub of Raising the May-Pole fetched (at least ostensibly) 850. I like MacCrac pretty well enough, but he is quite different in appearance, of course, from my idea of him. My stern treatment of him was untempered by even a moment's weakness. I told him I had nothing whatever to show him, and that his picture was not begun, which placed us at once on a perfect understanding. He seems hard up. . . .

There are dense fogs of heat here now, through which sea and sky loom as one wall, with the webbed craft creeping on it like flies, or standing there as if they would drop off dead. I wander over the baked cliffs, seeking rest and finding none. And it will be even worse in London. I shall become like the Messer Brunetto of the "*cotto aspetto*," which, by the bye, Carlyle bestows upon Sordello instead! It is doing him almost as shabby a turn as Browning's.

The crier is just going up this street and moaning out notices of sale. Why cannot one put all one's plagues and the skeletons of one's house into his hands,

and tell them and sell them without reserve? Perhaps they would suit somebody. . . .

Rossetti's humorous sallies against Francis MacCracken must not be taken too seriously. "He really liked him, and had reason for doing so." (W. M. R.) This Belfast shipping-agent "was a profound believer in the 'graduate,' as he termed Ruskin." From Rossetti he bought in 1853 the *Ecce Ancilla Domini*, which had been exhibited three years earlier, and had been returned unsold. Its price was only £50. In 1886 it was added to the London National Gallery at the cost of £840. "MacCracken was always hard up for money, but he was devoted to Preraphaelitism." For Arthur Hughes's *Ophelia* he had undertaken to give 60 guineas. He gave in reality 30 guineas and two small pictures by Wilson, a painter at that time of no account, though highly esteemed now. Unfortunately, the young Preraphaelite could not bide his time, and had to turn his pictures into cash. Being sent to the leading art auctioneers, they were sold for £5. At *Ophelia* Mr. Hughes had been long working, when one day Alexander Muir, a young sculptor, burst into his studio, with most of the Preraphaelites at his back. Deverell found fault with a bat flying across the stream, but Rossetti warmly defended it, as "one of the finest things in the picture." "He always was," Mr. Hughes tells me, "most generous in his admiration; anything that he did not like he hated as heartily. His manners were fascinating, enthusiastic, and generous."

Coventry Patmore, speaking of Rossetti's "extraordinary faculty for seeing objects in such a fierce light of imagination as very few poets have been able to throw upon external things," continues: "He can be forgiven for spoiling a tender lyric by a stanza such as this, which seems scratched with an adamant pen upon a slab of agate:—

'But the sea stands spread  
As one wall with the flat skies,  
Where the lean black craft, like flies,  
Seem well-nigh stagnated,  
Soon to drop off dead.' "

This stanza of *Even So* finds its first sketch — by no means a rough one — in Rossetti's description of the "dense fogs of heat" at Hastings.

Carlyle, in his third lecture on Heroes and Hero-Worship, spoke of "that poor Sordello with the *cotto aspetto*, 'face baked,' " referring to a celebrated passage in Dante's *Inferno*. It was not Sordello, but Brunetti Latini whom the poet described. This error ran through the early editions of the *Lectures*, but was corrected in the later. "The suggestion that Browning did a shabby turn to Sordello by writing the poem is of course mere chaff; for Rossetti, in all those years, half worshiped the poem, and thrust it down everybody's throat." (W. M. R.)

### III.

[Indorsed *July 24, 1854.*

Sunday.

. . . Maclellan (whom you once met at my rooms) visited Cambridge with my brother the other day, and at some gathering there they met Macmillan, the publisher, to whom Maclellan spoke of my translations, which he expressed every good disposition to publish. He also said he had some time been wishing to propose to Millais, Hunt, and me to illustrate a *Life of Christ*.

My original poems are all (or all the best) in an aboriginal state, being beginnings, though some of them very long beginnings, and not one, I think, fairly copied. Moreover, I am always hoping to finish those I like; I know they would have no chance if shown to you unfinished, as I am sure they would not please you in that state, and then I should feel disgusted with them. This is the sheer truth. Of short pieces I have seldom or never done anything tolerable, except perhaps sonnets; but if I can find any

which I think in any sense legible, I will send them with the translations. I wish, if you write anything you care to show, you would reciprocate, as you may be sure I care to see. As a grand installment I send you the *MacCrac* sonnet: it hangs over him as yet like the sword of Damocles. I dare say you remember Tennyson's sonnet, *The Kraken*: it is in the MS. book of mine you have by you, so compare.

### MACCRACKEN.

Getting his pictures, like his supper, cheap,  
Far, far away on Belfast by the sea,  
His scaly, one-eyed, uninvaded sleep  
MacCracken sleepeth. While the P. R. B.  
Must keep the shady side, he walks a swell  
Through spungings of perennial growth and  
height;

And far away in Belfast out of sight,  
By many an open do and secret sell  
Fresh daubers he makes shift to scarify,  
And fleece with pliant shears the slum'ring  
"green."

There he has lied, though aged, and will lie,  
Fattening on ill-got pictures in his sleep,  
Till some Preraphael prove for him too deep.  
Then once by Hunt and Ruskin to be seen  
Insolvent he shall turn, and in the Queen's  
Bench die.

You'll find it very close to the original  
as well as to fact.

I'll add my last sonnet, made two  
days ago, though at the risk of seeming  
trivial after the stern reality of the  
above: —

As when two men have loved a woman well,  
Each hating each; and all in all, deceit;  
Since not for either this straight marriage-  
sheet

And the long pauses of this wedding-bell;  
But o'er her grave, the night and day dispel  
At last their feud forlorn, with cold and  
heat;

Nor other than dear friends to death may  
fleet

The two lives left which most of her can tell:  
So separate hopes, that in a soul had wooed  
The one same Peace, strove with each other  
long;

And Peace before their faces, perish'd since;  
So from that soul, in mindful brotherhood,  
(When silence may not be) sometimes they  
throng

Through high-streets and at many dusty inns.

But my sonnets are not generally finished till I see them again after forgetting them, and this is only two days old.

. . . Hunt has written Millais another letter at last ; the first since his second to me, months ago. It was sent to me by M., but I had to send it on to Lear, or would have let you have it, as it is full of curious depths and difficulties in style and matter, and contains an account of his penetrating to the central chamber of the Pyramids. He is at Jerusalem now, where he has taken a house, and seems in great ravishment, so I suppose he is not likely to be back yet. Have you seen the lying dullness of that ass Waagen, anent the Light of the World, in Times last week ? There is a still more incredible paragraph, amounting to blasphemy, in yesterday's Athenæum, which you will see soon. I hope you got the last one. . . .

Hughes, I think, is in the country again, at Burnham. What a capital sketch of *one*, though not the best of your face's phases, Hughes did before you left ! I suppose it must supersede, for posterity, that railway portrait, which was so decidedly *en train*. I trust certainly to join Hughes in at any rate one of the illustrations of Day and Night Songs, of which I hope both his and mine will be worthy ; else there is nothing so much spoils a good book as an attempt to embody its ideas, only going halfway. Is St. Margaret's Eve to be in ? That would be illustratable. By the bye, Miss S. has made a splendid design from that Sister Helen of mine. Those she did at Hastings for the old ballads illustrate The Lass of Lochryan and The Gay Goss Hawk, but they are only first sketches. As to all you say about her and the hospital, etc., I think just at present, at any rate, she had better keep out, as she has made a design which is practicable for her to paint quietly at my rooms, having convinced herself that nothing which involved her moving constantly from place to place is possible at present. She will

begin it now at once, and try at least whether it is possible to carry it on without increased danger to her health. The subject is the Nativity, designed in a most lovely and original way. For my own part, the more I think of the Brighton Hospital for her, the more I become convinced that when left there to brood over her inactivity, with images of disease and perhaps death on every side, she could not but feel very desolate and miserable. If it seemed at this moment urgently necessary that she should go there, the matter would be different ; but Wilkinson says that he considers her better. I wish, and she wishes, that something should be done by her to make a beginning, and set her mind a little at ease about her pursuit of art, and we both think that this more than anything would be likely to have a good effect on her health. It seems hard to me, when I look at her sometimes, working or too ill to work, and think how many without one tithe of her genius or greatness of spirit have granted them abundant health and opportunity to labor through the little they can do or will do, while perhaps her soul is never to bloom nor her bright hair to fade, but after hardly escaping from degradation and corruption, all she might have been must sink out again unprofitably in that dark house where she was born. How truly she may say, "No man cared for my soul" ! I do not mean to make myself an exception, for how long I have known her, and not thought of this till so late, perhaps too late ! But it is no use writing more about this subject ; and I fear, too, my writing at all about it must prevent your easily believing it to be, as it is, by far the nearest thing to my heart.

I will write you something of my own doings soon, I hope ; at present I could only speak of discomfitures. About the publication of the ballads, or indeed of your songs either, it has occurred to me we might reckon Macmillan as one possible string to the bow. Smith ought to

be bowstrung himself, or hamstring, or something, for fighting shy of so much honor. By the bye, I turned up the other day, at my rooms, that copy of Routledge's poets which you brought as a specimen. Ought I to send it back? Good-morning.

Your D. G. ROSSETTI.

John Ferguson Maclellan is known by his work on *Primitive Marriage*. Rossetti was obliged to wait seven years longer before he could find a publisher for his poems.

The following is Tennyson's sonnet so humorously parodied by Rossetti.

#### THE KRAKEN.

Below the thunders of the upper deep;  
Far, far beneath in the abysmal sea,  
His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep  
The Kraken sleepeth: faintest sunlights flee  
About his shadowy sides: above him swell  
Huge sponges of millennial growth and height;  
And far away into the sickly light,  
From many a wondrous grot and secret cell  
Unnumber'd and enormous polypi  
Winnow with giant arms the slumbering  
green.

There hath he lain for ages and will lie  
Battening upon huge seaworms in his sleep,  
Until the latter fire shall heat the deep;  
Then once by man and angels to be seen,  
In roaring he shall rise and on the surface die.

The sonnet which Rossetti "made two days ago" he gave himself time to forget again and again, for it was not published till 1881. Under the title of *Lost on Both Sides* it forms Sonnet XCI. of *Ballads and Sonnets*, in the following version:—

As when two men have loved a woman well,  
Each hating each, through Love's and Death's  
deceit;  
Since not for either this stark marriage-  
sheet  
And the long pauses of this wedding-bell;  
Yet o'er her grave the night and day dispel  
At last their feud forlorn, with cold and  
heat;  
Nor other than dear friends to death may  
fleet  
The two lives left that most of her can tell:

So separate hopes, which in a soul had wooed  
The one same Peace, strove with each other  
long,  
And Peace before their faces perished since:  
So through that soul, in restless brotherhood,  
They roam together now, and wind among  
Its by-streets, knocking at the dusty inns.

Lear is C. H. Lear, whose paintings Rossetti at one time admired, — not Edmund Lear, the author of *The Book of Nonsense*.

For Allingham's *Day and Night Songs* Rossetti and Millais each did a single illustration, Arthur Hughes doing eight.

Miss S. is Miss Siddal, with whom Rossetti had fallen in love so early as 1850, though it was not till 1860 that he married her. His brother has told us how her striking face and "coppery-golden hair" were discovered, as it were, by Deverell in a bonnet-shop. She sat to him, to Holman Hunt, and to Millais, but most of all to Rossetti. The following account was given me one day as I sat in the studio of Arthur Hughes, surrounded by some beautiful sketches he had lately taken on the coast of Cornwall:

"Deverell accompanied his mother one day to a milliner's. Through an open door he saw a girl working with her needle; he got his mother to ask her to sit to him. She was the future Mrs. Rossetti. Millais painted her for his *Ophelia*, — wonderfully like her. She was tall and slender, with red coppery hair and bright consumptive complexion; though in these early years she had no striking signs of ill health. She was exceedingly quiet, speaking very little. She had read Tennyson, having first come to know something about him by finding one or two of his poems on a piece of paper which she brought home to her mother wrapped round a pat of butter. Rossetti taught her to draw. She used to be drawing while sitting to him. Her drawings were beautiful, but without force. They were feminine likenesses of his own."

Rossetti's pet names for her were Gug-

gum, Guggums, or Gug. "All the Ruskins were most delighted with Guggum," he wrote. "John Ruskin said she was a noble, glorious creature, and his father said, by her look and manner she might have been a countess." Ruskin used to call her Ida.

## IV.

Tuesday, August [1854], BLACKFRIARS.

. . . Of the two ballads you sent me, I prefer the one I knew already, and which is one of the very few really fine things of the kind written in our day. The other has many beauties, though; indeed, is all beautiful, except, I think, the last couplet, which seems a trifle *too* homely, a little in the broad-sheet song style. The subject you propose for my woodcut from it is a first-rate one, and I have already made some scratches for its arrangement. I have got one of the blocks from Hughes, and hope soon to tell you it is done. What a pity they will not let the blocks be a little larger! Is not *The Maids of Elfen-Mere* founded on some northern legend or other? I seem to have read something about it in Keightley or somewhere.

Tell me if I shall send you back the copy of it you sent, and the one of St. Margaret's Eve. I don't bully the last lines of your ballad, by the bye, because you did n't like the last lines of my sonnet, which are certainly foggy. Would they be better thus? —

So in that soul, — a mindful brotherhood, —  
(When silence may not be), they wind among  
Its by-streets, knocking at the dusty inns.  
Or I should like better, —

— they fare along

Its high street, knocking, etc.,  
but fear the rhyme "long" and "along" is hardly admissible. What say you? Or can you propose any other improvement?

I've referred to my notebook for the above alteration, and therein are various sonnets and beginnings of sonnets written at crises (!) of happy inspiration. Here's one which I remember writing

in great glory on the top of a hill which I reached one after-sunset in Warwickshire, last year. I'm afraid, though, it is n't much good.

This feast-day of the sun, his altar there  
In the broad west has blazed for vesper-song;  
And I have loitered in the vale too long,  
And gaze now, a belated worshipper.  
Yet may I not forget that I was 'ware,  
So journeying, of his face at intervals, —  
Where the whole land to its horizon falls,  
Some fiery bush with coruscating hair.  
And now that I have climbed and tread this  
height,

I may lie down where all the slope is shade,  
And cover up my face, and have till night  
With silence, darkness; or may here be stayed,  
And see the gold air and the silver fade,  
And the last bird fly into the last light.

It strikes me, in copying, what a good thing I did not adopt the first alternative, or I might not be here to copy. Here's a rather better sonnet, I hope, written only two or three days ago. I believe the affection in the last half was rather "looked up," at the time of writing, to suit the parallel in the first. Do you not always like your last thing the best for a little while?

Have you not noted, in some family  
Where two remain from the first marriage  
bed,  
How still they own their fragrant bond,  
though fed  
And nursed upon an unknown breast and knee?  
That to their father's children they shall be  
In act and thought of one good will; but each  
Shall for the other have in silence speech,  
And, in one word, complete community?  
Even so, when first I saw you, seemed it, love,  
That among souls allied to mine was yet  
One nearer kindred than I wotted of.  
O born with me somewhere that men forget,  
And though in years of sight and sound un-  
met,  
Known for my life's own sister well enough!

. . . The fact is, I think well of very little I have written, and am afraid of people agreeing with me, which I should find a bore. I believe my poetry and painting prevented each other from doing much good for a long while, and now I think I could do better in either, but can't write, for then I shan't paint.

However, one day I hope at least to finish the few rhymes I have by me that I care for at all, and then there they'll be, at any rate. Your plan of a joint volume among us of poems and pictures is a capital one — and how many capital plans we have!

I've got the Folio here. It contains a design by Millais, of the Recall of the Romans from Britain; one by Stephens, of Death and the Rioters; one by Barbara S., — a glen scene; and one by A. M. H., called the Castaways, which is rather a strong-minded subject, involving a dejected female, mud with lilies lying in it, a dust-heap, and other details, and symbolical of something improper. Of course, seriously, Miss H. is quite right in painting it, if she chooses, and she is doing so. I dare say it will be a good picture. William, Christina, and I were there lately. The Howitts asked me for your address, as they wanted to write to you. I don't know what design I shall put into the Folio. I'm doing one of Hamlet and Ophelia, which I meant for it, — deeply symbolical and far-sighted, of course, — but I fear I shall not get it done in time to start the Folio again soon, so may put in a design I have made of Found.

The other day, looking over papers, I turned up those sheets of Sutton's poetry, about which I remember a slight shrug of shoulders and contraction of eyebrows on your part, under the idea that the Fleet Ditch had engulfed them. I'll inclose them too.

What do you think of MacCrae having been again in town? I fear he is taking to wild habits. The epithet *one-eyed*, in his sonnet, had better stand *downy*, as the other is certainly ambiguous. By the bye, that is a kind accompaniment to his visit and my most cordial reception, is n't it?

I'll keep an eye on all whom I know who have contracted the bad habit of picture-buying, with a view to their ultimately finding themselves possessed of

a Millais or a Boyce, as per instructions.

Write soon, and believe me,  
Yours affectionately,  
D. G. ROSSETTI.

The "too homely" couplet in Allingham's *Maids of Elfen-Mere* is as follows:

"The pastor's son did pine and die;  
Because true love should never lie."

Of the first of the two new sonnets (*The Hill Summit*, Sonnet LXX. of *Ballads and Sonnets*), the first six lines were not changed. The last eight were modified as follows: —

"Transfigured where the fringed horizon  
falls, —  
A fiery bush with coruscating hair.  
And now that I have climbed and won this  
height,  
I must tread downward through the sloping  
shade,  
And travel the bewildered tracks till night.  
Yet for this hour I still may here be stayed  
And see the gold air and the silver fade,  
And the last bird fly into the last light."

In the second sonnet there are some slight changes.

The belief that Rossetti's poetry hindered his progress in painting led his father, writes W. M. Rossetti, "to reprehend him sharply, and even severely; and to reprehension he was at all times more than sufficiently stubborn. He grieved over the matter of our father's displeasure to his dying day."

The Folio was to contain the drawings of a newly formed sketching-club, of which Mr. Hughes gives me the following account: "Millais, who was the only man among us who had any money, provided a nice green portfolio with a lock, in which to keep the drawings. Each member of the club was to put into it every month one drawing in black and white, the case going the round. Millais did his, and one or two others did theirs. Then the Folio came to Rossetti, where it stuck forever. It never reached me. According to his wont, he had at first been most enthusiastic over

the scheme, and had so infected Millais with his enthusiasm that he at once ordered the case."

Frederick G. Stephens was one of the seven Preraphaelite Brothers. Barbara S. was Barbara Leigh Smith (afterwards Madame Bodichon), by whose munificence was laid the foundation of Girton College, Cambridge, England, the first institution in which a university education was given to women. A. M. H. was Anna Mary Howitt (afterwards Mrs. Howitt-Watts). Of her Rossetti wrote to his sister a few months earlier: "Anna Mary has painted a sunlight picture of Margaret (Faust) in a congenial wailing state."

"Sutton was (if I remember right) a man in a humble position of life, who professed to be descended from George Herbert. The Fleet Ditch ran under my brother's windows overlooking Blackfriars Bridge. There was a funny anecdote (true) about his throwing away into the ditch some book he scorned; he did this two or three times over, and each time it was brought back by a 'mud-lark.' Perhaps the book was this of Sutton's." (W. M. R.)

In the last paragraph of this letter is seen an instance of that zeal of Rossetti's which never failed when there was a chance of helping a friend. The following record by my wife of a talk she had with an old friend of ours and his illustrates this, and explains, though it does not justify, one side of the great painter's character:—

"I said that these Rossetti letters had given us so much higher an opinion of the man than we had ever had before that we all the more regretted the want of honesty he had about the execution of commissions. He looked very sad, and, I could see, felt the subject painfully. 'Yes,' he said, 'it was much to be regretted; but, after all, I don't think W. B. Scott need have said what he did. He was not the man to judge fairly. Here was Scott, a typical Scotchman,

caring for money and knowing its worth, and at the same time possessed of all a Scotchman's integrity as regards money matters; and here was Rossetti, an Italian all over, caring for money, too, but lavish and generous, wanting it to give away as much as for himself. He was *awfully* generous, and he was a sort of Robin Hood in art; he thought the rich ought to be made to pay for the good of the poor artists, and he would get all the money he could out of them; but he would do this as much for others as for himself. Oh, he would work night and day to help a poor friend; he would give a rich man, who he thought ought to buy a friend's picture, no peace, till the rich man bought it only to get rid of his importunity. And then how generous he was in his judgment of a friend's work!' Here he paused, and I could see his mind wandering back to the old days, fondly dwelling on the various acts of kindness he had himself received from Rossetti. I could say no more of shortcomings."

V.

September 19, 1854.

... Hughes was here the other evening, and showed me several sketches and wood-blocks he has drawn, — all of them excellent in many ways; but the blocks I think, especially the one of the man and girl at a stile, rather wanting in force for the engraver. He agreed with me, and I believe will do something to amend this. He has made a few very nice little sketches for cuts in the text, if such should prove admissible. One or two for the Fairies are remarkably original. I should really, I believe, have got mine in hand before this, but various troublesome anxieties have interfered with that and other work, among the rest with my duty to the Folio, which is still by me. I shan't put in my modern design, and must finish one of two or three I have going on, instead. I am doing one, which I think will be *the* one, of Hamlet and Ophelia, so treated as I

think to embody and symbolize the play without obtrusiveness or interference with the subject *as a subject*. . . . I've also read some of the *Stones of Venice*, having received all Ruskin's books from him, really a splendid present, including even the huge plates of Venetian architecture. I've heard again from him at Chamounix. I've been greatly interested in *Wuthering Heights*, the first novel I've read for an age, and the best (as regards power and sound style) for two ages, except *Sidonia*. But it is a fiend of a book, an incredible monster, combining all the stronger female tendencies from Mrs. Browning to Mrs. Brownrigg. The action is laid in hell, — only it seems places and people have English names there. Did you ever read it?

I think you are quite right about leaving out a few of my translations from the volume, and should like to know *which* you think. I had thought so myself, but shall copy out all I have done before determining. I am very glad you like them so much, and will send more when copied.

My plan as to their form is, I think, a preface for the first part, containing those previous to Dante, and a connecting essay (but not bulky) for the second part, containing Dante and his contemporaries, as many of them are in the form of correspondence, etc., very interesting, and require some annotation. I think you have few or none of this class. I shall include the *Vita Nuova*, I am almost sure, and then the volume will be a thick one. I think, if it were possible to bring some or all out first, as you say, in a good magazine, the plan might be a very good one. Indeed, anything that *paid* would be very useful just now, as I do not *forget* my debts. I've a longish story more than half done, which might likely be even more marketable in this way. It is not so intensely metaphysical as that in *The Germ*. If I possibly can manage to copy what I've done of it, I'd like to send it you. By the bye, in my last *long* letter (a *long* let-

ter, Allingham) I put two sonnets which I'm afraid you did n't like. Pray tell me, too, about the alteration I there proposed in the last lines of one, which you objected to.

I fear this letter has as many *I*'s as Argus: argal it is snobbish. . . .

The sketches were for Allingham's *Day and Night Songs*. The *Fairies* is the charming nursery song, "Up the airy mountain," known to thousands and thousands of children. Hughes's woodcut is the frontispiece of the volume. Rossetti's woodcut for this work was, his brother believes, "the first he actually produced."

In August of this year Rossetti wrote to his aunt: —

"I have received from Mr. Ruskin the very valuable present of all his works, — including eight volumes, three pamphlets, and some large folio plates of Venetian architecture. He wished me to accept these as a gift, but it is such a costly one that I have told him I shall make him a small water-color in exchange."

*Sidonia the Sorceress* is by William Meinhold. For this work "Rossetti had a positive passion; he much preferred it to *The Amber Witch* of the same author." (W. M. R.)

Writing to his sister Christina, on December 3, 1875, about her new volume of poems, he says: "The first of the two poems [on the Franco-Prussian war] seems to me just a little echoish of the Barrett-Browning style. . . . A real taint, to some extent, of modern vicious style, derived from the same source, — what might be called a falsetto muscularity, — always seemed to me much too prominent in the long piece called *The Lowest Room*."

Mrs. Brownrigg is best illustrated by the following parody, in *The Anti-Jacobin*, of Southey's *Inscription for the Apartment in Chepstow Castle where Henry Marten, the Regicide, was imprisoned Thirty Years*.

## INSCRIPTION

FOR THE DOOR OF THE CELL IN NEWGATE,  
WHERE MRS. BROWNRIGG, THE 'PRENTI-CIDE,  
WAS CONFINED PREVIOUS TO HER EXECUTION.

For one long term, or e'er her trial came,  
Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these  
cells

Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice  
She screamed for fresh Geneva. Not to her  
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,  
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand;  
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart she went  
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime?  
She whipp'd two female 'prentices to death  
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind  
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage  
schemes!

Such as Lyceurgus taught, when at the shrine  
Of the Orthian goddess he bade flog  
The little Spartans; such as erst chastised  
Our Milton when at college. For this act  
Did Brownrigg swing. Harsh laws! But  
time shall come

When France shall reign, and laws be all re-  
pealed.

Rossetti's translation of the *Vita Nuova* was included in his *Early Italian Poets*, now named *Dante and his Circle*.

His debts, which he says he does not forget, troubled him through life. Of his old father, the poor exile, even when his sight was failing and "a real tussle for the means of subsistence arose," his son William could say: "No butcher, nor baker, nor candlestick-maker ever had a claim upon us for a sixpence unpaid." On April 24, 1876, Rossetti told his mother that in the last year he had made £3725. He added: "I believe this is somewhere about my average income, yet I am always hard up for £50."

"A longish story" must be the one which was first called *An Autopsychology*, and afterwards *St. Agnes of Intercession*, written towards 1850. It is published (uncompleted) in his *Collected Works*. (W. M. R.) It was to have been published in *The Germ*. "Millais did an etching for it."

Of the "metaphysical" story, *Hand and Soul*, in the first number of *The Germ*, Rossetti writes: "I wrote it (with

the exception of an opening page or two) all in one night, in December, 1849; beginning, I suppose, about two A. M., and ending about seven."

*The Germ* was the magazine of the P. R. B. Its sale was very small, and it soon came to an end. Among the contributors to the first number were Dante, William, and Christina Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Madox Brown, Coventry Patmore, and Thomas Woolner. "After balancing receipts and expenditure," writes William Rossetti, "we had to meet a printer's bill of £33 odd. This seems now a very moderate burden; but it was none the less a troublesome one to all or most of us at that period. For many years past it has been a literary curiosity, fetching high fancy prices." For the four numbers so much as £9 has been given. Mr. Hughes tells me that one day when he was working among the students at the Royal Academy Munro brought in the first number. It was handed round, and on all sides jeered at. When it came to him, he was greatly struck with it, above all with W. M. Rossetti's sonnet on the title-page, which had a real influence on his life. His admiration of it made him known to Munro, and through him to Rossetti and the other Preraphaelites.

## VI.

Sunday, 15 October [1854].

... My time has lately been engrossed by the background of my modern subject, which I have been painting out of doors at Chiswick, — cold work these last days, but much finer weather hitherto than I dare to hope for again in all probability. It will be a disappointment to me if I am balked, after all, and cannot get done before the unmanageable weather. I paint daily within earshot almost of Hogarth's grave, — a good omen for one's modern picture! This work has left me no time at all for anything else lately. Ruskin is back again, and wrote to me, naming a day when he meant to call, but I was obliged to write I could not be at

my rooms. He has written again since, saying he wants to consult with me about plans for "teaching the masons;" so you may soon expect to find every man shoulder his hod, "with upturned fervid face and hair put back." I am painting near the house of some old friends of ours at Chiswick, the family of Mr. Keightley, whom you have heard me name. They are Irish people, and of course I introduced the Songs. Old K. was taken with the Fairies, and there is a very nice girl who especially delights in Æolian Harp No. 1, and dreamt your Dream right through the night after reading it. . . .

Thanks for your kind suggestions and offers of mediation as to printing some of my Italian poems in a magazine. Fraser's, if attainable, would be the one I should prefer to any other. But I have had no time to think about this yet since reading your letter, and must answer it more at length next time. When you send me back the MS. you have, I think there will be another batch ready copied for you. I am very anxious indeed to see your annotations, and doubt not to profit by them. Thanks also for your criticisms on the sonnet. The construction of those four lines is thus:—

Yet may I not forget that I was 'ware,  
So journeying, of his face at intervals,—  
Some fiery bush with coruscating hair,  
Where the whole land to its horizon falls!

Only the metre forced me to transpose. It is meant to refer to the effect one is nearly sure to see in passing along a road at sunset, when the sun glares in a radiating focus behind some low bush or some hedge on the horizon of the meadows. But it *is* obscure, I believe, though if I were disposed to be stiff-necked, I might lug up William, to whom I have just showed the sonnet, and who understood the line in question at once. But I'll try to alter it, if worth working at. In the hateful mechanical brick-painting I have been at I have had time to make verses, and have finished a ballad, professedly modern-antique, of which

I remember once telling you the story as we were walking about Mrs. Arne's garden. I'll copy it for you and inclose it with this, asking your *severest* criticism. I doubt myself whether it at all succeeds in its attempt. However, I don't think it is finished yet, and if any feature should suggest itself to you as [word illegible] to the story or preferable, pray mention it. I have purposely taken an unimportant phrase here and there from the old things. I was doubting whether it would not be better to make the improper lord and lady slip into a new-made grave, while wading through the churchyard, and be drowned. This might make a good description and conclusion, and I fear the thing is at present almost too unpoetical in style. Tell me what you think, or whether the present ending seems the more or less hackneyed of the two.

I send you the last bit of Hunt received last night. Let me have it again, please, at once, as I must answer it soon for conscience' sake, as that projected letter he writes that he was expecting from me was never written, after all.

I think I remember your once speaking to me of Wuthering Heights, long ago. I never read any of Currer Bell. Is she half as good? I see by the advertisements of Smith & Elder that W. B. Scott's Poems are out, and hope soon to get one from him. . . .

Rossetti's "modern subject" is the picture called Found. "It was," writes W. M. Rossetti, "a source of lifelong vexation to my brother and to the gentlemen—some three or four in succession—who commissioned him to finish it. It was nearly completed, but not quite, towards the close of his life. It represents a rustic lover, a drover [a farmer?], who finds his old sweetheart at a low depth of degradation, both from vice and penury, in the streets of London. He endeavors to lift her as she crouches on the pavement." In 1859 a commission

was given Rossetti for the picture at 320 guineas. On February 4, 1881, he wrote, "The Found progresses rapidly."

Ruskin's "plans for 'teaching the masons'" is explained in letter VIII.

That "upturned fervid face and hair put back" is from *Sordello*, London edition, 1885, page 214.

Mr. Keightley was "the historian and author of *The Fairy Mythology*, a book," writes W. M. Rossetti, "which formed one of the leading delights of our childhood."

Into *Fraser's Magazine* Rossetti was not likely to find admittance. The *Table-Talk* of Shirley shows how hostile John Parker, the editor, was to the new school of poetry. Some six years later, Rossetti tried, through Ruskin, to get some of his poems published in *The Cornhill Magazine*, but nothing came of it.

The ballad which Rossetti had finished was *Stratton Water*. Fifteen years later he added some stanzas.

#### VII.

Monday, half past six o'clock.

[About *November*, 1854.]

DEAR ALLINGHAM, — I suppose you are gone to bask in the southern ray. I should follow, but feel very sick, and, moreover, have lunched late to-day with Ruskin. We read half through *Day and Night Songs* together, and I gave him the book. He was most delighted, and said some of it was heavenly. . . .

About this time Ruskin wrote to Rossetti: "I forgot to say also that I really do covet your drawings as much as I covet Turner's; only it is useless self-indulgence to buy Turner's, and useful self-indulgence to buy yours. Only I won't have them after they have been more than nine times rubbed entirely out, — remember that."

#### VIII.

FINCHLEY, *November*, 1854.

. . . I have had a hasty look (such as my leisure lately has left possible)

through your MS., much of which is as exquisite as can be or ever has been, — pure beauty and delight. The *Queen of the Forest*, Hughes tells me, is to be withdrawn, as capable of fuller treatment. I am quite of your mind about it, and chiefly because it is already so peculiarly lovely as to be worthy of any elaboration. The *Æolian Harp* in long lines is equal to any of that series, and I should have many things to say of many others, if the MS. were only by me. I must write of them when they are printed, and I hope talk of them too with you by that time. You mention having sent a copy of *Day and Night Songs* to Ruskin: did you remember that I had already given him one? I trust he and you will meet when next in London. He has been back about a month or so, looking very well and in excellent spirits. Perhaps you know that he has joined Maurice's scheme for a *Working Men's College*, which has now begun to be put in operation at 31 Red Lion Square? Ruskin has most liberally undertaken a drawing-class, which he attends every Thursday evening, and he and I had a long confab about plans for teaching. He is most enthusiastic about it, and has so infected me that I think of offering an evening weekly for the same purpose, when I am settled in town again. At present I am hard at work out here on my picture, painting the calf and cart. It has been fine clear weather, though cold, till now, but these two days the rain has set in (for good, I fear), and driven me to my wits' end, as even were I inclined to paint notwithstanding, the calf would be like a hearth-rug after half an hour's rain; but I suppose I must turn out to-morrow and try. A very disagreeable part of the business is that I am being obliged to a farmer whom I cannot pay for his trouble in providing calf and all, as he insists on being good natured. As for the calf, he kicks and fights all the time he remains tied up, which is five or six hours daily,

and the view of life induced at his early age by experience in art appears to be so melancholy that he punctually attempts suicide by hanging himself at half past three daily P. M. At these times I have to cut him down, and then shake him up and lick him like blazes. There is a pleasure in it, my dear fellow: the Smithfield drovers are a kind of opium-eaters at it, but a moderate practitioner might perhaps sustain an argument. I hope soon to be back at my rooms, as I have been quite long enough at my *rhumes*. (The above joke did service for MacCrac's benefit last night.)

Before I came here I had been painting ever so long at a brick wall at Chiswick which is in my foreground. By the bye, that boating sketch of yours is really good in its way, and would bear showing to Ruskin as an original Turner, and perhaps selling to Windus afterwards.

Many thanks for your minute criticism on my ballad, which was just of the kind I wanted. Not, of course, that a British poet is going to knock under on all points; accordingly, I take care to disagree from you in various respects, as regards abruptnesses, improbabilities, prosaicisms, coarsenesses, and other *esses* and *isms*, not more prominent, I think, in my production than in its models. As to dialect there is much to be said, but I doubt much whether, as you say, mine is more Scotticised than many or even the majority of genuine old ballads. If the letter and poem were here, I might perhaps bore you with counter-analysis. But in very many respects I shall benefit greatly by your criticisms, if ever I think the ballad worth working on again, without which it would certainly not be worth printing.

I have read Patmore's poem which he sent me, and about which I might say a good deal of all kinds, if I felt up to it to-night; but I don't. He was going to publish (and had actually printed the title) with the pseudonym of C. K. Dighton; but was induced at the last

moment to cancel the title, as well as a marvelous note at the end, accounting for some part of the poem being taken out of his former book by some story of a buttermilk and a piece of waste paper, or something of that sort! (I see my description is as lucid as the note.)

Did you see a paragraph in the Illustrated London News headed Americans at Florence, and giving a longish account of a backwoods poem called The New Pastoral, to be immediately published by Read? Have you seen anything of W. B. Scott's volume? I may be able to send it you sooner or later, if you like. The title-page has a vignette with the words "Poems by a Painter" printed very gothically indeed. A copy being sent to old Carlyle, he did not read any of the poems, but read the title "Poems by a Printer." He wrote off at once to the imaginary printer to tell him to stick to his types and give up his metaphors. Woolner saw the book lying at Carlyle's, heard the story, and told him of his mistake, at which he had the decency to seem a little annoyed, as he knows Scott, and esteems him and his family. Now that we are allied with Turkey, we might think seriously of the bastinado for the old man, on such occasions as the above.

This is the last of Brown's note-paper (I am staying with him here), so I must leave some other things till next time, especially as it is fearfully late. Miss Siddal is moderately well and making designs, etc.

Yours affectionately,

D. G. ROSSETTI.

The manuscript poems through which Rossetti had a hasty look form the second series of Day and Night Songs. The Queen of the Forest was published in Flower Pieces, a volume which bears the following inscription: "To Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose early friendship brightened many days of my life, and whom I never can forget. W. A."

The foundation of the Working Men's

College has been described by Mr. J. M. Ludlow in *The Atlantic Monthly* for January, 1896. Of Rossetti's method of teaching I have received the following account from a drawing-master who was one of the students of the college:—

"I was not exactly a pupil of Rossetti's, although I was of Ruskin's. The classes were on the same floor, and there was constant communication between them. We saw the work done, and discussed the methods and incidents. Rossetti began at once with color, not with light and shade. At a time when this was heresy, when even Mr. Ruskin objected, Rossetti gave his students color, and full color, to begin with. Most of them could draw a little; but even that would not have stopped him. Draw or not, he gave them color. A teacher is supposed to analyze his subject, and prepare for its difficulties by giving beforehand its elements in a simple form, one at a time. Rossetti put a bird or a boy before his class, and said, 'Do it;' and the spirit of the teacher was of more value than any system. I look back to those times with great pleasure; they have helped me much. Only about a month since a new syllabus for drawing for elementary schools was issued by the government, in which children are allowed to use color as soon as they begin. Here to-day we have, forty years afterwards, Rossetti's principle acknowledged by the government. That it did not come direct from Rossetti, but by another and independent course, is some evidence in its favor.

"Again, Rossetti often brought the works he was engaged on, in their incomplete state, for us to see. I remember some of them, and here again he helped me years afterwards; but he did not generally get the class to do what he was doing himself. I think he should have required imaginative work from all the class,—pictures from their own imagination of scenes from poetry, story, and myths."

The following account has been given me of Rossetti's residence at Finchley while he was working at Fount. He had for some time been painting in Madox Brown's studio in town, when his friend took a small cottage at Finchley for himself, wife, and baby. Besides the kitchen it had but two rooms, a parlor and a bedroom. Rossetti wanted to paint a white calf. Brown, thinking that he would take only a day or two over such a piece of work, asked him to visit him. There was, he said, a farmyard on the other side of the road, where there were several calves; as for a bed, he could have a mattress on the floor of the parlor. Rossetti, who had never painted a calf before, found greater difficulties in the subject than either he or his friend expected. Moreover, his ideas of the picture grew. Long before the sketch was finished the calf had grown too big, and another had to be provided. The visit was prolonged, to the great discomfort of the little family. Brown, who was most good natured, took it all good humoredly, though he would now and then complain to a friend that Gabriel would sit up half the night talking poetry, and lie half the day in bed in their one sitting-room, excluding Mrs. Brown and the baby.

Before Rossetti went to Chiswick to paint the brick wall he wrote to his mother: "Have you or Christina any recollection of an eligible and accessible brick wall? I should want to get up and paint it early in the mornings, as the light ought to be that of dawn. It should be not too countrified (yet beautiful in color), as it is to represent a city wall. A certain modicum of moss would therefore be admissible, but no prodigality of grass, weeds, ivy, etc."

Allingham's drawings were sometimes reproduced, in illustrating articles of his in magazines. Windus, who was to buy his sketch, was a retired man of business, who lived in the village in which I spent my early days. He had inherited a fortune, it was said, from an uncle af-

ter whom he was named, the proprietor of a cordial by which many fretful infants have been soothed into the next world. He had a fine collection of the early Preraphaelite pictures. Whether he had any real knowledge of painting I do not know. I have rarely seen any one who, to judge by external appearances, was farther removed from poetry or art. The following anecdote I have from my wife: "I one day took some friends from the country to see Mr. Windus's collection of paintings in his very pretty old-fashioned house on Tottenham Green. He was one of the earliest buyers of the P. R. B. work, and in one of the quaint paneled drawing-rooms Holman Hunt's Scapegoat hung over the fireplace, with one of Turner's drawings in his latest style on each side of it, and Millais's Vale of Rest on the opposite wall. Four rooms were thickly hung with pictures, and we found enough to keep us interested for some time. Before leaving, 'Let us go back into the first room,' I said, 'and have one more look at the Scapegoat.' We did so, and then I gazed for some time at the Turner drawings, trying very hard to make out what they were about, and feeling that I was very dull of comprehension. 'It's of no use!' I exclaimed at last: 'I cannot see what it means! Those lovely shades of orange and blue and gray are beautiful, but I cannot for the life of me tell what they are meant to represent.' 'That only shows that you know nothing at all about it!' said a squeaky little voice over my shoulder; and looking round, I saw that the owner of the pictures had come in, unperceived, and had overheard my remark."

Rossetti, in spite of his parentage (of his grandparents, three were Italian, and only one was English), speaks of himself in this letter as "a British poet." "He liked England and the English," writes his brother, "better than any other coun-

try and nation. He was in many respects an Englishman in grain, and even a prejudiced Englishman. He was quite as ready as other Britons to reckon to the discredit of Frenchmen, and generally of foreigners, a certain shallow and frothy demonstrativeness; *too* ready, I always thought."

Patmore's poem was *The Angel in the House*.

Thomas Buchanan Read was an American poet, and a painter by profession as well, author of *Rural Poems*, *Lays*, and *Ballads*. He died several years ago. He was a curiously small man in stature, and had a pleasant little wife on exactly a corresponding scale. He had suffered with Rossetti under the unjust law of distraint. W. M. Rossetti wrote to Allingham on August 10, 1850: "As for Read, he left on Friday week in something of a hurry and confusion, owing to an execution for rent put into Gabriel's lodgings on the fugitive landlord's account; whereby Read's trunk, etc., were, *inter alia*, laid under embargo; indeed, he has been compelled to leave them behind." Rossetti's landlord was a dancing-master, "who failed to pay his rent. According to the oppressive system of those days, the goods of his sub-tenant were seized to make good the default. Dante and I," continues his brother, "carried away a considerable number of books. The bulk of his small belongings was confiscated, and appeared to his eyes no more."

In W. B. Scott's *Life* (vol. ii. pp. 21-24) are given two of Carlyle's letters about *Poems by a Painter*. Rossetti would have spared the old man the bastinado had he read his apology for his blunder. It begins: "It is too certain I have committed an absurd mistake, which indeed I discerned two weeks ago with an emotion compounded of astonishment, remorse, and the tendency to laugh and cry both at once."

*George Birkbeck Hill.*

## PILGRIM STATION.

FROM the great plateau of the Snake River, at a point that is far from any main station, the stage-road sinks into a hollow which the winds might have scooped, so constantly do they pounce and delve and circle round the spot. Down in this pot-hole, where sand has drifted into the infrequent wheel-tracks, there is a dead stillness, while the perpetual land-gale is roaring and troubling above.

One noon, at the latter end of summer, a wagon carrying four persons, with camp-gear and provision for a self-subsisting trip, jolted down into this hollow, the horses sweating at a walk as they beat through the heavy sand. The teamster drew them up, and looked hard at the singular, lonely place.

"I don't see any signs of that old corral, do you?" objected the man beside him. He spoke low, as if to keep his doubts from their neighbors on the back seat. These, an old, delicate, reverend-looking gentleman and a veiled woman sitting very erect, were silent, awaiting some decision of their fellow-travelers.

"There would n't be much of anything left of it," the teamster urged on the point in question — "only a few rails and wattles, maybe. Campers would have made a clean-up of them."

"You think this is the place, do you not, Mr. Thane? This is Pilgrim Station?" The old gentleman spoke to the younger of the two men in front, who, turning, showed the three-quarter view of a tanned, immobile face and the keen side-glance of a pair of dense black eyes, — eyes that saw everything, and told nothing.

"One of our landmarks seems to be missing. I was just asking Kinney about it," he said.

Mr. Kinney was not, it appeared, as familiar as a guide should be with the road, which had fallen from use before

he came to that part of the country; but his knowledge of roads in general inclined him to take with allowance the testimony of any one man of merely local information.

"That fool Mormon at the ferry hain't been past here, he said himself, since the stage was pulled off. What was here then would n't be here now, — not if it could be eat up or burnt up."

"So you think this is the place?" the old gentleman repeated. His face was quite pale, and he looked about him shrinkingly, with a latent, apprehensive excitement, strangely out of keeping with the void stillness of the hollow, — a spot which seemed to claim as little on the score of human interest or association as any they had passed on their long road hither.

"Well, it's just this way, Mr. Withers: here 's the holler, and here 's the stomped place where the sheep have camped; and the cattle-trails getherin' from everywhere to the water; and the young rabbit-brush that's sprung up since the plains was burnt over. If this ain't Pilgrim Station, we're lost pilgrims ourselves, I guess. We hain't passed it, it's time we come to it, and there ain't no road but this: as I put it up, this here 'has got to be the place."

"I believe you, Mr. Kinney," the old gentleman solemnly confirmed him. "Something tells me that this is the spot. I might almost say," he added in a lower tone to his companion, while a slight shiver passed over him in the hot sunlight, "that a voice cries to us from the ground!"

Those in front had not heard him. After a pause, Mr. Thane looked round again, smiled tentatively, and said, "Well?"

"Well, Daphne, my dear, had n't we better get out?" Mr. Withers conjoined.

She who answered to this pretty pagan name did so mutely by rising in her place. The wind had moulded her light-colored veil close to her half-defined features, to the outline of her cheeks and low-knotted hair; her form, which was youthful and slender, was swathed in a clinging raw-silk dust-cloak. As she stood, hesitating before summoning her cramped limbs to her service, she might have suggested some half-evolved conception of doubting young womanhood emerging from the sculptor's clay. Personality, as yet, she had none; but all that could be seen of her was pure feminine.

Thane reached the side of the wagon before the veiled young woman had attempted to jump. She freed her skirts, stepped on the brake-bar, and, stooping, with his support, made a successful spring to the ground. Mr. Withers climbed out more cautiously, keeping his hand on Thane's arm for a few steps through the heavy sand. Thane left his fellow-pilgrims to themselves apart, and returned to help the teamster take out the horses.

"It looks queer to me," Mr. Kinney remarked, "that folks should want to come so far on purpose to harper up their feelin's all over again. It ain't as if the young man was buried here, nor as if they was goin' to mark the spot with one of them Catholic crosses like you see down in Mexico, where blood's been spilt by the roadside. But just to set here and think about it, and chaw on a mis'able thing that happened two years and more ago! Lord! I would n't want to, and I ain't his father nor yet his girl. Would you?"

"Hardly," said Thane. "Still, if you felt about it as Mr. Withers does, you'd put yourself in the place of the dead, not of the living; and he has a reason for coming, besides. I have n't spoken of it, because I doubt if the thing is feasible. He wants to see whether the water of the spring can be brought into the hollow here, — piped, to feed a permanent drink-

ing-trough and fountain. Good for evil, you see, — the soft answer."

"Well, that's business! That gits down where a man lives. His cattle kin come in on that, too. There's more in that, to my mind, than in a bare wooden cross. Pity there won't be more teamin' on this road. Now the stage has hauled off, I don't expect as many as three out-fits a year will water at that fountain, excusin' the sheep, and they'll walk over it and into it, and gorm up the whole place."

"Well, the idea has been a great comfort to Mr. Withers, but it's not likely anything more will ever come of it. From all we hear, the spring would have to run uphill to reach this hollow; but you won't speak of it, will you, till we know?"

"Gosh, no! But water might be struck higher up the gulch, — might sink a trench and cut off the spring."

"That would depend on the source," said Thane, "and on how much the old gentleman is willing to stand: the fountain alone, by the time you haul the stone here, will foot up pretty well into the thousands. But we'll see."

"Had n't you better stay round here with them till I git back?" Kinney suggested; for Thane had taken the empty canteens from the wagon, and was preparing to go with him to the spring. "You kin do your prospectin' later."

"They would rather be by themselves, I think," said Thane. But seeing Mr. Withers coming towards him, as if to speak, he turned back to meet him.

"You are going now to look for the spring, are you not?" the old gentleman asked, in his courteous, dependent manner.

"Yes, Mr. Withers. Is there anything I can do for you first?"

"Nothing, I thank you." The old gentleman looked at him half expectantly, but Thane was not equal, in words, to the occasion. "This is the place, Mr. Thane," he cadenced, in his measured,

clerical tones. "This is the spot that last saw my dear boy alive,—that witnessed his agony and death." He extended a white, thin, and now shaking hand, which Thane grasped, uncovering his head. Mr. Withers raised his left hand; his pale eyes blinked in the sunlight; they were dim with tears.

"In memory of John Withers," he pronounced, "foully robbed of life in this lonely spot, we three are gathered here,—his friend, his father, and his bride that was to have been." Thane's eyes were on the ground, but he silently renewed his grasp of the old man's hand. "May God be our Guide as we go hence to finish our separate journeys! May He help us to forgive as we hope to be forgiven! May He teach us submission! But, O Lord! Thou knowest it is hard."

"Mr. Withers is a parson, ain't he?" Kinney inquired, as he and Thane, each leading one of the team-horses, and with an empty canteen swinging by its strap from his shoulder, filed down the little stony gulch that puckers the first rising-ground to riverward of the hollow. "Thought he seemed to be makin' a prayer or askin' a blessin' or somethin', when he had holt of you there by the flipper; kind of embarrassin', wa'n't it?"

"That's as one looks at it," said Thane. "Mr. Withers is a clergyman: his manner may be partly professional, but he strikes one as always sincere. And he has n't a particle of self-consciousness where his grief for his son is concerned; I don't know that he has about anything. He calls on his Maker just as naturally as you and I, perhaps, might take his name in vain."

"No, sir; I've quit doin' that," Mr. Kinney objected. "I drewed the line there some years ago, on account of my wife, the way she felt about it, and the children growin' up. I quit when I was workin' round home, and now I don't seem to miss it none. I git along jest as well. Course I have to cuss a little sometimes. But I liked the way you lis-

tened to the old man's warblin'. Because talkin' is a man's trade, it ain't to say he has n't got his feelin's."

As the hill cut off sounds of retreating voices and horseshoes clinking on the stones, a stillness that was a distinct sensation brooded upon the hollow. Daphne sighed as if she were in pain. She had taken off her veil, and now she was peeling the gloves from her white wrists and warm, unsteady hands. Her face, exposed, hardly sustained the promise of the veiled suggestion; but no man was ever known to find fault with it so long as he had hopes; afterwards—but even then it was a matter of temperament. There were those who remembered it all the more keenly for its daring deviations and provoking shortcomings.

It could not have been said of Daphne that her grief was without self-consciousness. Still, much of her constraint and unevenness of manner might have been set down to the circumstances of her present position. Why she should have placed herself, or have allowed her friends to place her, in an attitude of such unhappy publicity Thane had asked himself many times, and the question angered him as often as it came up. He could only refer it to the singularly unprogressive ideas of the Far West peculiar to Far Eastern people. Apparently, they had thought that, barring a friend or two of Jack's, they would be as much alone with their tragic memories in the capital city of Idaho as at the abandoned stage-station in the desert where their pilgrimage had ended. They had not found it quite the same. Daphne could, and probably did, read of herself in the *Silver Standard*, Sunday edition, which treats of social events, heralded among the prominent arrivals as "Jack Withers's maiden widow." This was a poetical flight of the city reporter. Thane had smiled at the phrase, but that was before he had seen Daphne; since then, whenever he thought of it, he pined for a suitable occasion for punching the reporter's head.

There had been more of his language; the paper had given liberally of its space to celebrate this interesting advent of the maiden widow with her uncle, "the Rev. Withers," as the reporter styled him, "father of the lamented young man whose shocking murder, two years ago, at Pilgrim Station, on the eve of his return to home and happiness, cast such a gloom over our community, in which the victim of the barbarous deed had none but devoted friends and admirers. It is to be hoped that the reverend gentleman and the bereaved young lady, his companion on this sad journey, will meet with every mark of attention and respect which it is in the power of our citizens to bestow during their stay among us."

Now, in the dead, hot stillness, they two alone at last, Daphne sat beside her uncle in the place of their solemn tryst; and more than ever her excitement and unrest were manifest, in contrast to his mild and chastened melancholy. She started violently as his voice broke the silence in a measured, musing monotone:

"Drink, weary pilgrim, drink and pray  
For the poor soul of Sybil Grey,  
Who built this cross and well."

"These lines," he continued in his ordinary prose accent, "gave me my first suggestion of a cross and well at Pilgrim Station, aided, perhaps, by the name itself, so singularly appropriate; not at all consistent, Mr. Thane tells me, with the usual haphazard nomenclature of this region. However, this is the old Oregon emigrant trail, and in the early forties men of education and Christian sentiment were the pioneers on this road. But now that I see the place and the country round it, I find the Middle Ages are not old enough to borrow from. We must go back, away back of chivalry and monkish superstition, to the life-giving pools of that country where the story of man began; where water, in the language of its people, was justly made the symbol of their highest spiritual as well as physical needs and cravings. 'And David longed,

and said, Oh that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!' It is a far cry here to any gate but the gate of sunset, which we have been traveling against from morning to evening since our journey began, yet never approach any nearer. But this, nevertheless, is the country of David's well, — a dry, elevated plain, surrounded by mountains strangely gashed and riven and written all over in nature's characters, but, except for the speech of a wandering, unlettered people, dumb as to the deeds of man. Mr. Thane tells me that if the wells on this road were as many as the deaths by violence have been, we might be pasturing our horses in green fields at night, instead of increasing their load with the weight of their food as well as our own. Yes, it is a 'desolate land and lone;' and if we build our fountain, according to my first intention, in the form of a cross, blessing and shadowing the water, it must be a rude and massive one, such as humble shepherds or herdsmen might accidentally have fashioned in the dark days before its power and significance were known. It will be all the more enduring, and the text shall be" —

"Uncle," cried Daphne in a smothered voice, "never mind the text! *I am your text!* Listen to me! If your cross stood there now, here is the one who should be in the dust before it!" She pressed her open hand upon her breast.

The gesture, her emphasis, the extreme figure of speech she used, were repellent to Mr. Withers over and above his amazement at her words. As he had not been observing her, he was totally unprepared for such an outburst.

"Daphne, my dear! Do I understand you? I cannot conceive" —

But Daphne could not wait for her meaning to sink in. "Uncle John," she interrupted, taking a quick breath of resolution, "I read somewhere once that if a woman be dishonest, deep down, deliberately a hypocrite, she ought to be gen-

tly and mercifully killed; a woman not honest had better not be alive. Uncle, I have something to say to you about myself. Gently and mercifully listen to me, for it ought to kill me to say it!"

Mr. Withers turned apprehensively, and was startled by the expression of Daphne's face. She was undoubtedly in earnest. He grew quite pale. "Not here, my dear," he entreated; "not now. Let our thoughts be single for this one hour that we shall be alone together. Let it wait for a little, this woeful confession, which I think you probably exaggerate, as young souls are apt to who have not learned to bear the pain of self-knowledge, or self-reproach without knowledge. Let us forget ourselves, and think of our beloved dead."

"Uncle, it must be here and now. I cannot go away from this place a liar, as I came. Let me leave it here, my cowardly, contemptible falsehood, in this place of your cross. I am longing, like David, for that water they have gone to find, but I will not drink at Pilgrim Station except with clean lips that have confessed and told you all."

Mr. Withers shrank from these unrestrained and, to him, indecorous statements of feeling; they shocked him almost as much as would the spectacle of Daphne mutilating her beautiful hair, casting dust upon her head, and rending her garments before him. He believed that her trouble of soul was genuine, but his Puritan reserve in matters of conscience, his scholarly taste, his jealousy for the occasion which had brought them to that spot, all combined to make this exaggerated expression of it offensive to him. However, he no longer tried to repress her.

"Uncle, you don't believe me," she said, "but you must. I am quite myself."

"Except for the prolonged nervous strain you have been suffering; and I am afraid I have not known how to spare you as I might, the fatigue, the altitude, perhaps, the long journey face to face

with these cruel memories. But I will not press it, I will not press it," he concluded hastily, seeing that his words distressed her.

"Press it all you can," she said. "I wish you could press it hard enough for me to feel it; but I feel nothing, — I am a stone. At this moment," she reiterated, "I have no feeling of any kind but shame for myself that I should be here at all. Oh, if you only knew what I am!"

"It is not what you are, it is who you are, that brings you here, Daphne."

"Yes, who I am! Who am I? What right had I to come here? I never loved him. I never was engaged to him, but I let you think so. When you wrote me that sweet letter and called me your daughter, why did n't I tell you the truth? Because in that same letter you offered me his money — and — and I wanted the money. I lied to you then, when you were in the first of your grief, — to get his money! I have been trying to live up to that lie ever since. It has almost killed me; it has killed every bit of truth and decent womanly pride in me. I want you to save me from it before I grow any worse. You must take back the money. It did one good thing: it paid those selfish debts of mine, and it made mother well. What has been spent I will work for and pay back as I can. But I love *you*, uncle John: there has been no falsehood there."

"This is the language of sheer insanity, Daphne, of mental excitement that passes reason." Mr. Withers spoke in a carefully controlled but quivering voice; as a man who has been struck an unexpected and staggering blow, but, considering the quarter it came from, is prepared to treat it as an accident. "The facts, John's own words in his last letter to me, cannot be gainsaid. 'I am coming home to you, dad, and to whom else I need not say. You know that I have never changed, but she has changed, God bless her! How well He made them, to be our thorn, our spur, our punishment,

our prevention, and sometimes our cure! I am coming home to be cured,' he said. You have not forgotten the words of that letter, dear? I sent it to you, but first — I thought you would not mind — I copied those his last words. They were words of such happiness; and they implied a thought, at least, of his Creator, if not that grounded faith" —

"They were hopes, only hopes!" the girl remorsefully disclaimed. "I allowed him to have them because I wanted time to make up my wretched, selfish mind. I had never made him a single promise, never said one word that could have given me the right to pose as I did afterwards, to let myself be grieved over as if I had lost my last hope on earth. I had his money all safe enough."

"Daphne, I forbid you to speak in that tone! There are bounds even to confession. If you think well to degrade yourself by such allusions, do not degrade me by forcing me to listen to you. This is a subject too sacred to be discussed in its mercenary bearings: settle that question with yourself as you will, but let me hear no more of it."

Daphne was silenced; for the first time in her remembrance of him she had seen her uncle driven to positive severity, to anger even, in opposition to the truth which his heart refused to accept. When he was calmer, he began to reason with her, to uphold her in the true faith, against her seeming self, in these profane and ruthless disclosures.

"You are morbid," he declared, "oversensitive, from dwelling too long on this painful chapter of your life. No one knows better than myself what disorders of the imagination may result from a mood of the soul, a passing mood, — the pains of growth, perhaps. You are a woman now; but let the woman not be too hard upon the girl that she was. After what you have been through quite lately, and for two years past, I pronounce you mentally unfit to cope with your own case. Say that you did not

promise him in words: the promise was given no less in spirit. How else could he have been so exaltedly sure? He never was before. You had never before, I think, given him any grounds for hope?"

"No, I was always honest before," said Daphne humbly. "When I first refused him, when we were both such children, and he went away, I promised to answer his letters if he would let *that* subject rest. And so I did. But every now and then he would try me again, to see if I had changed, and that letter I would not answer; and presently he would write again, in his usual way. As often as he brought up the old question, just so often I stopped writing; silence was always my answer, till that last winter, when I made my final attempt to do something with my painting, and failed so miserably. You don't know, uncle, how hard I have worked, or what it cost me to fail, — to have to own that all had been wasted: my three expensive winters in Boston, my cutting loose from all the little home duties, in the hope of doing something great that would pay for all. And that last winter I did not make my expenses, even. After borrowing every cent that mother could spare (more than she ought to have spared; it was doing without a girl that broke her down); and denying myself, or denying her, my home visit at Christmas; and setting up in a studio of my own, and taking pains to have all the surroundings that are said to bring success, — and then, after all, to fail, and fail, and fail! And spring came, and mother looked so ill, and the doctor said she must have rest, total rest and change; and he looked at me as if he would like to say, 'You did it!' Well, the 'rest' I brought her was my debts and my failure and remorse; and I was n't even in good health, I was so used up with my winter's struggle. It was then, in the midst of all that trouble and shame and horror at myself, his sweet letter came. No, not sweet, but manly and generous, — utterly generous as he

always was. I ought to have loved him, uncle dear; I always knew it, and I did try very hard! He did not feel his way this time, but just poured out his whole heart once for all; I knew he would never ask me again. And then the fatal word: he said he had grown rich. He could give me the opportunities my nature demanded. You know how he would talk. He believed in me, if nobody else ever did; I could not have convinced him that I was a failure.

"It was very soothing to my wounds. I was absolutely shaken by the temptation. It meant so much: such a refuge from self-contempt and poverty and blame, and such rest and comfort it would bring to mother! I hope that had something to do with it. You see I am looking for a loop-hole to crawl out of; I have n't strength of mind to face it without some excuse. Well, I answered that letter; and I think the evil one himself must have helped me, for I wrote it, my first careful, deliberate piece of double-dealing, just as easily as if I had been practicing for it all my life. It was such a letter as any man would have thought meant everything; yet if I had wanted, I could have proved by the words themselves that it meant nothing that could n't be taken back.

"I said to myself, If I can stand it, if I can hold out as I feel now, I will marry him; then let come what may. I knew that some things would come, some things that I wanted very much.

"Then came the strange delay, the silence, the wretched telegrams and letters back and forth. Ah, dear, do I make you cry? Don't cry for him: you have not lost him. Cry for me, the girl you thought was good and pure and true! You know what I did then, when your dear letter came, giving me all he had; calling me your daughter, all that was left you of John! I deceived you in your grief, hating myself and loving you all the time. And here I am, in this place! Do you wonder I had to speak?"

"Your words are literally as blows to me, Daphne," Mr. Withers groaned, covering his face. After a while he said: "All I have in the world would have been yours and your mother's, had you come to me, or had I suspected the trouble you were in. I ought to have been more observant. My prepossessions must be very strong; doubtless some of the reader's faculties have been left out in my mental constitution. I hear you say these words, but even now they are losing their meaning for me. I see that your distress is genuine, and I must suppose that you have referred it to its proper cause; but I cannot master the fact itself. You must give me time to realize it. This takes much out of life for me."

"Not my love for *you*, uncle John: there has been no falsehood there."

"You could not have spared yourself and me this confession?" the old man queried. "But no, God forgive me! You must have suffered grievous things in your young conscience, my dear; this was an ugly spot to hide. But now you have fought your fight and won it, at the foot of the cross. To say that I forgive you, that we both, the living and the dead, forgive you, is the very least that can be said. Come here! Come and be my daughter as before! My daughter!" he repeated. And Daphne, on her knees, put her arms about his neck and hid her face against him.

"Thank Heaven!" he murmured brokenly, "it cannot hurt him now. He has found his 'cure.' As a candle-flame would expire in this broad sunlight, so all those earthly longings" — The old gentleman could not finish his sentence, though a sentence was dear to him almost as the truth from which, even in his love of verbiage, his speech never deviated. "So we leave it here," he said at last. "It is between us and our blessed dead. No one else need know what you have had the courage to tell me. Your confession concerns no other living soul, unless it be your mother, and I see no rea-

son why her heart should be perturbed. As for the money, what need have I for more than my present sufficiency, which is far beyond the measure of my efforts or deserts? I beg you never to recur to the subject, unless you would purposely wish to wound me. This is a question of conscience, purely, and you have made yours clean. Are you satisfied?"

"Yes," said Daphne faintly.

"What is the residue? Or is it only the troubled waters still heaving?"

"Yes, perhaps so."

"Well, the peace will come. Promise me, dear, that you will let it come. Do not give yourself the pain and humiliation of repeating to any other person this miserable story of your fault."

"It was more than a fault; you know that, uncle. Your conscience could not have borne it for an hour."

"Your sin, then. A habit of confession is debilitating and dangerous. God has heard you; and I, who alone in this world could have the right to reproach you, have said to you, Go in peace. Peace let it be, and silence, which is the safest seal of a true confession."

"Do you mean that I am never to let myself be known as I am?" asked Daphne. Her face had changed; it wore a look of fright and resistance. "Why, that would mean that I am never to unmask; to go about all my life in my trappings of false widowhood. You read what that paper called me! I cannot play the part any longer."

"Are you speaking with reference to these strangers? But this will soon be over, dear; we shall soon be at home, where no one thinks of us except as they have known us all their lives. It will be painful for a little while, this conspicuousness; but these good people will soon pass out of our lives, and we out of theirs. Idle speculation will have little to do with us, after this."

"There will always be speculation," implored the girl. "It will follow me wherever I go, and all my life I shall be

in bondage to this wretched lie. Take back the money, uncle, and give me the price I paid for it, — my freedom, myself, as I was before I was tempted!"

"Ah, if that could be!" said the old gentleman. "Is it my poor boy's memory that burdens you so? Is it that you would be freed from?"

"From doing false homage to his memory," Daphne pleaded. "I could have grieved for him, if I could have been honest; as it is, I am in danger almost of hating him. Forgive me, uncle, but I am! How do you suppose I feel when voices are lowered and eyes cast down, not to intrude upon my peculiar, privileged grief? 'Here I and Sorrow sit!' Is n't it awful, uncle? Is n't it ghastly, indecent? I am afraid some day I shall break out and do some dreadful thing, laugh or say something shocking, when they try to spare my feelings. Feelings! when my heart is as hard, this moment, to everything but myself, myself! I am so sick of myself! But how can I help thinking about myself when I can never for one moment be natural?"

"This is something that goes deeper," said Mr. Withers. "I confess it is difficult for me to follow you here; to understand how a love as meek as that of the dead, who asks nothing, could lay such deadly weights upon a young girl's life."

"Not his love: mine, mine! Is it truly in his grave? If it is not, why do I dare to profess daily that it is, to go on lying every day? I want back my word, that I never gave to any man. Can't one repent and confess a falsehood? And do you call it confessing, when all but one person in the world are still deceived?"

"It is not easy for me to advise you, Daphne," said Mr. Withers wearily. "Your struggle has discovered to me a weakness of my own: verily, an old man's fond jealousy for the memory of his son. I could almost stoop to entreat you. I do entreat you! So long as we

defraud no one else, so long as there is no living person who might justly claim to know your heart, why rob my poor boy's grave of the grace your love bestows, even the semblance that it was? Let it lie there like a mourning-wreath, a purchased tribute, we will say," the father added, with a smile of sad irony, "but only a rude hand would rob him of his funeral honors. There seems to be an unnecessary harshness in this effort to right yourself at the cost of the unresisting dead. Since you did not deny him living, must you repudiate him now? Fling away even his memory, that casts so thin a shade upon your life, a faint morning shadow that will shrink away as your sun climbs higher? By degrees you will be free. And speaking less selfishly, would there not be a certain delicacy in reopening now the question of your past relations to one whose name is very seldom spoken? Others may not be thinking so much of your loss — your supposed loss," the old gentleman conscientiously supplied — "as your sensitiveness leads you to imagine. But you will give occasion for thinking and for talking if you tear open now your girlhood's secrets. Whom does it concern, my dear, to know where or how your heart is bestowed?"

Daphne's cheeks and brow were burning hot; even her little ears were scarlet. Her eyes filled and drooped. "It is only right," she owned. "It is my natural punishment."

"No, no; I would not punish nor judge you; I love you too well. But I know better than you can what a safeguard this will be, — this disguise which is no longer a deception, since the one it was meant to deceive knows all and forgives it. It will rebuke the bold and hasty pretenders to a treasure you cannot safely trust, even by your own gift, as yet. You are still very young in some ways, my dear."

"I am old enough," said Daphne, "to have learned one fearful lesson."

"Do I oppress you with my view? Do I insist too much?"

Perhaps nothing could have lowered the girl in her own eyes more than this humility of the gentle old man in the face of his own self-exposed weakness, his pathetic jealousy for that self above self, — the child one can do no more than grieve for this side the grave. She had come to herself only to face the consciousness of a secret motive which robbed her confession of all moral value. Repentance, that would annul her base bargain, now that the costs began to outweigh the advantages, was guilt-edged, was a luxury; she was ashamed to buy back her freedom on such terms.

"Let it be as you say," she assented; "but only because you ask it. It will not be wrong, will it, if I do it for you?"

"I hope not," returned Mr. Withers. "The motive, in a silence of this kind that can harm no one, must make a difference, I should say."

So it was settled; and Daphne felt the weight of her promise, which the irony of justice had fastened upon her, as a millstone round her neck for life; she was still young enough to think that whatever is must last forever. They sat in silence, but neither felt that the other was satisfied. Mr. Withers knew that Daphne was not lightened of her trouble, nor was he in his heart content with the point he had gained. The unwonted touch of self-assertion it had called for rested uneasily on him; and he could not but own that he had made himself Daphne's apologist, which no confessor ought to be, in this disguise by which he named the deception he was now helping her to maintain.

After a time, when Daphne had called his attention to the fact, he agreed that it was indeed strange that their companions did not return: they had been gone an hour or more to find a spring said to be not half a mile away.

Daphne proposed to climb the grade and see if they were yet in sight, Mr.

Withers consenting; indeed, under the stress of his thoughts, her absence was a sensible relief.

From the hilltop, looking down, she could see the way they had gone; the crooked gulch, a garment's crease in the great lap of the table-land, sinking to the river. She saw no one, heard no sound but the senseless hurry and bluster of the winds, — coming from no one knew where, going none cared whither; it blew a gale in the bright sunlight, mocking her efforts to listen. She waved her hand to her uncle's lone figure in the hollow, to signify that she was going down on the other side. He assented, supposing she had seen their fellow-travelers returning.

She had been out of sight some moments, long enough for Mr. Withers to have lapsed into his habit of absent musing, when Thane came rattling down the slope of the opposite hill, surprised to see the old gentleman alone. His long, black eyes went searching everywhere, while he reported a fruitless quest for the spring. Kinney and he had followed the gulch, which nowhere showed a vestige of water save in the path of the spring freshets, until they had come in sight of the river; and Kinney had taken the horses on down to drink, riding one and leading the other. It would be nearly three miles to the river from where Thane had left him, but that was where all the deceptive cattle-trails were tending. Thane, returning, had made a loop of his track around the hollow, but had failed to round up any spring. Hence, as he informed Mr. Withers, this could not be Pilgrim Station. He made no attempt to express his chagrin at this cruel and unseemly blunder. The old gentleman accepted it with his usual uncomplaining deference to circumstances; still, it was jarring to nerves overstrained and bruised by the home thrust of Daphne's defection. He fell silent, and drew within himself, not reproachfully, but sensitively. Thane rightly surmised that no second invoca-

tion would be offered, when they should come to the true Pilgrim Station; the old gentleman would keep his threnodies to himself, after this.

It would have been noticeable to any less celestial-minded observer than Mr. Withers, the diffidence with which Thane, in asking after Miss Daphne Lewis, pronounced her name. He did not wait for the old gentleman to finish his explanation of her absence, but, having learned the way she had gone, dropped himself at a great pace down the gulch, and came upon her unawares, where she had been sitting, overcome by nameless fears and a creeping horror of the place. She started to her feet, for Thane's was no furtive tread that crashed through the thorny greasewood, and planted itself, a yard at a bound, amongst the stones. The horror vanished, and a flush of life, a light of joy, returned to her speaking face. He had never seen her so completely off her guard. He checked himself suddenly, and caught his hat from his head; and without thinking, before he replaced it, he drew the back of his soft leather glove across his dripping forehead. The unconventional action touched her keenly; she was sensitively subject to outward impressions, and "the plastic" had long been her delight, her ambition, and her despair.

"Oh, if I could only have done something simple like that!" the defeated, unsatisfied artist soul within her cried. "That free, arrested stride, how splendid! and the hat crumpled in his hand, and his bare head and strong brows in the sunlight, and the damp points of hair clinging to his temples! No, he is not bald, — that was only a tonsure of white light on the top of his head; still, he must be hard on forty. It is the end of summer with him, too; and here he comes for water, thirsting, to satisfy himself where water was plentiful in spring, and he finds a dry bed of stones. Call it *The End of Summer*; it is enough. Ah, if I could ever have thought out an

action as simple and direct as that — and drawn it! But how can one draw what one has never seen!”

Not all this, but something else, something more, which Daphne could not have put into words, spoke in the look which Thane surprised. It was but a flash between long lashes that instantly fell and put it out; but no woman whose heart was in the grave ever looked at a living man in that way, and the living man could not help but know it. It took away his self-possession for a moment; he stood speechless, gazing into her face, with a question in his eyes which five minutes before he would have declared an insult to her.

Daphne struggled to regain her mask, but the secret had escaped her: shameless Nature had seized her opportunity.

“How did I miss you?” Daphne asked with forced coolness, as they turned up the gulch together. For the moment she had forgotten about the spring.

Thane briefly explained the mistake that had been made, adding, “You will have to put up with another day of us, now, — perhaps two.”

“And where do you leave us, then?” asked Daphne stupidly.

“At the same place, — Decker’s Ferry, you know.” He smiled, indulgent to her crass ignorance of roads and localities. “Only we shall be a day longer getting there. We are still on the south side of the river, you remember?”

“Oh, of course!” said Daphne, who remembered nothing of the kind.

“It was a brutal fake, our springing this place on you for Pilgrim Station,” he murmured.

“It has all been a mistake, — our coming, I mean; at least I think so.”

It was some comfort to Thane to hear her say it, he had been so forcibly of that opinion himself all along; but he allowed the admission to pass.

“It must have been a hard journey for you,” he exerted himself to say, speaking in a surface voice, while his thoughts

were sinking test-pits through layers of crusted consciousness into depths of fiery nature underneath.

She answered in the same perfunctory way: “You have been very kind; uncle has depended on you so much. Your advice and help have been everything to him.”

He took her up with needless probity: “Whatever you do, don’t thank me! It’s bad enough to have Mr. Withers heaping coals of fire on my head. He gives me the place, always, in regard to his son, of an intimate friend; which I never was, and God knows I never claimed to be! He took it for granted, somehow, — perhaps because of my letters at first, though any brute would have done as much at a time like that! Afterwards I would have set him right, but I was afraid of thrusting back the friendly imputation in his face. He credits me with having been this and that of a godsend to his son, when, as a fact, we parted, that last time, not even good friends. Perhaps you can forgive me for saying it? You see how I am placed!”

This iron apology, which some late scruple had ground out of Thane, seemed to command Daphne’s deepest attention. She gave it a moment’s silence, then she said, “There is nothing that hurts one, I think, like being unable to feel as people take for granted one must and ought to feel.” But her home application of it gave a slight deflection to Thane’s meaning which he firmly corrected.

“I felt all right, so did he, I dare say, but we never let each other know how we felt. Men don’t have much use for sentiment, as a rule. Your uncle takes for granted that I knew a lot about him, — his thoughts and feelings; that we were immensely sympathetic. Perhaps we were, but we did n’t know it. We knew nothing of each other intimately. He never spoke to me of his private affairs but once, the night before he started. It was at Wood River. Some of

us gave him a little supper. Afterwards we had some business to settle, and I was alone with him in his room. It was then I made my break; and — well, it ended as I say: we quarreled. It has hurt me since, especially as I was wrong.”

“What can men quarrel about, when they don’t know each other well? Politics, perhaps?” Daphne endeavored to give her words a general application.

“It was not politics with us,” Thane replied curtly. Changing the subject, he said, “I wish you could see the valley from that hogback over to the west.” He pointed towards the spine of the main divide, which they would cross on their next day’s journey. “Will you come up there this evening and take a look at the country? The wind will die down at sunset, I think.”

There was a studied commonplaceness in his manner; his eyes avoided hers.

“Thanks; I should like to,” she answered, in the same defensive tone.

“To go back to what we were saying,” Daphne began, when they were seated, that evening, on the hilltop. All around them the view of the world rose to meet the sky, glowing in the west, purple in the east, while the pale planets shone, and below them the river glassed and gleamed in its crooked bed. “I ask you seriously,” she said. “What was the trouble between you?” Doubtless she had a reason for asking, but it was not the one that she proceeded to give. “Had you — have you, perhaps — any claims in a business way against him? Because, if you had, it would be most unfair to his father” — The words gave her difficulty; but her meaning, as forced meanings are apt to be, was more than plain.

Thane was not deceived: a woman who yields to curiosity, under however pious an excuse, is, to say the least, normal. Her thoughts are neither in the heavens above nor in the grave beneath. His black eyes flashed with the provo-

cation of the moment; it was instinct that bade him not to spare her.

“We quarreled,” he said, “in the orthodox way, about a woman.”

“Indeed!” said Daphne. “Then you must pardon me.”

“And her name” — he continued calmly.

“I did not ask you her name.”

“Still, since we have gone so far” —

“There is no need of our going any farther.”

“We may as well, — a little farther. We quarreled, strangely enough, about you, — the first time he ever spoke of you. He would not have spoken then, I think, but he was a little excited, as well he might have been. Excuse me?”

“Nothing!” said Daphne. She had made an involuntary protesting sound.

“He said he hoped to bring you back with him. I asked how long since he had seen you; and when he told me five years, I remarked that he had better not be too sure. ‘But you don’t know her,’ he said; ‘she is truth itself, and courage. By as many times as she has refused to listen to me, I am sure of her now.’ I did not gather, somehow, that you were — engaged to him, else I hope I should not have gone so far. As it was, I kept on persisting, like a cynic who has got no one of his own to be sure of, that he had better not be too sure. He might have seen, I thought then, that it was half chaff and half envy with me; but it was a nervous time, and I was less than sympathetic, less than a friend to him. And now I am loaded with friendship’s honors, and you have come yourself to prove me in the wrong. You punish me by converting me to the truth.”

“What truth?” asked Daphne, so low that Thane had to guess her question.

“Have you not proved to me that some women do have memories?”

Daphne could not meet his eyes; but she suspected him of something like sarcasm. She could not be sure, for his tone was agitating in its tenderness.

"All things considered," she said slowly, "does it not strike you as rather a costly conversion?"

"I don't say I was worth it, nor do I see just how it benefits me, personally, to have learned my lesson."

He rose, and stood where he could look at her, — an unfair advantage, for his dark face, strong in its immobility, was in silhouette against the flush of twilight which illumined hers, so transparent in its sensitiveness.

"Is it not a good thing to believe, on any terms?" she tried to answer lightly.

"For some persons, perhaps. But my hopes, if I had any, would lie in the direction of disbelief."

"Disbelief?" she repeated confusedly. His keen eyes beat hers down.

"In woman's memory, constancy, — in youth, say? I am not talking of seasoned timber; I don't deserve to be happy, you see, and I look for no more than my deserts."

If he were mocking her now, only to test her? And if she should answer with a humble, blissful disclaimer? But she answered nothing, disclaimed nothing; suffered his suspicion, — his contempt, perhaps, for she felt that he read her through and through.

A widow is well, and a maid is well; but a maiden widow, who trembles and looks down, — in God's creation, what is she?

On the north side of the Snake, after climbing out of the cañon at Decker's Ferry, the cross-roads branch as per signpost: thirty miles to Shoshone Falls, one mile to Decker's Ferry, — "good road." This last assertion, as we have it on no less authority than that of Decker himself, must be true. Nothing is said of the road to Bliss, — not even that there is such a Bliss only sixteen miles away. Being a station on the Oregon Short Line, Bliss can take care of itself.

At these cross-roads, on a bright, windy September morning, our travelers had

halted for reasons, the chief of which was to say good-by. They had slept overnight at the ferry, parted their baggage in the morning, and now, in separate wagons, by divergent roads, were setting forth on the last stage of their journey.

Daphne had left some necessary of her toilet at the ferry, and the driver of Mr. Withers's team had gone back to ask the people at the ferry-house to find it. This was the cause of their waiting at the cross-roads. Mr. Withers and Daphne were on their devoted way, like conscientious tourists, though both were deadly weary, to prostrate themselves before the stupendous beauty of the great lone falls at Shoshone. Thane, with Kinney's team, was prosaically bound down the river to examine and report on a placer-mine. But before his business would be finished Mr. Withers and his niece would have returned by railroad via Bliss to Boise, and have left that city for the East; so this was likely to be a long good-by.

If anything could have come of Mr. Withers's project of a memorial fountain at Pilgrim Station, there might have been a future to the acquaintance, for Thane was to have had charge of the execution of the design; but nature had lightly frustrated that fond, beneficent dream.

Mr. Kinney had offered the practical suggestion that the road should go to the fountain, since the fountain could not come to the road. Its course was a mere accident of the way the first wagon-wheels had gone. The wheels were few now, and, with such an inducement, might well afford to cross the gulch in a new place lower down. But Mr. Withers would have none of this dislocation of the unities. There was but one place — the dismal hollow itself, the scene of his heart's tragedy — where his acknowledgment to God should stand, his mute "Thy will be done!"

Perhaps the whole conception had lost

something of its hold on his mind by contact with such harsh realities as Daphne's disavowals and his own consequent struggle with a father's weakness. He had not, in his inmost conscience, quite done with that question yet.

Thane was touched by the meekness with which the old gentleman resigned his dream. The journey, he suspected, had been a disappointment to him in other ways, — had failed in impressiveness, in personal significance; had fallen at times below the level of the occasion, at others had overpowered it and swept it out of sight. Thane could have told him that it must be so. There was room for too many mourners in that primeval waste. Whose small special grief could make itself heard in that vast arid silence, the voice of which was God? God in nature, awful, inscrutable, alone, had gained a new meaning for Mr. Withers. Miles of desert, days of desert, like waves of brute oblivion, had swept over him. Never before had he felt the oppression of purely natural causes, the force of the physical in conflict with the spiritual law. And now he was to submit to a final illustration of it, perhaps the simplest and most natural one of all.

Daphne was seated at a little distance, on her camp-stool, making a drawing of the desert cross-roads with the twin sign-posts pointing separate ways, as an appropriate finish to her Snake River sketch-book. The sun was tremendous, the usual Snake River zephyr blowing forty miles an hour, and the flinty ground refused to take the brass-shod point of her umbrella-staff. Mr. Kinney, therefore, sat beside her, gallantly steadying her heavy sketching-umbrella against the wind.

Mr. Withers, while awaiting the return of his own team from the ferry, had accepted a seat in Thane's wagon. (It was a bag, containing her curling-iron, lamp, and other implements appertaining to "wimples and crisping-pins," that Daphne had forgotten, but she had not

described its contents. One bag is as innocent as another, on the outside; it might have held her Prayer Book.)

Thane was, metaphorically, "kicking himself" because time was passing, and he could not find words delicate enough in which to clothe an indelicate request, — one outrageous in its present connection, yet from some points of view, definitively his own, a most urgent and natural one.

"For one shall grasp, and one resign,  
And God shall make the balance good."

To grasp is a simple act enough; but to do so delicately, reverently, with due regard for the prejudices and preferences of others, may not always be so simple. Thane was not a Goth nor a Vandal; by choice he would have sought to preserve the amenities of life; but a meek man he was not, and the thing he now desired was, he considered, well worth the sacrifice of such small pretensions as his in the direction of unselfishness.

The founding of a family in its earliest stages is essentially an egotistic and ungenerous proceeding. Even Mr. Withers must have been self-seeking once or twice in his life, else had he never had a son to mourn.

So, since life in this world is for the living, and his own life was likely to go on many years after Mr. Withers had been gathered to the reward of the righteous, Thane worked himself up to the grasping-point at last.

He never was able to reflect with any pride on the way he did it, and perhaps it is hardly fair to report him in a conversation that would have had its difficulties for almost any man, but his way of putting his case was something like the following; Mr. Withers guilelessly opening the way by asking, "You will be coming East, I hope, before long, Mr. Thane?"

"Possibly," said Thane, "I may run on to New York next winter."

"If you should, I trust you will find time to come a little further East and

visit me? I could add my niece's invitation to my own, but she and her mother will probably have gone South for her mother's health. However, I will welcome you for us both, — I and my books, which are all my household now."

"Thanks, sir, I should be very glad to come; though your books, I'm afraid, are the sort that would not have much to say to me."

"Come and see, come and see," Mr. Withers pressed him warmly. "A ripe farewell should always hold the seeds of a future meeting."

"That is very kindly said," Thane responded quickly; "and if you don't mind, I will plant one of those seeds right now."

"So do, so do," the old gentleman urged unsuspiciously.

"Your niece" — Thane began, but could see his way no further in that direction without too much precipitancy. Then he backed down on a line of argument, — "I need not point out the fact," etc., — and abandoned that as beset with too many pitfalls of logic, for one of his limited powers of analysis. Fewest words and simplest would serve him best. "It is hardly likely," then he said, "that your niece's present state of feeling will be respected as long as it lasts; there will be others with feelings of their own to think of. Her loss will hardly protect her all her life from — she will have suitors, in short! Nature is a brute, and most men, young men, are natural in that respect, — in regard to women, I mean. I don't want to be the first fool who rushes in, but there will be a first. When he arrives, sir, will you let me know? If any man is to be heard, I claim my right to speak to her, myself; the right, you understand, of one who loves her, who will make any sacrifice on earth to win her."

Mr. Withers remained silent. He had a sense of suffocation, as of waves of heat and darkness going over him. The wind sang in his ears, shouted and hooted at

him. He was stunned. Presently he gasped, "Mr. Thane! you have not surely profaned this solemn journey with such thoughts as these?"

"A man cannot always help his thoughts, Mr. Withers. I have not profaned any thoughts by putting them into words, till now; and I cannot do them justice, but I have made them plain. This is not a question of taste or propriety with me, or even of decency; it is my life, — all of it I shall ever place at the disposal of any woman. I am not a boy; I know what I want, and how much I want it. The secret of success is to be in the right place at the right time: here is where I ask your help."

"I do not question that you know what you want," said Mr. Withers mildly, — "it is quite a characteristic of the men of this region, I infer, — nor do I deny that you may know the way of success in getting it; but that I should open the door to you — be your — I might say accomplice, in this design upon the affections of my niece — why, I don't know how it strikes you, but" —

"It strikes me precisely as it does you, — my part of it," said Thane impatiently. "But her part is different, as I see it. If she were sick, you would not put off the day of her recovery because neither you nor yours could cure her? Whoever can make her forget this shipwreck of her youth, heal her unhappiness, let him do so, would you not say? Give him the chance to try? A man's power in these things does not lie in his deserts. All I ask is, when other men come forward, I want the same privilege. But I shall not be on the ground. When that time comes, sir, will you remember me?"

For once Mr. Withers seized the occasion for a retort; he advanced upon the enemy's exposed position. "Yes, Mr. Thane, I will remember you, — better than you remember your friends when they are gone."

Thane accepted the reproach as meekly

as if his friendship for John Withers had been of the indubitable stuff originally that Mr. Withers had credited him with. He rather welcomed than otherwise an unmerited rebuke from that long-suffering quarter.

But though Thane was silenced as well as answered, there was conscience yet to deal with. Mr. Withers sat and meditated sorely, while the wind buffeted his gray hairs. Conscience demanded that he give up the secret of Daphne's false mourning, which he would have defended with his life. "A silence that can harm no one." "So long as we defraud no living person who might claim a right to know your heart." The condition was plain; it provided for just such cases as the present. Then how could he hesitate? But he was human, and he did.

"I have gone too far, I see. Well, say no more about it," said Thane. "It was your generosity that tempted me. From those who give easily much shall be asked. Forget it, sir, please. I will look out for myself, or lose her."

"Stop a bit!" exclaimed Mr. Withers. He turned to Thane, placing his hand above his faded eyes to shade them from the glare, and looked his companion earnestly in the face. "Thane sought for an umbrella, and raised it over the old gentleman's head; it was not an easy thing to hold it steady in that wind."

"Thanks, thanks! Now I can look at you. Yes, I can look you in the eye, in more senses than one. Listen to me, Mr. Thane, and don't mind if I am not very lucid. In speaking of the affairs of another, and a young woman, I can only deal in outlines. You will be able to surmise and hope the rest. I feel in duty bound to tell you that, at the time of my son's death, there was a misunderstanding on my part which forced Miss Lewis into a false position in respect of her relations to my son. Too much was assumed by me on insufficient evidence, — a case where the wish, per-

haps, was father to the thought. She hesitated at that sore time to rob me of an illusion which she saw was precious to me; she allowed me to retain my erroneous belief that my son, had he lived, would have enjoyed the blessing of her affection. As a fact, she had not given it to him, — could not have given it, — though she owns that her mind, not her heart, was wavering. Had she married him, other motives than love would have influenced her choice. So his death saved my dear boy from a cruel disappointment or a worse mistake, and her from a great danger. Had he lived, he must have had many hours of wretchedness, either with or without that dearest wish of his heart fulfilled.

"This she confessed to me not many days ago, after a long period of remorseful questioning; and I deem it my duty now, in view of what you have just told me, to acquaint you with the truth. I am the only one who knows that she was not engaged to my son, and never really loved him. The fact cut me so deeply, when I learned it first, that I persuaded her, most selfishly, to continue in the disguise she had permitted, sustained so long, — to rest in it, that my boy's memory might be honored through this sacrifice of the truth. Weak, fond old man that I was, and worse! But now you have my confession. As soon as I can speak with her alone I will release her from that promise. She was fain to be free before all the world, — our little part of it, — but I fastened it on her. I see now that I could not have invented a crueler punishment; but it was never my purpose to punish her. I will also tell her that I have opened the true state of the case to you."

"Would you not stop just short of that, Mr. Withers? To know that she is free to listen to him, — that is all any man could ask."

"Perhaps you are right; yes, she need not know that I have possessed you with her secret, — all of it that has any

bearing on your hopes. I only thought it might save you, in her mind, from any possible imputation of — of want of respect for her supposed condition, akin to widowhood; but no doubt you will wait a suitable time."

"I will wait till we meet in Boise."

"In Boise!" the old gentleman cried, aghast.

"That will be three days from now," answered Thane innocently. Did Mr. Withers imagine that he would wait three years?

"But what becomes of the — the placer-mine?"

"The placer-mine be — I mean, the placer-mine will keep! She is shutting up her book; the sketch is finished. Will you hold the umbrella, or shall I put it down?"

Mr. Withers took hold of the umbrella-handle; the wind shook it and nearly carried it out of his grasp. "Put it down, if you please," he murmured resignedly. But by this time Thane was half across the road to where Daphne, with penknife and finger-tips, was trying to strip the top layer of blackened sand-paper from her pencil-scrubber; turning her face aside, because, woman-like, she would insist on casting her pencil-dust to windward.

Thane smiled, and took the scrubber out of her hands, threw away the soiled sheet, sealed up the pad in a clean stamped envelope, which bore across the end the legend, "If not delivered within ten days, return to" — "Robert Henry Thane," he wrote, with his address, and gave her back her property. It was all very childish, yet his hand trembled as he wrote; and Daphne looked on with the solemnity of a child learning a new game.

"May I see the sketch?" he asked.

They bent together over her book, while Daphne endeavored to find the place; the wind fluttered the leaves, and she was so long in finding it that Mr. Kinney had time to pack up her stool

and umbrella, and cross the road to say good-by to Mr. Withers.

"Here it is," said Thane, catching sight of the drawing. He touched the book-holder lightly on the arm, to turn her away from the sun. Her shadow fell across the open page; their backs were to the wagon. So they stood a full half-minute, Thane seeing nothing, hearing his heart beat preposterously in the silence.

"Why don't you praise my sign-posts?" asked Daphne nervously. "See my beautiful distance, — one straight line!"

"I have changed my plans a little," said Thane. Daphne closed the book. "I shall see you again in Boise. This is good-by for three days. Take care of yourself." He held out his hand. "I shall meet your train at Bliss."

"Bliss! Where is Bliss?"

"You never could remember, could you?" he smiled. The tone of his voice was a flagrant caress. The color flew to Daphne's face. "Bliss," said he, "is where I shall meet you again: remember that, will you?"

Daphne drew down her veil. The man returning from the ferry was in sight at the top of the hill. Mr. Withers was alighting from Thane's wagon. She turned her gray mask towards him, through which he could discern the soft outline of her face, the color of her lips and cheeks, the darkness of her eyes; their expression he could not see.

"I shall meet you at Bliss," he repeated, his fingers closing upon hers.

Daphne did not reply; she did not speak to him nor look at him again, though it was some moments before the wagon started.

Kinney and Thane remained at the cross-roads, discussing with some heat the latter's unexpected change of plan. Mr. Kinney had a small interest in the placer-mine, himself, but it looked large to him just then. He put little faith in Thane's urgent business (that no one had heard of till that moment) calling him

to Boise in three days. Of what use was it going down to the placers only to turn round and come back again? So Thane thought, and proposed they drive forward to Bliss.

"Bliss be hanged!" said Mr. Kinney;

which shows how many ways there are of looking at the same thing.

Thane's way prevailed; they drove straight on to Bliss. And if the placer-mine was ever reported on by Thane, it must have been at a later time.

*Mary Hallock Foote.*

## A TRIP TO KYŌTO.

### I.

It had been intended to celebrate in spring the eleven hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Kyōto, but the outbreak of pestilence caused a postponement of the festival to the autumn, and the celebration began on the 15th of the tenth month. Little festival medals of nickel, made to be pinned to the breast, like military decorations, were for sale at half a yen each. These medals entitled the wearers to special cheap fares on all the Japanese railroad and steamship lines, and to other desirable privileges, such as free entrance to wonderful palaces, gardens, and temples. On the 23d of October I found myself in possession of a medal, and journeying to Kyōto by the first morning train, which was overcrowded with people eager to witness the great historical processions announced for the 24th and 25th. Numbers had to travel standing, but the crowd was good natured and merry. A number of my fellow-passengers were Ōsaka geisha going to the festival. They diverted themselves by singing songs and by playing ken with some male acquaintances, and their kit-tinish pranks and funny cries kept everybody amused. One had an extraordinary voice, with which she could twitter like a sparrow.

You can always tell by the voices of women conversing anywhere — in a hotel, for example — if there happen to be any geisha among them, because the pe-

culiar timbre given by professional training is immediately recognizable. The wonderful character of that training, however, is fairly manifested only when the really professional tones of the voice are used, — falsetto tones, never touching, but often curiously sweet. Now, the street singers, the poor blind women who sing ballads with the natural voice only, use tones that draw tears. The voice is generally a powerful contralto; *and it is the deep tones which touch.* The falsetto tones of the geisha rise into a treble above the natural range of the adult voice, and as penetrating as a bird's. In a banquet-hall full of guests, you can distinctly hear, above all the sound of drums and samisen and chatter and laughter, the thin, sweet cry of the geisha playing ken, —

"*Futatsū! futatsū! futatsū!*" —

while you may be quite unable to hear the shouted response of the man she plays with, —

"*Mitsū! mitsū! mitsū!*"

### II.

The first surprise with which Kyōto greeted her visitors was the beauty of her festival decorations. Every street had been prepared for illumination. Before each house had been planted a new lantern-post of unpainted wood, from which a lantern bearing some appropriate design was suspended. There were also national flags and sprigs of pine above each entrance. But the lanterns made

the charm of the display. In each section of street they were of the same form, and were fixed at exactly the same height, and were protected from possible bad weather by the same kind of covering. But in different streets the lanterns were different. In some of the wide thoroughfares they were very large; and while in some streets each was sheltered by a little wooden awning, in others every lantern had a Japanese paper umbrella spread and fastened above it.

There was no pageant on the morning of my arrival, and I spent a couple of hours delightfully at the festival exhibition of kakemono in the imperial summer palace called Omuro Goshō. Unlike the professional art display which I had seen in the spring, this represented chiefly the work of students, and I found it incomparably more original and attractive. Nearly all the pictures, thousands in number, were for sale, at prices ranging from three to fifty yen, and it was impossible not to buy to the limit of one's purse. There were studies of nature evidently made on the spot: such as a glimpse of hazy autumn ricefields, with dragonflies darting over the drooping grain; maples crimsoning above a tremendous gorge; ranges of peaks steeped in morning mist; and a peasant's cottage perched on the verge of some dizzy mountain road. Also there were fine bits of realism, such as a cat seizing a mouse in the very act of stealing the offerings placed in a Buddhist household shrine.

But I have no intention to try the reader's patience with a description of pictures. I mention my visit to the display only because of something I saw there more interesting than any picture. Near the main entrance was a specimen of handwriting, intended to be mounted as a kakemono later on, and temporarily fixed upon a board about three feet long by eighteen inches wide, — a Japanese poem. It was a wonder of calligraphy. Instead of the usual red stamp or seal with which the Japanese calligrapher

marks his masterpieces, I saw the red imprint of a tiny, tiny hand, — a *living* hand, which had been smeared with crimson printing-ink and deftly pressed upon the paper. I could distinguish all those little finger-marks of which Mr. Galton has taught us the characteristic importance.

That writing had been done in the presence of His Imperial Majesty by a child of six years, — or of five, according to our Western method of computing age from the date of birth. The prime minister, Marquis Ito, saw the miracle, and adopted the little boy, whose present name is therefore Ito Medzui.

Even Japanese observers could scarcely believe the testimony of their own eyes. Few adult calligraphers could surpass that writing. Certainly no Occidental artist, even after years of study, could repeat the feat performed by the brush of that child before the Emperor. Of course such a child can be born but once in a thousand years, — to realize, or almost realize, the ancient Chinese legends of divinely inspired writers.

Still, it was not the beauty of the thing in itself which impressed me, but the weird, extraordinary, indubitable proof it afforded of an inherited memory so vivid as to be almost equal to the recollection of former births. Generations of dead calligraphers revived in the fingers of that tiny hand. The thing was never the work of an individual child five years old, but beyond all question the work of ghosts, — the countless ghosts that make the compound ancestral soul. It was proof visible and tangible of psychological and physiological wonders justifying both the Shintō doctrine of ancestor worship and the Buddhist doctrine of preëxistence.

### III.

After looking at all the pictures I visited the great palace garden, only recently opened to the public. It is called the Garden of the Cavern of the Genii. (At least "genii" is about the only word

one can use to translate the term "Sennin," for which there is no real English equivalent; the Sennin, who are supposed to possess immortal life, and to haunt forests or caverns, being Japanese, or rather Chinese mythological transformations of the Indian Rishi.) The garden deserves its name. I felt as if I had indeed entered an enchanted place.

It is a landscape-garden, — a Buddhist creation, belonging to what is now simply a palace, but was once a monastery, built as a religious retreat for emperors and princes weary of earthly vanities. The first impression received after passing the gate is that of a grand old English park: the colossal trees, the shorn grass, the broad walks, the fresh sweet scent of verdure, all awaken English memories. But as you proceed further these memories are slowly effaced, and the true Oriental impression defines: you perceive that the forms of those mighty trees are not European; various and surprising exotic details reveal themselves; and then you are gazing down upon a sheet of water containing high rocks and islets connected by bridges of the strangest shapes. Gradually, — only gradually, — the immense charm, the weird Buddhist charm of the place, grows and grows upon you; and the sense of its vast antiquity defines to touch that chord of the æsthetic feeling which brings the vibration of awe.

Considered as a human work alone, the garden is a marvel: only the skilled labor of thousands could have joined together the mere bones of it, the prodigious rocky skeleton of its plan. This once shaped and earthed and planted, Nature was left alone to finish the wonder. Working through ten centuries, she has surpassed — nay, unspeakably magnified — the dream of the artist. Without exact information, no stranger unfamiliar with the laws and the purpose of Japanese garden construction could imagine that all this had a human designer some thousand years ago; the effect is

that of a section of primeval forest, preserved untouched from the beginning, and walled away from the rest of the world in the heart of the old capital. The rock-faces, the great fantastic roots, the shadowed bypaths, the few ancient graven monoliths, are all cushioned with the moss of ages; and climbing things have developed stems a foot thick, that hang across spaces like monstrous serpents. Parts of the garden vividly recall some aspects of tropical nature in the Antilles; though one misses the palms, the bewildering web and woof of lianas, the reptiles, and the sinister day-silence of a West Indian forest. The joyous storm of bird life overhead is an astonishment, and proclaims gratefully to the visitor that the wild creatures of this monastic paradise have never been harmed or frightened by man. As I arrived at last, with regret, at the gate of exit, I could not help feeling envious of its keeper: only to be a servant in such a garden were a privilege well worth praying for.

#### IV.

Feeling hungry, I told my runner to take me to a restaurant, because the hotel was very far; and the *kuruma* bore me into an obscure street, and halted before a rickety-looking house with some misspelled English painted above the entrance. I remember only the word "foreign." After taking off my shoes I climbed three flights of breakneck stairs, or rather ladders, to find in the third story a set of rooms furnished in foreign style. The windows were glass; the linen was satisfactory; the only things Japanese were the mattings and a welcome smoking-box. American chromolithographs decorated the walls. Nevertheless, I suspected that few foreigners had ever been in the house: it existed by sending out Western cooking, in little tin boxes, to native hotels; and the rooms had doubtless been fitted up for Japanese visitors.

I noticed that the plates, cups, and

other utensils bore the monogram of a long-defunct English hotel which used to exist in one of the open ports. The dinner was served by nice-looking girls, who had certainly been trained by somebody accustomed to foreign service; but their innocent curiosity and extreme shyness convinced me that they had never waited upon a real foreigner before. Suddenly I observed on a table at the other end of the room something resembling a music-box, and covered with a piece of crochet-work. I went to it, and discovered the wreck of a herophone. There were plenty of perforated musical selections. I fixed the crank in place, and tried to extort the music of a German song, entitled *Five Hundred Thousand Devils*. The herophone gurgled, moaned, roared for a moment, sobbed, roared again, and relapsed into silence. I tried a number of other selections, including *Les Cloches de Corneville*; but the noises produced were in all cases about the same. Evidently the thing had been bought, together with the monogram-bearing delft and britannia ware, at some auction sale in one of the foreign settlements. There was a queer melancholy in the experience, difficult to express. One must have lived in Japan to understand why the thing appeared so exiled, so pathetically out of place, so utterly misunderstood. Our harmonized Western music means simply so much noise to the average Japanese ear; and I felt quite sure that the internal condition of the herophone remained unknown to its Oriental proprietor.

An equally singular but more pleasant experience awaited me on the road back to the hotel. I halted at a second-hand-furniture shop to look at some curiosities, and perceived, among a lot of old books, a big volume bearing in letters of much-tarnished gold the title *Atlantic Monthly*. Looking closer, I saw "Vol. V. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860." Volumes of *The Atlantic* of

1860 are not common anywhere. I asked the price; and the Japanese shopkeeper said fifty sen, because it was "a very large book." I was much too pleased to think of bargaining with him, and secured the prize. I looked through its stained pages for old friends, and found them, — all anonymous in 1865, many world-famous in 1895. There were installments of Elsie Venner, under the title of *The Professor's Story*; chapters of *Roba di Roma*; a poem called *Pythagoras*, but since renamed *Metempsychosis*, as lovers of Thomas Bailey Aldrich are doubtless aware; the personal narrative of a filibuster with Walker in Nicaragua; admirable papers upon the Maroons of Jamaica and the Maroons of Surinam; and, among other precious things, an essay on Japan, opening with the significant sentence, "The arrival in this country of an embassy from Japan, the first political delegation ever vouchsafed to a foreign nation by that reticent and jealous people, is now a topic of universal interest." A little further on, some popular misapprehensions of the period were thus corrected: "Although now known to be entirely distinct, the Chinese and Japanese . . . were for a long time looked upon as kindred races, and esteemed alike. . . . We find that while, on close examination, the imagined attractions of China disappear, those of Japan become more definite." Any Japanese of this self-assertive twenty-eighth year of Meiji could scarcely find fault with *The Atlantic's* estimate of his country thirty-five years ago: "Its commanding position, its wealth, its commercial resources, and the quick intelligence of its people, — not at all inferior to that of the people of the West, although naturally restricted in its development, — give to Japan . . . an importance far above that of any other Eastern country." The only error of this generous estimate was an error centuries old, — the delusion of Japan's wealth. What made me feel a little ancient was to recognize in the quaint

spellings Ziogoon, Tycoon, Sintoo, Kiusiu, Fide-yosi, Nobanunga, spellings of the old Dutch and old Jesuit writers, the modern and familiar Shōgun, Taikun, Shintō, Kyūshū, Hideyoshi, and Nobunaga.

I passed the evening wandering through the illuminated streets, and visited some of the numberless shows. I saw a young man writing Buddhist texts and drawing horses with his feet; the extraordinary fact about the work being that the texts were written backwards, — from the bottom of the column up, just as an ordinary calligrapher would write them from the top of the column down, — and the pictures of horses were always commenced with the tail. I saw a kind of amphitheatre, with an aquarium in lieu of arena, where mermaids swam and sang Japanese songs. I saw maidens “made by glamour out of flowers,” by a Japanese cultivator of chrysanthemums. And between whiles I peeped into the toy-shops, full of novelties. What there especially struck me was the display of that astounding ingenuity by which Japanese inventors are able to reach, at a cost too small to name, precisely the same results as those exhibited in our expensive mechanical toys. A group of cocks and hens made of paper were set to pecking imaginary grain out of a basket by the pressure of a bamboo spring, — the whole thing costing half a cent. An artificial mouse ran about, doubling and scurrying, as if trying to slip under mats or into chinks: it cost only one cent, and was made with a bit of colored paper, a spool of baked clay, and a long thread; you had only to pull the thread, and the mouse began to run. Butterflies of paper, moved by an equally simple device, began to fly when thrown into the air. An artificial cuttlefish began to move all its tentacles when you blew into a little rush tube fixed under its head.

When I decided to return, the lanterns

were out, the shops were closing, and the streets darkened about me long before I reached the hotel. After the great glow of the illumination, the witchcrafts of the shows, the merry tumult, the sealike sound of wooden sandals, this sudden coming of blankness and silence made me feel as if the previous experience had been unreal, — an illusion of light and color and noise made just to deceive, as in stories of goblin foxes. But the quick vanishing of all that composes a Japanese festival night really lends a keener edge to the pleasure of remembrance: there is no slow fading out of the phantasmagoria, and its memory is thus kept free from the least tinge of melancholy.

v.

While I was thinking about the fugitive charm of Japanese amusements, the question put itself, Are not all pleasures keen in proportion to their evanescence? Proof of the affirmative would lend strong support to the Buddhist theory of the nature of pleasure. We know that mental enjoyments are powerful in proportion to the complexity of the feelings and ideas composing them; and the most complex feelings would therefore seem to be of necessity the briefest. At all events, Japanese popular pleasures have the double peculiarity of being evanescent and complex, not merely because of their delicacy and their multiplicity of detail, but because this delicacy and multiplicity are adventitious, depending upon temporary conditions and combinations. Among such conditions are the seasons of flowering and of fading, hours of sunshine or full moon, a change of place, a shifting of light and shade. Among combinations are the sudden passing manifestations of the race genius: fragilities utilized to create illusion; dreams made visible; memories revived in symbols, images, ideographs, dashes of color, fragments of melody; countless minute appeals both to individual experience and to national sentiment. And the emo-

tional result remains incommunicable to Western minds, because the myriad little details and suggestions producing it belong to a world incomprehensible without years of familiarity, — a world of traditions, beliefs, superstitions, feelings, ideas, about which foreigners, as a general rule, know nothing. Even by the few who do know that world, the nameless delicious sensation, the great vague wave of pleasure excited by the spectacle of Japanese enjoyment, can only be described as *the feeling of Japan*.

A sociological fact of interest is suggested by the amazing cheapness of these pleasures. The charm of Japanese life presents us with the extraordinary phenomenon of poverty as an influence in the development of æsthetic sentiment, or at least as a factor in deciding the direction and expansion of that development. But for poverty, the race could not have discovered, ages ago, the secret of making pleasure the commonest instead of the costliest of experiences, — the divine art of creating the beautiful out of nothing!

One explanation of this cheapness is the capacity of the people to find in everything natural — in landscapes, mists, clouds, sunset, in the sight of birds, insects, and flowers — a much keener pleasure than we, as the vividness of their artistic presentations of visual experience bears witness. Another explanation is that the national religions and the old-fashioned education have so developed imaginative power that it can be stirred into an activity of delight by anything, however trifling, able to suggest the traditions or the legends of the past.

Perhaps Japanese cheap pleasures might be broadly divided into those of time and place furnished by nature with the help of man, and those of time and place invented by man at the suggestion of nature. The former class can be found in every province, and yearly multiply. Some locality is chosen on hill or coast,

by lake or river: gardens are made, trees planted, resting-houses built to command the finest points of view; and the wild site is presently transformed into a place of pilgrimage for pleasure-seekers. One spot is famed for cherry-trees, another for maples, another for wistaria; and each of the seasons — even snowy winter — helps to make the particular beauty of some resort. The sites of the most celebrated temples, or at least of the greater number of them, were thus selected, — always where the beauty of nature could inspire and aid the work of the religious architect, and where it still has power to make many a one wish that he could become a Buddhist or Shintō priest. Religion, indeed, is everywhere in Japan associated with famous scenery: with landscapes, cascades, peaks, rocks, islands; with the best places from which to view the white cone of Fuji, the reflection of the autumn moon on water, or the sparkling of fireflies on summer nights.

Decorations, illuminations, street displays of every sort, but especially those of holy days, make up a large part of the cheap pleasures of city life which all can share. The appeals thus made to æsthetic fancy at festivals represent the labor, perhaps, of tens of thousands of hands and brains; but each individual contributor to the public effort works according to his particular thought and taste, even while obeying old rules, so that the total ultimate result is a wondrous, a bewildering, an incalculable variety. Anybody can contribute to such an occasion; and everybody does, for the cheapest material is used. Paper, straw, or stone makes no real difference: the art sense is superbly independent of the material. What shapes and poses it is perfect comprehension of something natural, something real. Whether a blossom made of chicken feathers, a clay turtle or duck or sparrow, a pasteboard cricket or mantis or frog, the idea is fully conceived and exactly real-

ized. Spiders of mud seem to be spinning webs; butterflies of paper delude the eye. No models are needed to work from; or rather, the model in every case is only the precise memory of the object or living fact. I asked at a doll-maker's for twenty tiny paper dolls, each with a different coiffure, — the whole set to represent the principal Kyōto styles of dressing women's hair. A girl went to work with white paper, paint, paste, thin slips of pine; and the dolls were finished in about the same time that an artist would have taken to draw a similar number of such figures. The actual time needed was only enough for the necessary digital movements, — not for correcting, comparing, improving: the image in the brain realized itself as fast as the slender fingers could work. Thus most of the wonders of festival nights are created: toys thrown into existence with a twist of the fingers, old rags turned into figured draperies with a few motions of the brush, pictures made with sand. The same power of enchantment puts human grace under contribution. Children who on other occasions would attract no attention are converted into fairies by a few deft touches of paint and powder, and costumes devised only for artificial light. Artistic sense of line and color suffices for any transformation. The tones of decoration are never of chance, but of knowledge; even the lantern illuminations prove the fact, certain tints only being used in combination. But the whole exhibition is as evanescent as it is wonderful. It vanishes much too quickly to be found fault with. It is a mirage that leaves you marveling and dreaming for a month after having seen it.

Perhaps one inexhaustible source of the contentment, the simple happiness belonging to Japanese common life is to be found in this universal cheapness of pleasure. The delight of the eyes is for everybody. Not the seasons only

nor the festivals furnish enjoyment; almost any quaint street, any truly Japanese interior, can give real pleasure to the poorest servant who works without wages. The beautiful, or the suggestion of the beautiful, is free as air. Besides, no man or woman can be too poor to own something pretty; no child need be without delightful toys. Conditions in the Occident are otherwise. In our great cities, beauty is for the rich; bare walls and foul pavements and smoky skies for our poor, and the tumult of hideous machinery, — a hell of eternal ugliness and joylessness invented by our civilization to punish the atrocious crime of being unfortunate, or weak, or stupid, or overconfident in the morality of one's fellow-man.

#### VI.

When I went out, next morning, to see the great procession, the streets were packed so full of people that it seemed impossible for anybody to go anywhere. Nevertheless, all were moving, or rather circulating; there was a universal gliding and slipping, as of fish in a shoal. I found no difficulty in getting through the apparently solid press of heads and shoulders to the house of a friendly merchant, about half a mile away. How any crowd could be packed so closely, and yet move so freely, is a riddle to which Japanese character alone can furnish the key. I was not once rudely jostled. But Japanese crowds are not all alike: there are some through which an attempt to pass would be attended with unpleasant consequences. Of course the yielding fluidity of any concourse is in proportion to its gentleness; but the amount of that gentleness in Japan varies greatly according to locality. In the central and eastern provinces the kindness of a crowd seems to be proportionate to its inexperience of "the new civilization." This vast gathering, of probably not less than a million persons, was astonishingly good natured and good humored, because the majority of those composing

it were simple country folk. When the police finally made a lane for the procession, the multitude at once arranged itself in the least egotistical manner possible, — little children to the front, adults to the rear.

Though announced for nine o'clock, the procession did not appear till nearly eleven; and the long waiting in those densely packed streets must have been a strain even upon Buddhist patience. I was kindly given a kneeling-cushion in the front room of the merchant's house; but although the cushion was of the softest and the courtesy shown me of the sweetest, I became weary of the immobile posture at last, and went out into the crowd, where I could vary the experience of waiting by standing first on one foot, and then on the other. Before thus deserting my post, however, I had the privilege of seeing some very charming Kyōto ladies, including a princess, among the merchant's guests. Kyōto is famous for the beauty of its women; and the most charming Japanese woman I ever saw was in that house, — not the princess, but the shy young bride of the merchant's eldest son. That the proverb about beauty being only skin-deep "is but a skin-deep saying" Herbert Spencer has amply proved by the laws of physiology; and the same laws show that grace has a much more profound significance than beauty. The charm of the bride was just that rare form of grace which represents the economy of force in the whole framework of the physical structure, — the grace that startles when first seen, and appears more and more wonderful every time it is again looked at. It is very seldom indeed that one sees in Japan a pretty woman who would look equally pretty in another than her own beautiful national attire. What we usually call grace in Japanese women is daintiness of form and manner rather than what a Greek would have termed grace. In this instance, one felt assured that long, light, slender, fine, faultlessly knit figure

would ennoble any costume: there was just that suggestion of pliant elegance which the sight of a young bamboo gives when the wind is blowing.

To describe the procession in detail would needlessly tire the reader; and I shall venture only a few general remarks. The purpose of the pageant was to represent the various official and military styles of dress worn during the great periods of the history of Kyōto, from the time of its foundation in the eighth century to the present era of Meiji, and also the chief military personages of that history. At least two thousand persons marched in the procession, figuring daimyō, kugé, hatamoto, samurai, retainers, carriers, musicians, and dancers. The dancers were impersonated by geisha; and some were attired so as to look like butterflies with big gaudy wings. All the armor and the weapons, the ancient head-dresses and robes, were veritable relics of the past, lent for the occasion by old families, by professional curio-dealers, and by private collectors. The great captains — Oda Nobunaga, Kato Kiyomasa, Iyeyasu, Hideyoshi — were represented according to traditions; a really monkey-faced man having been found to play the part of the famous Taikō.

While these visions of dead centuries were passing by, the people kept perfectly silent, — which fact, strange as the statement may seem to Western readers, indicated extreme pleasure. It is not really in accordance with national sentiment to express applause by noisy demonstration, — by shouting and clapping of hands, for example. Even the military cheer is an importation; and the tendency to boisterous demonstrativeness in Tōkyō is probably as factitious as it is modern. I remember two impressive silences in Kobe during 1895. The first was on the occasion of an imperial visit. There was a vast crowd; the foremost ranks knelt down as the Emperor passed; but there was not even

a whisper. The second remarkable silence was on the return of the victorious troops from China, who marched under the triumphal arches erected to welcome them without hearing a syllable from the people. I asked why, and was answered, "We Japanese think we can better express our feelings by silence." I may here observe, also, that the sinister silence of the Japanese armies before some of the late engagements terrified the clamorous Chinese much more than the first opening of the batteries. Despite exceptions, it may be stated as a general truth that the deeper the emotion, whether of pleasure or of pain, and the more solemn or heroic the occasion, in Japan, the more naturally silent those who feel or act.

Some foreign spectators criticised the display as spiritless, and commented on the unheroic port of the great captains and the undisguised fatigue of their followers, oppressed under a scorching sun by the unaccustomed weight of armor. But to the Japanese all this only made the pageant seem more real; and I fully agreed with them. As a matter of fact, the greatest heroes of military history have appeared at their best in exceptional moments only; the stoutest veterans have known fatigue; and undoubtedly Nobunaga and Hideyoshi and Kato Kiyomasa must have more than once looked just as dusty, and ridden or marched just as wearily, as their representatives in the Kyōto procession. No merely theatrical idealism clouds, for any educated Japanese, the sense of the humanity of his country's greatest men: on the contrary, it is the historical evidence of that ordinary humanity that most endears them to the common heart, and makes by contrast more admirable and exemplary all of the inner life which was not ordinary.

After the procession I went to the Dai-Kioku-Den, the magnificent memorial Shintō temple built by the govern-

ment, and described in a former paper. On displaying my medal I was allowed to pay reverence to the spirit of good Kwammu-Tennō, and to drink a little rice wine in his honor; out of a new wine-cup of pure white clay presented by a lovely child-miko. After the libation, the little priestess packed the white cup into a neat wooden box, and bade me take it home for a souvenir; one such new cup being presented to every purchaser of a medal.

Such small gifts and memories make up much of the unique pleasure of Japanese travel. In almost any town or village you can buy for a souvenir some pretty or curious thing made only in that one place, and not to be found elsewhere. Again, in many parts of the interior a trifling generosity is certain to be acknowledged by a present, which, however cheap, will seldom fail to prove a surprise and a pleasure. Of all the things which I picked up here and there, in traveling about the country, the prettiest and the most beloved are queer little presents thus obtained.

#### VII.

I wanted, before leaving Kyōto, to visit the tomb of Yuko Hatakeyama. After having vainly inquired of several persons where she was buried, it occurred to me to ask a Buddhist priest who had come to the hotel on some parochial business. He answered at once, "In the cemetery of Makkeiji." Makkeiji was a temple not mentioned in guidebooks, and situated somewhere at the outskirts of the city. I took a kuruma forthwith, and found myself at the temple gate after about half an hour's run.

A priest, to whom I announced the purpose of my visit, conducted me to the cemetery, — a very large one, — and pointed out the grave. The sun of a cloudless autumn day flooded everything with light, and tinged with spectral gold the face of a monument on which I saw, in beautiful large characters very deeply

cut, the girl's name, with the Buddhist prefix *Retsujo*, signifying chaste and true.

RETSUJO HATAKEYAMA YUKO HAKA.

The grave was well kept, and the grass had been recently trimmed. A little wooden awning erected in front of the stone sheltered the offerings of flowers and sprays of shikimi, and a cup of fresh water. I did sincere reverence to the heroic and unselfish spirit, and pronounced the customary formula. Some other visitors, I noticed, saluted the spirit after the Shintō manner. The tombstones were so thickly crowded about the spot that, in order to see the back of the monument, I found I should have to commit the rudeness of stepping on the grave. But I felt sure she would forgive me; so, treading reverently, I passed round, and copied the inscription: "*Yuko, of Nagasagori, Kamagawamachi . . . from day of birth always good. . . . Meiji, the twenty-fourth year, the fifth month, the twentieth day . . . cause of sorrow the country having . . . the Kyōto government-house to went . . . and her own throat cut . . . twenty and seven years . . . Tani Tetsuomi made . . . Kyōto-folk-by erected this stone is.*" The Buddhist Kaimyō read, "*Gi-yu-in-ton-shi-chu-myō-kyō*," — apparently signifying, "Right-meaning and valiant woman, instantly attaining to the admirable doctrine of loyalty."

In the temple, the priest showed me the relics and mementos of the tragedy: a small Japanese razor, blood-crusted, with the once white soft paper thickly wrapped round its handle caked into one hard red mass; the cheap purse; the girdle and clothing, blood-stiffened (all except the kimono, washed by order of the police before having been given to the temple); letters and memoranda; photographs, which I secured, of Yuko and her tomb; also a photograph of the gathering in the cemetery, where the funeral rites were performed by Shintō priests. This

fact interested me; for, although condoned by Buddhism, the suicide could not have been regarded in the same light by the two faiths. The clothing was coarse and cheap: the girl had pawned her best effects to cover the expenses of her journey and her burial. I bought a little book containing the story of her life and death, copies of her last letters, poems written about her by various persons, — some of very high rank, — and a clumsy portrait. In the photographs of Yuko and her relatives there was nothing remarkable: such types you can meet with every day and anywhere in Japan. The interest of the book was psychological only, as regarded both the author and the subject. The printed letters of Yuko revealed that strange state of Japanese exaltation in which the mind remains capable of giving all possible attention to the most trivial matters of fact, while the terrible purpose never slackens. The memoranda gave like witness: —

*Meiji twenty-fourth year, fifth month, eighteenth day.*

5 sen to kurumaya from Nihonbashi to Uyeno.

*Nineteenth day.*

5 sen to kurumaya to Asakusa Umamachi.

1 sen 5 rin for sharpening something to hair-dresser in Shitaya.

10 yen received from Sano, the pawnbroker in Baba.

20 sen for train to Shincho.

1 yen 2 sen for train from Hama to Shidzuoka.

*Twentieth day.*

2 yen 9 sen for train from Shidzuoka to Hama.

6 sen for postage-stamps for two letters.

14 sen in Kiyomidzu.

12 sen 5 rin for umbrella given to kurumaya.

But in strange contrast to the methodical faculty thus manifested was the poetry of a farewell letter, containing such thoughts as these: —

"The eighty-eighth night [that is, from the festival of the Setsubun] having passed like a dream, ice changed itself into clear drops, and snow gave place to rain. Then cherry-blossoms came to please everybody; but now, poor things,

they begin to fall even before the wind touches them. Again a little while, and the wind will make them fly through the bright air in the pure spring weather. Yet it may be that the hearts of those who love me will not be bright, will feel no pleasant spring. The season of rains will come next, and there will be no joy in their hearts. . . . Oh! what shall I do? There has been no moment in which I have not thought of you. . . . But all ice, all snow, becomes at last free water; the incense buds of the kiku will open even in frost. I pray you, think later about these things. . . . Even now, for me, is the time of frost, the time of kiku buds: if only they can blossom, perhaps I shall please you much. Placed in this world of sorrow, but not to stay, is the destiny of all. I beseech you, think me not unfilial; say to none that you have lost me, that I have passed into the darkness. Rather wait and hope for the fortunate time that shall come."

The editor of the pamphlet betrayed rather too much of the Oriental manner of judging woman, even while showering generous praise upon one typical woman. In a letter to the authorities Yuko had spoken of a family claim, and this was criticised as a feminine weakness. She had, indeed, achieved the extinction of personal selfishness, but she had been "very foolish" to speak about her family. In some other ways the book was disappointing. Under the raw, strong light of its commonplace revelations, my little sketch, Yuko, written in 1894, seemed for the moment too romantic. And yet the real poetry of the event remained unlesened, — the pure ideal that impelled a girl to take her own life merely to give proof of the love and loyalty of a nation. No small, mean, dry facts could ever belittle that large fact.

The sacrifice had stirred the feelings of the nation much more than it had touched my own. Thousands of photographs of Yuko and thousands of copies

of the little book about her were sold. Multitudes visited her tomb and made offerings there, and gazed with tender reverence at the relics in Makkeiji; and all this, I thought, for the best of reasons. If commonplace facts are repellent to what we are pleased, in the West, to call "refined feeling," it is proof that the refinement is factitious and the feeling shallow. To the Japanese, who recognize that the truth of beauty belongs to the inner being, commonplace details are precious: they help to accentuate and verify the conception of a heroism. Those poor blood-stained trifles — the coarse, honest robes and girdle, the little shabby purse, the memoranda of a visit to the pawnbroker, the glimpses of plain, humble, every-day humanity shown by the letters and the photographs and the infinitesimal precision of police records — all serve, like so much ocular evidence, to perfect the generous comprehension of the feeling that made the fact. Had Yuko been the most beautiful person in Japan, and her people of the highest rank, the meaning of her sacrifice would have been far less intimately felt. In actual life, as a general rule, it is the common, not the uncommon person who does noble things; and the people, seeing best, by the aid of ordinary facts, what is heroic in one of their own class, feel themselves honored. Many of us in the West will have to learn our ethics over again from the common people. Our cultivated classes have lived so long in an atmosphere of false idealism, mere conventional humbug, that the real, warm, honest human emotions seem to them vulgar; and the natural and inevitable punishment is inability to see, to hear, to feel, and to think. Men living wholly by conventions invariably become like blown eggshells; the accidental touch that cracks the surface shows nothing inside. There is more truth in the little verse poor Yuko wrote on the back of her mirror than in most of our conventional idealism: —

*"By one keeping the heart free from stain, virtue and right and wrong are seen always clearly as forms in a mirror."*

## VIII.

I returned by another way, through a quarter which I had never seen before, — all temples. A district of great spaces, — vast and beautiful and hushed as by enchantment. No dwellings or shops. Pale yellow walls only, sloping back from the roadway on both sides, like fortress walls, but coped with a coping or rooflet of blue tiles; and above these yellow sloping walls (pierced with elfish gates at long, long intervals), great soft hilly masses of foliage — cedar and pine and bamboo — with superbly curved roofs sweeping up through them. Each vista of those silent streets of temples, bathed in the gold of the autumn afternoon, gave me just such a thrill of pleasure as one feels on finding in some poem the perfect utterance of a thought one has tried for years in vain to express.

Yet what was the charm made with? The wonderful walls were but painted mud; the gates and the temples only frames of wood supporting tiles; the shrubbery, the stonework, the lotus-ponds, mere landscape-gardening. Nothing solid, nothing enduring; but a combination so beautiful of lines and colors and shadows that no speech could paint it. Nay! even were those earthen walls turned into lemon-colored marble, and their tiling into amethyst; even were the material of the temples transformed into substance precious as that of the palace described in the Sutra of the Great King of Glory, — still the æsthetic suggestion,

the dreamy repose, the mellow loveliness and softness of the scene could not be in the least enhanced. Perhaps it is just because the material of such creation is so frail that its art is so marvelous. The most wonderful architecture, the most entrancing landscapes, are formed with substance the most imponderable, — the substance of clouds.

But those who think of beauty only in connection with costliness, with stability, with "firm reality," should never look for it in this land, — well called the Land of Sunrise, for sunrise is the hour of illusions. Nothing is more lovely than a Japanese village among the hills or by the coast when seen just after sunrise, — through the slowly lifting blue mists of a spring or autumn morning. But for the materialist the enchantment passes with the vapors: in the raw, clear light he can find no palaces of amethyst, no sails of gold, but only flimsy sheds of wood and thatch and the unpainted queerness of wooden junks.

So perhaps it is with all that makes life beautiful in any land. To view men or nature with delight, we must see them through illusions, subjective or objective. How they appear to us depends upon the ethical conditions within us. Nevertheless, the real and the unreal are equally illusive in themselves. The vulgar and the rare, the seemingly transient and the seemingly enduring, are all alike mere ghostliness. Happiest he who, from birth to death, sees ever through some beautiful haze of the soul, — best of all, that haze of love which, like the radiance of this Orient day, turns common things to gold.

*Lafcadio Hearn.*

## VAL D'ARNO.

As lake-boats seek their twilight coves,  
 And flocks their fold at night,  
 I languish for the grots and groves  
 Where still each nymph and naiad roves  
 Who taught my youth delight.

How wild the wind-swept waste of furze!  
 How shrill the killdee's call!  
 Yet there I know how warmly stirs  
 The breeze among the gossamers  
 Which fleck the tufted wall.

The far peaks don their caps of snow  
 For winter's long repose,  
 But, browning on the slopes below,  
 The tangled olives nod, and glow  
 The crimson coquelicots.

Sweet Arno! As the light of shrines  
 On some lone wayside gleams,  
 So from the circling Apennines  
 The memory of thy valley shines  
 The beacon of my dreams.

*Charles J. Bayne.*

## PANDEAN PASTIMES.

THE old god of nature is not dead, as we have been told. Pan yet lives in the hearts of some children. They still do him reverence; make shrines unto him, and place thereon their little offerings. They seek the willows by the river and the hickories on the upland, to make pipes with which they salute the early spring. Spring is youth's own time; summer and autumn belong quite as much to grown people, but the child has an especial hold on the awakening year.

Ah, the blessed lawlessness of the strolling country boy! He seeks not always, but he is sure to find, in his intuitive wanderings. Brook or creek, run-

ning full after the going of the ice, may call him thither, bearing rod and line, both perhaps of some improvised fashion, a bent pin answering as hook. But the angling is of small moment. Besides the few small fishes the boy brings home with him unknown treasures. The real delights of the day, to be remembered in far-away years, are the rambling stroll to and from the stream, and the long reveries, as, lulled by the babble of the water and the low undertone of awakening life, he lies, face down, silently watching the sunlit ripples and little swarms of minnows at play above the yellow and brown sands. Such a young

dreamer seems unconscious of his surroundings, yet in some way he must be sensible of every detail of the scene; else how, a score of years after, can he recall the flutter of white when a yellow-hammer flew from the dead limb of an old apple-tree in a neighboring orchard, or still see the meadow lark perched on a tall fence-stake in prolonged fakir-like meditation, while the child lay on the upspringing meadow grass? How else remember the very insects hovering above the brook, whose shadows startled the minnows and "silver-sides"? And the whole sweet picture may be brought back by a bluebird's note, by crows cawing in the distance, or by the odor of a freshly broken willow twig.

What a delightful succession of out-of-door plays and labors make busy, for the country child, the months, from the first hint of the wondrous glowing haze of the maples' bloom until the nuts are garnered! Numberless traditional diversions, bits of childish artisanship, including the fabrication of playthings, weapons, even musical instruments, fill up the too swiftly passing days.

Children are as fond as savages of beads, and of playing with them. How fascinating little girls find the tedious employment of stringing glass beads for their own adorning or that of their dolls! How much of the pleasure depends upon the love of color, or how much upon being provided with something to do, it is impossible to say, but the taste is very general. They are quick to utilize as beads any berries, fruits, blossoms, or stems which they find in their path. Will reflection from plate-glass mirror of a white throat set off with necklace of Etruscan gold, or perchance of sparkling jewels, ever give the enjoyable vanity of looking well that irradiated the face of the little girl who, after throwing over her shoulders her necklace of scarlet rose-hips, Eve-like sought the margin of some quiet water, to gaze long at the sun-kissed face and neck decked with the splendid ro-

sary? Visions of dryads and fairies, of noble ladies risen from low degree, flit through the child's mind, the mingled impressions that are left from fairy-tales, and she half fancies that somehow, some day, these dreams may come true in her own real life. Ah, that limpid brown water, overshadowed with bending boughs, must have been a magic looking-glass, the face it reflected was so satisfied, so glad, so full of hope!

More graceful and more classic than the adornments of bright berries are the wreaths woven from forest leaves, usually those of the oak or maple. How easily secured are the light crowns of interlaced stalks of bedstraw (*Galium*), which, childish tradition says, have a magical power of curing headache! Many little shoulders have gracefully borne the gentle freight of a necklace made by stringing the small flowers that compose the great plumes of the homely old purple lilacs. Another favorite ornament is the slender chain with such patience fashioned from pine needles. I know a little city-reared maid who is fond of stringing bracelets for her lady friends from the cheerful red-and-white four-o'clocks. Her doll's spring bonnet is a violet leaf with a blossom fastened in the crown. A grass-plot in the back yard, where chickweed, clover, and dandelions generously bloom, is her "little wild garden."

Children on the eastern shore of Maryland have a saying that in the meat of every persimmon seed there is a little tree, and they amuse themselves by cracking open the brown seeds to find the miniature image of a tree which they fancy the plumule to resemble. This is no recent notion, for Cotton Mather says, in a pseudo-scientific treatise: "[Leeuwenhoek] will give us to see, a small particle no bigger than a sand, contain the plant, and all belonging to it, all actually in that little seed; yea in the *nux vomica* it appears even to the naked eye in an astonishing elegance." The seeds of the wild balsam are not always allowed to

bide their time, and to be scattered, when ripe, by their own ingenious device for that purpose; for what child can pass a clump of these jeweled plants and resist nipping the translucent green seed-pods, to see them pop out their freightage? The velvety capsules of the garden balsam afford the same amusement. In some places little girls use the lune-shaped parts of the latter as earrings, for their own elasticity will fasten them for a time to the ear, after they are once put in position.

Some of us, thank God, will never become old enough to outgrow the pleasure of popping rose petals on the forehead. Petals of the peony, and perhaps those of other flowers, are sometimes used in this way; but nothing equals the soft, fragrant petals of roses for puckering up between the thumb and finger into the tiny bag that bursts with a whiff of perfume when violently struck against one's brow. Were it in a palace garden, could one ever pass morning-glory vines without wishing, for the sake of old times, to gather and burst, one after another, the withering blossoms, whose trumpet mouths the sun has so quickly closed? A pink or purple morning-glory never fails to bring to me remembrances of farmhouse windows curtained with Aurora's chosen flowers, which made graceful tracery on whitewashed walls within; and at the thought of the vine-draped windows there comes back a medley of beloved sights and sounds and odors beyond them, — dewy fields, umbrageous orchards, the breath of cinnamon roses, sweet strains from some sparrow's matins, and robins caroling as if their hearts would burst just because it was day. In those days we too adored the dawn.

I have heard of a play among the children in a village in central Illinois that I never chanced to meet with elsewhere. On a veritable hand-loom, in which the fingers act as warping-bars, long grasses are woven into loose baskets, which the children call rabbits' nests, and which

they put in secluded places to receive the eggs of the wild rabbits (hares).

Children find many nature-made playthings ready to hand. There are various sorts of rattle-boxes, notably small ripened gourds, whose light seeds are easily shaken against the shell. Where the splendor of the American lotus lights up Western rivers and ponds, its great flattened receptacle, when ripe, is also gathered for a rattle-box. And I have often seen the cows driven home for milking to the patter of the dry seeds in their rounded pods, scattered along the wand-like racemes of what we called rattle-snake weed (*Cimicifuga*).

Many kinds of seeds are used as toys. The lavender-tinted Job's-tears, the castor-oil bean with its wondrous resemblance to a shining beetle, the polished gray lens-shaped seeds of the Kentucky coffee-tree, of alluvial river valleys, and others of peculiar coloring or markings attract the attention of observant children. The ripened seeds of the garden lupine bear a strangely close likeness to the head and face of a small wizened monkey; hence, in our part of the country the plant was somewhat generally known by the name of "monkey-faces." Japanese boys and girls have a game something like our jackstones, which they play with the seeds of the camellia and the lotus. The "twin turtle-doves" in the columbine, beloved by little folks in England, are less familiar to our children, though Miss Ingelow's reference to the pretty fancy has led many school-girls to seek and find the cooing pair both in our graceful scarlet-and-yellow wild species and in the cultivated garden varieties. A quaint little Hindu man in full trousers may be fashioned out of a flower of the pink-and-white garden dicentra.

A favorite toy in many parts of the country is made by running a common pin through a green currant or gooseberry. Equal lengths of the pin are left projecting from the berry; the point of

the pin is then placed in one end of a clay pipestem held in a vertical position. By blowing through the other end of the pipestem the tiny figure will be made to dance in the air, just above the end of the stem. In Boston the schoolchildren have used the fruits of the linden to fashion the manikin, which, while dancing, may easily be imagined to resemble a monkey. It has recently been suggested to me that this child's play may have given rise to the Boston name of "monkey-nut" for the linden fruit.

What delightful memories are awakened by the word "playhouse"! It was a dear imaginative little world by itself, whither one could swiftly flee from the trying practicalities of every-day life, such as drying dishes, gathering chips for the kitchen fire, or watching a slow kettle boil. It was all one's own, and within it as nowhere else was free play for individual taste and fancy. There one could be busy, or dream, or even indulge in breaking and destroying, if seized by an iconoclastic mood. At will our tiny world was desolate or peopled. Besides real dolls there were within the playhouse various kinds of little folks, such as the fine ladies fashioned from gay poppies or from the tawny flowers of the old-fashioned day-lilies. Poor marionettes, some of such ephemeral lives! What busy lives they led us! What opportunities for invention were afforded by the furnishing of their rooms and the storing of their larders! In addition to the ordinary house duties there was the preparation of manifold confections: some genuine delicacies, others as purely for show as were the gayly painted plaster-of-Paris fruit baskets that often used to form the central ornament on the parlor tables of country homes. Then the joyous trips to the woods to gather velvety moss for carpets and bright berries for decorations; for children, like the bower-birds, enjoy a bit of color in their surroundings. But it would make too long a story here to recall the hun-

dred-and-one glad happenings connected with this interesting part of the make-believe side of child-life.

The playhouse was not by any means monopolized by girls, and many a bearded man is now glad to remember his own part in playhouse life. The playhouse was, I think, less of a fairyland, may I say less of a temple, to boys than to girls, but they enjoyed all the practical part of it, — the seizure of a suitable spot, the carpentry, and especially the primitive masonry involved in the making of a fireplace. The real feasting, too, they were ready to enter into; leaving, for the most part, to the girls and dolls the Barmecide feasts of mud pies, cakes, and like dainties, announced by the soundless ringing of the rose-of-Sharon dinner-bell. But there is, beyond the playhouse, much sylvan handicraft that keeps boys happily exploring wood and pasture. Now it is to select a good piece of ash, hickory, or hemlock for a bow; again, hornbeam or hickory for hockeys, otherwise known as shinny sticks. The city boy, who goes with his half-dollar to buy a machine-made polo stick, or with several times the sum to get a varnished lancewood bow, wots not how he is cheated of his own. He has not simply lost the choosing from numberless growing saplings or shoots one shapely enough for a bow, or grubbing about their roots to find one suitably curved for a shinny, meantime marking others for future working. There is the going through bramble-lined lanes to the woods, tasting and chewing at this and that, as the country boy saunters along, darting off to quench his thirst at a brook or spring, where he draws up the water through a tall stem of meadow rue or flower-stalk of dandelion; or, if spring and lily-pond chance to neighbor, he must needs seek the latter to get the painted stem of a lily-pad for a drinking-tube. He may be turned aside from the nominal quest of the day by any one of a score of casual allurements, varying

according to the time of year. It may be to chase a chipmunk; to follow the martial call of a bluejay; to club a chestnut-tree, whose frost-opened burrs display tantalizing peeps at browning fruits within. Long vines of the wild grape must be selected for skipping-ropes, and the same may serve as rope for harness. Western lads have found that good string can be made from the tough-barked slender twigs of the pawpaw.

To the boy's mind it is even worth while to take pains in selecting the sticks which they sharpen at one end, and from which, either simply as an amusement or in petty warfare, they delight to hurl crab-apples or potato-balls. I have heard described a real Homeric play of boys living on the bluffs overlooking an Illinois creek-valley. Each chose with care a good supply of spears from the thickets of giant ragweed (*Ambrosia*), then armed himself with a buckler made from a flour-barrel head, to which were tacked stout leather straps through which the arm could be thrust. Thus equipped, the young heroes rushed to the fray.

Various innocent divinations are handed down from generation to generation of children.

It is an interesting bit of psychology that it is chiefly the girls, great or small, who practice charms or ceremonies intended to reveal one's fate, notably as regards marriage. It is they, mostly, who will patiently hunt for a four-leaved clover to tuck inside shoe or gown as a love-charm or as a luck-bringer. Yet boys do not wholly despise talismans or distrust their virtues, for in eastern New England they are much given to carrying in their pockets a lucky-stone, as they call the little white serrated bone found in the codfish's head, and I am pretty sure that somewhat of talismanic power is attributed to the horse-chestnut, or double or peculiarly shaped nut, or grotesque root that frequently forms a part of the furnishings of a boy's pocket. I have heard one say, caressingly touching such

a pocket-piece, "I have carried that two years," or so many months or years. An amusing custom is found among the peasant children in the neighborhood of Skibbereen, Ireland. If, on their way to school, they linger along the ditches and roadsides gathering their "fairy thimbles" (the flowers of the foxglove), or peering among the grass to catch sight of a skylark's nest, or engaging in some other happy idling, as they approach the schoolhouse they seek for a plant which they call "I'n-ge-na-blame," to secure a bit to secrete in their pockets, to act as a charm against punishment for tardiness. I fancy their colloquial name for the plant is a corruption for "I'll get no blame," from their faith in its potency to save them from merited reproof.

Don't you remember hurrying out before breakfast to where the sunflowers grew, at the back of the garden or in some waste bit of land behind the house, to see if each great yellow-rayed disk had turned during the night so that it might face the east? Our half-reverential watching throughout the day to see the gradual following of the sun's course was akin to the spirit of the sun-worship. We had been told that sunflowers slowly turned as the sun moved, and we believed it, and were interested to behold the marvellous behavior of the stately plants. We liked to tell younger children of the wonder, and to point out the changed position of the blossoms; and our faith never wavered, however many times some perverse flower failed to follow the ritual. And again, in the late autumn, as we separated the ripened, metallic-looking seeds from the chaff, to put them away as food for the fowls, we recalled the mysterious power of orientation possessed by our sunflowers. For by this time the happy credulity of childhood had quite wiped from our memories the exceptions, so many times exceeding the cases in which our supposed law had been obeyed. The imagination of a child is a rather conscienceless faculty, I suppose, but were

it otherwise, of what would not only childhood, but the world be robbed, that we would not have eliminated!

The lilliputian baskets which school-boys carve out of peach, plum, and even cherry stones are sometimes really works of art, and when such a little ornament, given as keepsake a generation ago by some deft-fingered schoolfellow, turns up, in clearing out a bureau drawer or an old box, there are brought to mind a host of associations of the old-fashioned district school, where one learned much of greater value than book-lore. There come back the morning walks to school along dewy roadsides; the noon-times in the adjacent woods; the swings made by interweaving low-hanging beech boughs; the going, at the call of school, with one's particular comrade to some well or spring to bring a pail of fresh water. What teacher with a heart might not be placated by a nosegay of wild flowers, if the water-carriers did take their own time! From the opening of the first bloodroot, how sweet we made the bare schoolroom with flowers from garden, roadside, and woods! The teacher's desk overflowed with them, and empty ink-bottles served the girls as vases for their desks. When the petals fell from poppy or peony, or fragrant rose, it was a rest from partial payments or the meaningless chant of "I write, thou writest, he writes," and so on, to put them to press inside a book. The dried leaves, petals, wreaths, or what-not, of no herbarium worth, had a value of their own to us young things; they were the symbols of what youth sought, ever will seek, and ever should find, — the bloom, the color, the perfume of life. To-day, when on opening a long-disused book one chances upon them, grown brown with

the lapse of years, one feels like kissing them and the discolored pages. Dear ashes of roses!

One of the last of the long pageant of out-of-door amusements was the making of pumpkin lanterns, in early autumn. We counted it a great frolic to carve out the grotesque faces, without the knowledge of the elders of the family; then, after nightfall, to steal out, light the candle within each head, and suddenly hold the grinning hobgoblin, with its fiery eyes and mouth, in front of the window of a room where sat some of those who were not in our secret. Oftentimes we decorated the top of each post of the front gate with one of the flame-eyed monsters. After the home fun was over, perhaps we might dance off, carrying our illuminations to some of the neighbors. Then home at last, with pulses all a-tingle, to go to bed in an unconscious rapture over the soft darkness, full of nameless autumnal scents, that we had just left, to lie building air-castles, while through the now half-sere morning-glory vines crept in the entrancing pathos of the music of myriads of crickets; starting now and then, as slumber stole on, when an apple fell to earth with a dull thud.

Thus waned the sylvan year. The long evenings came, when we sat about the home fireside, playing morris or fox-and-geese, with red and white grains of corn for men; cracking nuts; eating apples and counting their seeds, while we repeated the old divination rhymes; telling oft-told riddles; between whiles recalling the good times of the past season, planning new ones for next year, and reckoning the months until the opening spring should begin another round of rural pastimes.

*Fanny D. Bergen.*

## THE OLD THINGS.

## V.

"I 'LL give up the house if they 'll let me take what I require!" That, on the morrow, was what Mrs. Gereth's stifled night had qualified her to say, with a tragic face, at breakfast. Fleda reflected that what she "required" was simply every object that surrounded them. The poor woman would have admitted this truth and accepted the conclusion to be drawn from it, the reduction to the absurd of her attitude, the exaltation of her revolt. The girl's dread of a scandal, of spectators and critics, diminished the more she saw how little vulgar avidity had to do with this rigor. It was not the crude love of possession; it was the need to be faithful to a trust and loyal to an idea. The idea was surely noble: it was that of the beauty Mrs. Gereth had wrought. Pale but radiant, with her back to the wall, she rose there like a heroine guarding a treasure. To give up the ship was to flinch from her duty; there was something in her eyes that declared she would die at her post. If their difference should become public, the shame would be all for the others. If Waterbath thought it could afford to expose itself, why, Waterbath was welcome to the folly. Her fanaticism gave her a new distinction, and Fleda perceived almost with awe that she had never carried herself so well. She trod the place like a reigning queen or a proud usurper; full as it was of splendid pieces, it could show, in these days, no ornament so effective as its menaced mistress.

Our young lady's spirit was strangely divided; she had a tenderness for Owen which she deeply concealed, yet it left her occasion to marvel at the way a man was made who could care in any relation for a creature like Mona Brigstock, when he had known in any relation a creature

like Adela Gereth. With such a mother to give him the pitch, how could he take it so low? She wondered that she did n't despise him for this, but there was something that kept her from it. If there had been nothing else, it would have sufficed that she really found herself from this moment the medium of communication with him.

"He 'll come back to assert himself," Mrs. Gereth had said; and the following week Owen in fact reappeared. He might merely have written, Fleda could see, but he had come in person, because it was at once "nicer" for his mother and stronger for his cause. He did n't like the row, though Mona probably did; if he had n't a sense of beauty, he had after all a sense of justice; but it was inevitable he should clearly announce at Poynton the date at which he must look to find the house vacant. "You don't think I'm rough or hard, do you?" he asked of Fleda, his impatience shining in his idle eyes as the dining-hour shines in club-windows. "The place at Ricks stands there with open arms. And then I give her lots of time, and tell her she can remove everything that belongs to her." Fleda recognized the elements of what the newspapers call a deadlock in the circumstance that nothing at Poynton belonged to Mrs. Gereth either more or less than anything else. She must either take everything or nothing, and the girl's suggestion was that it might perhaps be an inspiration to do the latter, and begin again on a clean page. What, however, was the poor woman, in that case, to begin with? What was she to do at all, on her meagre income, but make the best of the *objets d'art* of Ricks, the treasures collected by Mr. Gereth's maiden aunt? She had never been near the place: for long years it had been let to strangers, and after that the foreboding

that it would be her doom had kept her from the abasement of it. She had felt that she should see it soon enough, but Fleda (who was careful not to betray to her that Mona had seen it and had been gratified) knew her reasons for believing that the maiden aunt's principles had had much in common with the principles of Waterbath. The only thing, in short, that she would ever have to do with the objets d'art of Ricks would be to turn them out into the road. What belonged to her at Poynton, as Owen said, would conveniently mitigate the void resulting from that demonstration.

The exchange of observations between the friends had grown very direct by the time Fleda asked Mrs. Gereth whether she literally meant to shut herself up and stand a siege, or whether it was her idea to expose herself, more informally, to be dragged out of the house by constables. "Oh, I prefer the constables and the dragging!" the heroine of Poynton had answered. "I want to make Owen and Mona do everything that will be most publicly odious." She gave it out that it was her one thought now to force them to a line that would dishonor them and dishonor the tradition they embodied, though Fleda was privately sure that she had visions of an alternative policy. The strange thing was that, proud and fastidious all her life, she now showed so little distaste for the world's hearing of the squabble. What had taken place in her, above all, was that a long resentment had ripened. She hated the effacement to which English usage reduced the widowed mother: she had discoursed of it passionately to Fleda; contrasted it with the beautiful homage paid in other countries to women in that position, women no better than herself, whom she had seen acclaimed and enthroned, whom she had known and envied; made, in short, as little as possible a secret of the injury, the bitterness, she found in it. The great wrong Owen had done her was not his "taking up" with

Mona,—that was disgusting, but it was a detail, an accidental form; it was his failure from the first to understand what it was to have a mother at all, to appreciate the beauty and sanctity of the character. She was just his mother as his nose was just his nose, and he had never had the least imagination or tenderness or gallantry about her. One's mother, good heavens, if one were the kind of fine young man one ought to be, the only kind Mrs. Gereth cared for, was a subject for poetry, for idolatry. Had n't she often told Fleda of her friend Madame de Jaume, the wittiest of women, but a small, black, crooked person, each of whose three boys, when absent, wrote to her every day of their lives? She had the house in Paris, she had the house in Poitou, she had more than in the lifetime of her husband (to whom, in spite of her appearance, she had afforded repeated cause for jealousy), because she had, to the end of her days, the supreme word about everything. It was easy to see that Mrs. Gereth would have given again and again her complexion, her figure, and even perhaps the spotless virtue she had still more successfully retained, to have been Madame de Jaume. She was n't, alas, and this was what she had at present a magnificent occasion to protest against. She was fully aware, of course, of Owen's concession, his willingness to let her take away with her the few things she liked best; but as yet she only declared that to meet him on this ground would be to give him a triumph, to put him impossibly in the right. "Liked best"? There was n't a thing in the house that she did n't like best, and what she liked better still was to be left where she was. How could Owen use such an expression without being conscious of his hypocrisy? Mrs. Gereth, whose criticism was often gay, dilated with sardonic humor on the happy look a dozen objects from Poynton would wear, and the charming effect they would conduce to when interspersed with the peculiar features of Ricks.

What had her whole life been but an effort toward completeness and perfection? Better Waterbath at once, in its cynical unity, than the ignominy of such a mixture!

All this was of no great help to Fleda, in so far as Fleda tried to rise to her mission of finding a way out. When at the end of a fortnight Owen came down once more, it was ostensibly to tackle a farmer whose proceedings had been irregular; the girl was sure, however, that he had really come, on the instance of Mona, to see what his mother was doing. He wished to satisfy himself that she was preparing her departure, and he wished to perform a duty, distinct but not less imperative, in regard to the question of the trophies with which she would retreat. The tension between them was now such that he had to perpetrate these offenses without meeting his adversary. Mrs. Gereth was as willing as himself that he should address to Fleda Vetch whatever odious remarks he might have to make: she only pitied her poor young friend for repeated encounters with a person as to whom she perfectly understood the girl's repulsion. Fleda thought it nice of Owen not to have expected her to write to him; he would not have wished any more than herself that she should have the air of spying on his mother in his interest. What made it comfortable to deal with him in this more familiar way was the sense that she understood so perfectly how poor Mrs. Gereth suffered, and that she measured so adequately the sacrifice the other side did take rather monstrously for granted. She understood equally how Owen himself suffered, now that Mona had already begun to make him do things he did not like. Vividly Fleda apprehended how *she* would have first made him like anything she would have made him do; anything even as disagreeable as this appearing there to state, virtually on Mona's behalf, that of course there must be a definite limit to the number of articles

appropriated. She took a longish stroll with him in order to talk the matter over; to say if she did not think a dozen pieces, chosen absolutely at will, would not be a handsome allowance; and above all to consider the very delicate question of whether the advantage enjoyed by Mrs. Gereth might not be left to her honor. To leave it so was what Owen wished; but there was plainly a young lady at Waterbath to whom, on his side, he already had to render an account. He was as touching in his offhand annoyance as his mother was tragic in her intensity; for if he could not help having a sense of propriety about the whole matter, so he could as little help hating it. It was for his hating it, Fleda reasoned, that she liked him so, and her insistence to his mother on the hatred perilously resembled, on one or two occasions, a revelation of the liking. There were moments when, in conscience, that revelation pressed her; inasmuch as it was just on the ground of her not liking him that Mrs. Gereth trusted her so much. Mrs. Gereth herself did not, in these days, like him at all, and she was of course on Mrs. Gereth's side. He ended, really, while the preparations for his marriage went on, by quite a little custom of coming and going; but on no one of these occasions would his mother receive him. He talked only with Fleda and strolled with Fleda; and when he asked her, in regard to the great matter, if Mrs. Gereth were really doing nothing, the girl usually replied, "She pretends not to be, if I may say so; but I think she is really thinking over what she'll take." When her friend asked her what Owen was doing, she could have but one answer: "He's waiting, my dear, to see what *you* do!"

Mrs. Gereth, a month after she had received her great shock, did something abrupt and extraordinary: she caught up her companion and went to have a look at Ricks. They had come to London first and taken a train from Liver-

pool Street, and the least of the sufferings they were armed against was that of passing the night. Fleda's admirable dressing-bag had been given her by her friend. "Why, it's charming!" she exclaimed a few hours later, turning back again into the small prim parlor from a friendly advance to the single plate of the window. Mrs. Gereth hated such windows, the one flat glass, sliding up and down, especially when they enjoyed a view of four iron pots on pedestals, painted white and containing ugly geraniums, ranged on the edge of a gravel-path, and doing their best to give it the air of a terrace. Fleda had instantly averted her eyes from these ornaments, but Mrs. Gereth grinly gazed, wondering of course how a place in the deepest depths of Essex and three miles from a small station could contrive to look so suburban. The room was practically a shallow box, with the junction of the walls and ceiling guiltless of curve or cornice, and marked merely by a little band of crimson paper glued round the top of the other paper, a turbid gray sprigged with silver flowers. This decoration was rather new and quite fresh; and there was in the centre of the ceiling a big square beam papered over in white, as to which Fleda hesitated about venturing to remark that it was rather picturesque. She recognized in time that this remark would be weak, and that, throughout, she should be able to say nothing either for the mantelpieces or for the doors, of which she saw her companion become sensible with a soundless moan. On the subject of doors, especially, Mrs. Gereth had the finest views; the thing in the world she most despised was the meanness of the single flap. From end to end, at Poynton, there were high double leaves. At Ricks the entrances to the rooms were like the holes of rabbit-hutches.

It was all, none the less, not so bad as Fleda had feared; it was faded and melancholy, whereas there had been a dan-

ger that it would be cheerful and loud. The house was crowded with objects of which the aggregation somehow made a thinness, and the futility a grace; things that told her they had been gathered as slowly and as lovingly as the rarities of Poynton. She too, for a home, could have lived with them: they made her like the old maiden aunt; they made her even wonder if it did n't work more for happiness not to have tasted, as she herself had done, of knowledge. Without resources, without a stick, as she said, of her own, Fleda was moved, after all, to some secret surprise at the pretensions of a shipwrecked woman who could hold such an asylum cheap. The more she looked about, the surer she felt of the character of the maiden aunt, the sense of whose dim presence urged her to pacification: the maiden aunt had been a dear; she would have adored the maiden aunt. The poor lady had had some tender little story; she had been sensitive and ignorant and exquisite: that too was a sort of origin, a sort of atmosphere for relics, though different from the sorts most prized at Poynton. Mrs. Gereth had of course more than once said that one of the deepest mysteries of life was the way that, by certain natures, hideous objects could be loved; but it was n't a question of love, now, for these; it was only a question of a certain practical patience. Perhaps some thought of that kind had stolen over Mrs. Gereth when, at the end of a brooding hour, she exclaimed, taking in the house with a strenuous sigh, "Well, something can be done with it!" Fleda had repeated to her more than once the indulgent fancy about the maiden aunt, — she was so sure she had suffered. "I'm sure I *hope* she did!" was, however, all that Mrs. Gereth had replied.

## VI.

It was a great relief to the girl at last to perceive that the dreadful move would

really be made. What might happen if it should n't had been from the first indefinite. It was absurd to pretend that any violence was probable, — a tussle, dishevelment, shrieks; yet Fleda had an imagination of a drama, a "great scene," a thing, somehow, of indignity and misery, of wounds inflicted and received, in which, indeed, though Mrs. Gereth's presence, with movements and sounds, loomed large to her, Owen remained indistinct and on the whole unaggressive. He would n't be there with a cigarette in his teeth, very handsome and insolently quiet: that was only the way he would be in a novel, across whose interesting page some such figure, as she half closed her eyes, seemed to her to walk. Fleda had rather, and indeed with shame, a confused, pitying vision of Mrs. Gereth with her great scene left in a manner on her hands, Mrs. Gereth missing her effect, and having to appear merely hot and injured and in the wrong. The symptoms that she would be spared even that spectacle resided not so much, through the chambers of Poynton, in an air of determination as in an air of deeper suspense. There was no common preparation, but one day, at the turn of a corridor, she found her hostess standing very still, with hanging hands and only eyes that moved. These eyes appeared to Fleda to meet her own with a strange, dim bravado, and there was a silence, almost awkward, before either of the friends spoke. The girl afterwards thought of the moment as one in which her hostess mutely accused her of an accusation, meeting it, however, at the same time, by a kind of defiant acceptance. Yet it was with mere melancholy candor that Mrs. Gereth at last sighingly exclaimed, "I'm thinking over what I had better take!" Fleda could have embraced her for this virtual promise of a concession, the announcement that she had finally accepted the problem of knocking together a shelter with the small salvage of the wreck.

It was true that when, after their return from Ricks, they tried to lighten the ship, the great embarrassment was still immutably there, the odiousness of sacrificing the exquisite things one would n't take to the exquisite things one would. This immediately made the things one would n't take the very things one ought to, and, as Mrs. Gereth said, condemned one, in the whole business, to an eternal vicious circle. In such a circle, for days, she had been tormentedly moving, prowling up and down, comparing incomparables. It was for that one had to cling to them and their faces of supplication. Fleda herself could judge of these faces, so conscious of their race and their danger, and she had little enough to say when her companion asked her if the whole place, perversely fair on October afternoons, looked like a place to give up. It looked, to begin with, through some effect of season and light, larger than ever, immense, and it was filled with the hush of sorrow, which in turn was all charged with memories. Everything was in the air, — every history of every find, every circumstance of every struggle. Mrs. Gereth had drawn back every curtain and removed every cover: she prolonged the vistas, opened wide the whole house, gave it an appearance of awaiting a royal visit. The shimmer of wrought substances spent itself in the brightness; the old golds and brasses, old ivories and bronzes, the fresh old tapestries and deep old damasks, threw out a radiance in which the poor woman saw in solution all her old loves and patiences, all her old tricks and triumphs.

Fleda had a depressed sense of not, after all, helping her much; this was lightened, indeed, by the fact that Mrs. Gereth, letting her off easily, did n't now seem to expect it. Her sympathy, her interest, her feeling for everything for which Mrs. Gereth felt, were a force that really worked to prolong the deadlock. "I only wish I bored you and my possessions bored you," that lady,

with some humor, declared ; " then you 'd make short work with me, bundle me off, tell me just to pile certain things into a cart and have done." Fleda's sharpest difficulty was in having to act up to the character of thinking Owen a brute, or at least to carry off the inconsistency of seeing him when he came down. Fortunately, it was her duty, her function, and a protection to Mrs. Gereth. She thought of him perpetually, and her eyes had come to rejoice in his manly magnificence more even than they rejoiced in the royal cabinets of the red saloon. She wondered, very faintly at first, why he came so often ; but of course she knew nothing about the business he had in hand, over which, with men red-faced and leather-legged, he was sometimes closeted for an hour in a room of his own that was the one monstrosity of Poynton : all tobacco-pots and bootjacks, his mother had said, — such an array of arms of aggression and castigation that he himself had confessed to eighteen rifles and forty whips. He was arranging for settlements on his wife, he was doing things that would meet the views of the Brigstocks. Considering the house was his own, Fleda thought it nice of him to keep himself in the background while his mother remained ; making his visits, at some cost of ingenuity about trains from town, only between meals, doing everything to let it press lightly upon her that he was there. This was rather a stoppage to her meeting Mrs. Gereth on the ground of his being a brute ; the most she really, at last, could do was not to contradict her when she repeated that he was watching, — he was just insultingly watching. He *was* watching, no doubt ; but he watched somehow with his head turned away. He knew that Fleda knew at present what he wanted of her, so that it would be gross of him to keep repeating it. It existed as a confidence between them, and made him sometimes, with his wandering stare, meet her eyes as if a si-

lence so pleasant could only unite them the more. He had no great flow of speech, certainly, and at first the girl took for granted that this was all there was to be said about the matter. Little by little she speculated as to whether, with a person who, like herself, could put him, after all, at a sort of domestic ease, it was not supposable that he would have more conversation if he were not keeping some of it back for Mona.

From the moment she suspected he might be thinking what Mona would say to his chattering so to another person, this young lady's repressed emotion began to require still more repression. She grew impatient of her situation at Poynton ; she privately pronounced it false and horrid. She said to herself that she had let Owen know that she had, to the best of her power, directed his mother in the general sense he desired ; that he quite understood it, and that he also understood how unworthy it was of either of them to stand over the good lady with a notebook and a lash. Was n't this practical unanimity just practical success ? Fleda became aware of a sudden desire, as well as of pressing reasons, for bringing her stay at Poynton to a close. She had not, on the one hand, like a minion of the law, undertaken to see Mrs. Gereth down to the train, and locked, in sign of her abdication, into a compartment ; neither had she, on the other, committed herself to hold Owen indefinitely in dalliance while his mother gained time or dug a counter-mine. Besides, people *were* saying that she fastened like a leech on other people, — people who had houses where something was to be picked up : this revelation was frankly made her by her sister, now distinctly doomed to the curate, and in view of whose nuptials she had almost finished, as a present, a wonderful piece of embroidery suggested, at Poynton, by an old Spanish altar-cloth. She would have to exert herself still further for the intended recipient of this

offering, turn her out for her marriage with more than that drapery. She would go up to town, in short, to dress Maggie; and their father, in lodgings at West Kensington, would stretch a point and take them in. He, to do him justice, never reproached her with profitable devotions; so far as they existed he profited by them. Mrs. Gereth gave her up as heroically as if she had been a great bargain, and Fleda knew that she would n't at present miss any visit of Owen's, for Owen was shooting at Waterbath. Owen shooting was Owen lost, and there was scant sport at Poynton.

The first news she had from Mrs. Gereth was news of that lady's having accomplished, in form at least, her migration. The letter was dated from Ricks, to which place she had been transported by an impulse apparently as sudden as the inspiration she had obeyed before. "Yes, I've literally come," she wrote, "with a bandbox and a kitchen-maid; I've crossed the Rubicon, I've taken possession. It has been like plunging into cold water: I saw the only thing was to do it, not to stand shivering. I shall have warmed the place a little by simply being here for a week; when I come back the ice will have been broken. I did n't write to you to meet me on my way through town, because I know how busy you are, and because, besides, I'm too savage and odious to be fit company even for you. You'd say I really go too far, and there's no doubt whatever I do. I'm here, at any rate, just to look round once more, to see that certain things are done before I enter in force. I shall probably be at Poynton all next week. There's more room than I quite measured the other day, and a rather good set of old Worcester. But what are space and time, what's even old Worcester, to your wretched and affectionate A. G.?"

The day after Fleda received this letter she had occasion to go into a big shop in Oxford Street, — a journey that she achieved circuitously, first on foot, and

then by the aid of two omnibuses. The second of these vehicles put her down on the side of the street opposite to her shop, and while, on the curbstone, she humbly waited, with a parcel, an umbrella, and a tucked-up frock, to cross in security, she became conscious that, close beside her, a hansom had pulled up short, in obedience to the brandished stick of a demonstrative occupant. This occupant was Owen Gereth, who had caught sight of her as he rattled along, and who, with an exhibition of white teeth that, from under the hood of the cab, had almost flashed through the fog, now alighted to ask her if he could n't give her a lift. On finding that her destination was only over the way, he dismissed his vehicle and joined her, not only piloting her to the shop, but taking her in; with the assurance that his errands did n't matter, that it amused him to be concerned with hers. She told him she had come to buy a trimming for her sister's frock, and he expressed an hilarious interest in the purchase. His hilarity was almost always out of proportion to the case, but it struck her at present as more so than ever; especially when she had suggested that he might find it a good time to buy a garnishment of some sort for Mona. After wondering an instant whether he gave the full satiric meaning, such as it was, to this remark, Fleda dismissed the possibility as inconceivable. He stammered out that it was for *her* he would like to buy something, something "ripping," and that she must give him the pleasure of telling him what would please her: he could n't have a better opportunity for making her a present, — the present, in recognition of all she had done for Mummy, that he had had in his head for weeks.

Fleda had more than one small errand in the big bazaar, and he went up and down with her, pointedly patient, pretending to be interested in questions of tape and of change. She had now not the least hesitation in wondering

what Mona would think of such proceedings. But they were not her doing, — they were Owen's; and Owen, inconsequent and even extravagant, was unlike anything she had ever seen him before. He broke off, he came back, he repeated questions without heeding answers, he made vague, abrupt remarks about the resemblances of shopgirls and the uses of chiffon. He unduly prolonged their business together, and gave Fleda a sense that he was putting off something particular that he had to face. If she had ever dreamed of Owen Gereth as nervous, she would have seen him with some such manner as this. But why should he be nervous? Even at the height of the crisis his mother had n't made him so, and at present he was satisfied about his mother. The one idea he stuck to was that Fleda should mention something she would let him give her: there was everything in the world in the wonderful place, and he made her incongruous offers, — a traveling-rug, a massive clock, a table for breakfast in bed, and above all, in a resplendent binding, a set of somebody's "works." His notion was a testimonial, a tribute, and the "works" would be a graceful intimation that it was her cleverness he wished above all to commemorate. He was immensely in earnest, but the articles he pressed upon her betrayed a delicacy that went to her heart: what he would really have liked, as he saw them tumbled about, was one of the splendid stuffs for a gown, — a choice proscribed by his fear of seeming to patronize her, to refer to her small means and her deficiencies. Fleda found it easy to chaff him about his exaggeration of her deserts; she gave the just measure of them in consenting to accept a small pin-cushion, costing sixpence, in which the letter F was marked out with pins. A sense of loyalty to Mona was not needed to enforce this discretion, and after that first allusion to her she never sounded her name. She noticed, on this occa-

sion, more things in Owen Gereth than she had ever noticed before, but what she noticed most was that he said no word of his intended. She asked herself what he had done, in so long a parenthesis, with his loyalty; and then reflected that even if he had done something very good with it, the situation in which such a question could come up was already a little strange. Of course he was n't doing anything so vulgar as making love to her; but there was a kind of rigor for a man who was engaged.

That rigor did n't prevent Owen from remaining with her after they had left the shop, from hoping she had a lot more to do, and from pressing her to look with him, for a possible glimpse of something she might really let him give her, into the windows of other establishments. There was a moment when, under this pressure, she made up her mind that his tribute would be, if analyzed, a tribute to her insignificance. But all the same he wanted her to come somewhere and have luncheon with him: what was that a tribute to? She must have counted very little if she did n't count too much for familiarity in a restaurant. She had to get home with her trimming, and the most, in his company, she was amenable to was a retracing of her steps to the Marble Arch, and then, after a discussion, when they had reached it, a walk with him across the Park. She knew Mona would have considered that she ought to take the omnibus again; but she had now to think for Owen as well as for herself, — she could n't think for Mona. Even in the Park the autumn air was thick, and as they moved westward over the grass, which was what Owen preferred, the cool grayness made their words soft, made them at last rare, and everything else dim. He wanted to stay with her, — he wanted not to leave her: he had dropped into complete silence, but that was what his silence said. What was it

he had postponed? What was it he wanted still to postpone? She grew a little scared as they strolled together and she thought. It was too confused to be believed, but it was as if somehow he felt differently. Fleda Vetch did n't suspect him at first of feeling differently to *her*, but only of feeling differently to Mona; yet she was not unconscious that this latter difference would have had something to do with his being on the grass beside her. She had read in novels about gentlemen who on the eve of marriage, winding up the past, had surrendered themselves for the occasion to the influence of a former tie; and there was something in Owen's behavior now, something in his very face, that suggested a resemblance to one of those gentlemen. But whom, and what, in that case, would Fleda herself resemble? She was n't a former tie, she was n't any tie at all; she was only a deep little person for whom happiness was a kind of pearl-diving plunge. It was down at the very bottom of all that had lately happened; for all that had lately happened was that Owen Gereth had come and gone at Poynton. That was the sum of her experience, and what it had made for her was her own affair, and quite consistent with her not having dreamed it had made a tie — at least what *she* called one — for Owen. The old one, at any rate, was Mona, — Mona whom he had known much longer.

They walked very far, to the southwest corner of the great Gardens, where, by the old round pond and the old red palace, when she had put out her hand to him in farewell, declaring that from the gate she must positively take a conveyance, it seemed suddenly to rise between them that this was a real separation. She was on his mother's side, she belonged to his mother's life, and his mother, in the future, would never come to Poynton. After what had passed she would n't even be at his wedding, and it was not possible now that Mrs. Gereth

should mention that ceremony to the girl, or express a wish that she should be *présent* at it. Mona, from decorum, and with reference less to the bridegroom than to the bridegroom's mother, would of course not invite her. Everything, therefore, was ended; they would go their different ways; this was the last time they would stand face to face. They looked at each other with the fuller sense of it, and, on Owen's part, with an expression of dumb trouble, the intensification of his usual appeal to any interlocutor to add the right thing to what he said. To Fleda, at this moment, it appeared that the right thing might easily be the wrong. He only said, at any rate, "I want you to understand, you know, — I want you to understand."

What did he want her to understand? He seemed unable to bring it out, and this understanding was, moreover, exactly what she wished not to arrive at. Bewildered as she was, she had already taken in as much as she should know what to do with, and the blood was rushing into her face. He liked her — it was stupefying — more than he really ought: that was what was the matter with him, and what he wanted her to understand; so that she was suddenly as frightened as some thoughtless girl who finds herself the object of an overture from a married man.

"Good-by, Mr. Gereth, — I *must* get on!" she declared, with a cheerfulness that she felt to be an unnatural grimace. She broke away from him sharply, smiling, backing across the grass, and then turning altogether and moving as fast as she could. "Good-by, good-by!" she threw off again as she went, wondering if he would overtake her before she reached the gate; conscious, with a red disgust, that her movement was almost a run; conscious, too, of just the confused, handsome face with which he would look after her. She felt as if she had answered a kindness with a great

flouncing snub, but at any rate she had got away, though the distance to the gate, her ugly gallop down the Broad Walk, every graceless jerk of which hurt her, seemed endless. She signed from afar to a cab on the stand in the Kensington Road and scrambled into it, glad

of the encompassment of the four-wheeler that had officiously obeyed her summons, and that, at the end of twenty yards, when she had violently pulled up a glass, permitted her to recognize the fact that she was on the point of bursting into tears.

*Henry James.*

---

DAPHNE LAUREA.

"Arbor eris certe . . . mea."

WAS it not well, Apollo, for revenge  
Of thine, my stronghold should imprison me?  
Surely thou art content. No dream of thine  
For mockery, because I loved thee not,  
Could have matched bitterness with this, this spell  
That holds me fast in answer to my prayer.  
For had my sire Peneus taken thought  
To put upon me some enchanted shape  
Of river-waters, that had been glad life!  
I would have fled, for very joy of flight,  
Down the cool dusk of Tempe with the days,  
Singing and singing to the reeds that sing,  
Free as I was of old, and yet more free  
From such as thou. . . . I would have laughed aloud  
With all the laughing leaves, yet loitered not,  
Ever apace with time that never stays,  
Forever wingèd with a glad escape.  
None should have followed save the breathless wind,  
As some slim hound that follows to the chase.  
I would have pricked the darkness like a star,  
Holding forth silver hands of welcoming  
To the poor sweetness of the meadow weeds;  
The river-lilies should have stirred from sleep,  
Fain to set sail like little wingèd ships  
Against the anchoring root that held them fast.  
I would have called unto the untamed things  
That love the shadows: "Come, four-footed ones,  
Come hither, hither! Drink ye, — be at peace:  
Daphne, who hunts ye not, would pledge ye love  
In this cool gift." . . . I would have fed the roots  
Of growing things, — of wistful trees that lean  
Unto the water, even as I, — as I  
That am not Daphne, but a thirsty tree.  
Ay me, for rain!

When did I think to stand  
 Blinded with twilight, reaching out vague hands  
 Through small, thick shadows, — listening with all leaves,  
 Soft breathing in the sky, in wait for her,  
 My lady Moon? Hath she forgotten me?  
 Since nevermore I serve her in the day  
 At chase, before she leave her pleasuring  
 To measure us the night. When will she come?  
 Even at the close of such a fevered day,  
 But happy then, I lingered through the woods,  
 Weary with hunting; and I laid me down  
 Under the shelter of a little tree,  
 And left it without thanks. I did not know  
 It was my sister made me welcome there.  
 Ay me, for rain! . . . I had not ever thought  
 To look so long upon a careless cloud  
 Grazing on light, in pastures of the sky;  
 I had not thought to tremble, when it came,  
 For joy of all the bounty of glad rain,  
 Thrilling my leaves to laughter, as the hands  
 Of a minstrel thrill the harp-strings, that the breath  
 Of a new life awakes them, and they sing, —  
 Sing, and give back the joy in rain of song.

Yea, thou art lord of singers, Apollo. Yet  
 Think not I bend. For Song is lord of thee,  
 Song, that is thrall not to the deathless gods,  
 But bloweth ever as the uncaged wind, —  
 Strong shaper of the Earth, and measurer  
 Even of thy strength, Apollo! Yea, I know;  
 Song, the first-breath, that bloweth through us all,  
 Encompasseth the universe and thee, —  
 Even Olympus also. Am not I  
 A little part of all this life of the Earth?  
 Have I not heard the dim and secret thing  
 Our Mother whispers, even in her sleep?  
 Once I had given no heed: now, being held fast,  
 With sad roots ever seeking in the dark,  
 And leaves at parley with the nights and days,  
 I feel her heart abeat, and, being her own,  
 I know. Then crown thy lyre, if thou wilt so,  
 With my unwilling leaves. And let them be  
 Symbol, to men, of triumph; nay, but hear;  
 To thee, memorial that I whisper now:  
 The eternal thing thou shalt not overtake,  
 Token of Daphne whom thou couldst not thrall,  
 And Song that hath the sovereignty, — not thou!

*Josephine Preston Peabody.*

## THE PRESERVATION OF OUR GAME AND FISH.

THE enormous area of territory available in the United States for the shelter and sustenance of game, and of inland waters suitable for the propagation and well-being of fish, will make it difficult to imagine that the extermination of the one or the other is within the limits of possibility. We are, however, confronted with this contingency, and unless prompt measures are taken to enforce more loyally the laws for the protection of fish and game, the end is not far distant. These laws, if properly enforced, would leave little to be desired. It is the machinery employed for their enforcement that renders them ineffective and almost inoperative. That in use is commonly in the form of game and fish wardens, appointed by the political party in power at the moment, or local game and fish constables, chosen by vote. Under this system, the wardens, it is needless to say, are in close affiliation with the party to which they owe their appointment; consequently, in view of the open hostility evinced to the game and fish laws by country folk, they are not supposed to exercise their authority with a severity that, in the face of a possibly close election, will jeopardize the rural vote. Moreover, most of these officials are engaged in some particular pursuit or occupation; their duties as protectors of fish and game being merely incidental, and not paramount. Even if their time be exclusively given to the discharge of their duties, the extent of territory over which a single one holds jurisdiction is so large that it is physically impossible that he shall exercise a close supervision

over more than a mere fraction of its area. It has happened that a warden was not only in open sympathy with those inimical to game protective measures, but a violator of the statutes that he was sworn to enforce. An Illinois warden appeared before a legislative committee as the champion of a law to permit the sale of game in Chicago throughout the entire year, provided it had not been killed within the limits of the State. Such a law, had it been enacted, would not only have encouraged the killing of game in Illinois during the close season, but would have had the same effect in every State from which Chicago obtains its supplies of game.<sup>1</sup>

Another case, which occurred two or three years ago, was that of a game warden, also proprietor of a hunting and fishing camp. Two fellow-wardens who had occasion to visit his place were surprised to discover that it was his habit to feed transient boarders upon the fresh meat of deer killed during the close season. When the delinquent warden was confronted with the accusation, he was unable satisfactorily to disprove it.

This example of the turpitude of one game warden may be copiously multiplied. It must not be supposed, however, that none of these officials are earnest in the discharge of their duties. There are many such; among them, Mr. Collins, of Connecticut, who by his energetic efforts has brought to justice some of the more notorious violators of the game and fish laws of that State. Mr. Kidd, of Newburgh, N. Y., after years of unflinching perseverance and in the face of al-

<sup>1</sup> What failed of accomplishment in Illinois was successful in New York. The Donaldson game and fish bill, which permits the sale of game in New York throughout the entire year, provided it has not been killed within the limits of the State or within three hundred miles of its boundaries, was enacted at the last session

of the legislature, and approved by Governor Morton. This iniquitous measure will be productive of abuses which cannot but be fatal not only to game killed in the State of New York, but to that of all other territory from which it draws its supplies.

most hopeless discouragements, was successful in a suit against Delmonico for the alleged serving of woodcock at his restaurant during the close season. Mr. Bortree, of Chicago, now out of office, in a city which previously had taken a mere humorous view of violations of the game and fish laws, caused much unhappiness among the dealers by his seizures of game illegally offered for sale. Mr. Andrews, late executive agent of the State Board of Game and Fish Commissioners of Minnesota, now removed from office for alleged political reasons, by his energy and administrative ability compelled a close observance of the game and fish laws of that State. The alleged political necessity for his removal was probably due to anxiety concerning the rural vote, which was antagonistic to a really serious protection of the wild life of the woods and streams of Minnesota.

If the game warden or protector be handicapped by party or political exigencies, the rural game constable, who is in many cases chosen by ballot, and who is merely a local official, is very much more so. Should he carry out the reason for his being, he would be called upon to enforce the game and fish laws against such neighbors and friends as might violate them. Should he exhibit any zeal in this direction, his term of office would be one of brief duration, even if he escaped personal humiliations of a depressing character. There is no more unpardonable offense, in localities where game and fish still exist, than for one man to inform against another for their illegal capture. While in such communities bitter animosities may be rife among neighbors, and the law may be promptly evoked to settle disputes of a trivial nature, the most determined foes will abstain from lodging complaint one against the other for an illegal traffic in fish or game. Under these conditions, it may be readily understood that a rural game constable, so far as practical effectiveness is concerned, is about as useful

as an upright piano would be to an Esquimau.

In thinly populated districts where game and fish abound, to take "a mess" of one or the other at any season is looked upon as an inalienable right. In them neither the State nor the individual is accorded a proprietary claim. After game and fish are killed or captured, to take them from the capturer is looked upon as theft pure and simple. An illustration of this theory of inalienable right is found in the case of a town man who purchased a large tract of land in one of these sparsely populated districts. On the property was a small pond suitable for the propagation of trout. This the town man had stocked, intending, when the fish had grown to a proper size, to angle for them in company with his friends. They were at all times carefully guarded by watchmen, but not so alertly but that, when the trout had reached a marketable size, the night before the end of the close season, the pond was netted, and almost all of the five thousand which it contained were taken. The trout were carried off in two double-team wagons to a railway station some sixteen miles distant, boxed, and sent to market. To the natives the culprits were known, though their movements were conducted under cover of night. They were seen to go to the pond with empty wagons, and return with them loaded; nor was much effort made to conceal the nature of the contents of the vehicles. Although the owner of the trout offered a reward — which would have been a moderate fortune for more than one of those cognizant of the identity of the thieves — for information which would lead to their detection, it was impossible for him to secure a particle of evidence. Had his hen-roost instead of his trout-pond been robbed, the natives would have been instantly on the alert, and would gladly have furnished any clue in their possession which might lead to the capture of the marauders. This may ap-

pear to be a very nice distinction; none the less it reveals the attitude of large numbers of ruralists *vis-à-vis* the game and fish laws, and the difficulties which environ their enforcement. While these difficulties are not insurmountable, as has been proved by Mr. Andrews, of Minnesota, the very success which attended his efforts, and resulted in removal from office, demonstrated that, under existing political conditions, the serious enforcement of the laws for the protection of game and fish is considered by party managers neither wise nor prudent.

The space accorded in the statute-books to laws for the protection of game and fish is out of all proportion to their effectiveness or necessity. If these laws were intended to be taken seriously, groups of States with the same climatic conditions could combine and enact a simple and uniform code, jointly applicable, particularly as relates to the open and close seasons. As it is now, each State frames its fish and game laws without regard one to the other. Not only this, but many counties of the same State are provided with special enactments, conflicting with the general game and fish laws, and in force only within their own boundaries. An illustration of this is found in the State of New York, where the close season on wild ducks and geese commences on March 1, except on Long Island, where it goes into effect on May 1. As Brooklyn is on Long Island, wild ducks and geese may be sold in its markets until the later date, whereas in the city of New York the same birds cannot be offered for sale after March 1.<sup>1</sup> This fine distinction is represented by the line of a narrow river. The game laws are loaded with just such petty and confusing discriminations, which, if enforced, would entail endless trouble and litigation. At a recent session of the legislature of Wisconsin, an attempt was made to put into effect the theory of a uniform

game and fish law for contiguous States. A law was passed for the protection of certain species of game, which, however, was not to be valid until the governor of Wisconsin had issued a proclamation to the effect that the States of Iowa, Minnesota, Michigan, and Illinois had passed a law in conformity with the provisions of that of Wisconsin. This attempt at concert of action was a complete failure.

To secure the protection of game, nothing is more imperatively needed than a uniform measure which will afford reasonable immunity to wild fowl that make their home in the United States during the autumn, winter, and spring. The assertion that any alarming decrease in the number of wild fowl that frequent our waters is in process of accomplishment has been often denied. This negation is based on the fact that localities where they were formerly abundant have, after years of apparent desertion, witnessed their return in large numbers. This is a false assumption, as wild fowl, other conditions being equal, always congregate where food is the more available. Their absence is due to the lack of it. If they return, it is at the expense of some other locality, where the aquatic plants and crustaceæ upon which they feed are, for the time being, scarce. An illustration of this is found on some of the bays of the south side of Long Island, where broad-bill ducks were more plentiful during the autumn of 1893 than had been known for thirty years previous. This was owing to such an ample supply of food that no amount of shooting could drive the ducks away. In the autumn of 1894 the same fowl were exceptionally absent from those waters. They came, but did not stay. The nutriment which was in great plenty during the previous autumn was no longer there to tempt them. Some years ago, when the wild-celery beds of the Susquehanna River were covered with sand, brought down has been made uniform throughout the entire State of New York.

<sup>1</sup> Since this article was put in type, the date of the open season for wild ducks and geese

by unusual freshets in that stream, canvas-back ducks almost totally deserted the locality. Those that formerly tarried there during the season resorted to other waters where they found suitable food, and where they had not been seen for many years previous. With the recuperation of the wild-celery beds in the Susquehanna the canvas-back ducks returned to the flats in the usual numbers. This shifting habit of wild fowl creates a false impression as to their numerical increase. That they are rapidly on the decrease is apparent to those who understand the dangers which environ them.

The perfection to which breech-loading and magazine shot-guns have attained has been a most important factor in contributing to this result. In the case of snipe, for example, whose migratory habits are the same as those of wild ducks and geese, and which are shot over decoys, certain species have met with entire extermination, while others are fast on the way to the same end. This has come about through the rapidity of fire of modern weapons, and the facility with which a flock of certain varieties of snipe may be recalled again and again to the lures by the gunner skillful in the imitation of their note, until not a single one survives. This is notably the case with dowitchers, willet, large and small yellow-legs, and other sorts. Thirty years ago, when muzzle-loading shot-guns were used almost exclusively, when a flight of dowitchers was in progress along the coast, flock followed flock so uninterruptedly that half a dozen professional gunners in company could not load and shoot with sufficient rapidity to assail more than one flock in three. Within a brief period after the introduction of breech-loaders the large flights of these birds had totally ceased, so that to-day only occasional dowitchers are seen. What is true of them is proportionately so of other varieties of snipe. Breech-loading and magazine shot-guns are equally deadly when employed against wild ducks and

geese. The possession of a higher order of intelligence and greater caution and timidity have so far preserved them from total extermination, though some of the species no longer exist; but the end of all is not far off, unless prompt measures be taken to stay the conscienceless slaughter of which they are the victims. While the muzzle-loading shot-gun was in use, as in the case of snipe, when ducks were flying freely, many flocks passing over decoys escaped unharmed. With the more modern weapon, susceptible as it is of delivering a fire whose rapidity is in proportion to the supply of cartridges, a flock rarely fails to suffer loss. The use of the "choke" in the shot-gun of to-day has much increased its effective range. This encourages gunners to shoot into flocks of passing wild fowl at unreasonable distances, where, while one of its number may be killed, a half-dozen, more or less, will be so seriously wounded that, while able to escape for the time being, they ultimately succumb to their injuries. This inflicts a loss from which no one reaps any advantage. What is true of breech-loading or magazine shot-guns applies equally to magazine rifles, used in the pursuit of four-footed game. With these weapons, the gunner, failing with the first shot, is enabled to "pump lead" into his quarry until the supply of ammunition is exhausted. It must be a very poor marksman indeed who, thus equipped, fails either to kill or to wound.

To understand more fully the perils with which wild ducks and geese are environed, it is necessary to consider the conditions which affect their perpetuation. When our Northwestern States were but sparsely populated, many of the wild-duck species nested and reared their young within their limits. With the advent of population they shifted their breeding-grounds to the northern portions of Canada, from which they were driven in turn, until now all of them, with the exception of certain surface-feeding varieties, such as black

ducks, mallards, teal, wood-ducks, and others, have sought refuge in British America for the unmolested propagation of their kind. In search of safety for this purpose, the fowl have been driven so far north that frequently their young are overtaken by intense cold before being sufficiently fledged to undertake a southward flight. Almost every season great numbers perish from this cause. This loss due to climatic accident is another serious factor contributing to the decrease of the species. When the old birds and their young enter more thickly populated territory *en route* southward, they are exposed to the pursuit of Canadian gunners and sportsmen. The reception they meet with in Canada is geniality itself compared to that which awaits them on the American side of the line, from Maine to Oregon, throughout the interior, and along the line of coast from Maine to Mexico. Once within our borders, the unfortunate fowl discover that every feeding-ground at which they may be tempted to alight is garrisoned by human foes, equipped with every deadly device to lure and destroy. Nor is there any rest for them, day or night.

With the advent of modern weapons has come the cold-storage system, by which all flesh may be preserved for an indefinite period in a frozen condition. Previously, wild fowl were measurably free from molestation in the extreme Southern States during the winter months. The refrigerating process has changed all that. With the introduction of this device, the former respite which was granted them has ceased, and their killing goes on as mercilessly at the South during the winter as in the Northern States at other seasons of the year. Nor is this all. When the fowl start on their northward flight in the spring, they are harassed with the same persistency as during their progress to the South in the autumn, until they again approach the borders of their breeding-grounds in British America. It will appeal to the

dullest understanding that to kill these birds in the spring, when they are mating and preparing to propagate, involves a reckless and unpardonable waste. By a kind provision of nature, however, the average of females to males, among migratory wild fowl, is as one to three or four. All the more is the loss of one of the former during the mating season a thing to be deplored. Fortunately, she is at that time endowed with an instinct, or rather knowledge, which renders her exceedingly wary and suspicious of the lures of gunners. There is but one way to preserve our wild ducks and geese from extermination, at least for a long time to come, and that is a uniform law to prohibit the killing of these birds from the 1st of February to the 1st of September, and between sunset and sunrise. Given a law of this character, rigidly enforced, and wild fowl may be safely left to care for themselves. For one State to enact such a law, and the one adjoining to ignore it, is worse than useless. It offers the opportunity for a concentration of gunners where they may pursue the fowl with impunity in the spring, with a corresponding augmentation of slaughter. The conditions which environ wild fowl apply, with certain modifications, to all the feathered and four-footed game of the country.

The case of fish which annually migrate from Florida to Maine, along the Atlantic coast, is not dissimilar to that of migratory wild fowl. They likewise go where food is available. The menhaden, which provides sustenance to some of our finest varieties, such as striped bass, bluefish, Spanish mackerel, and others, formerly passed along our coast in countless numbers, followed by the latter in proportionate numbers. Every estuary and bay, at a certain season, was literally filled with menhaden, besides the vast numbers which followed outside the lines of beach. The fish which fed upon them were proportionately numerous. The best varieties were cheap, and

attainable to almost all. What is the situation to-day? At first the menhaden were taken and put in a crude state upon the land as a fertilizer. Then factories were established for rendering their flesh into a more concentrated fertilizing product. The demand which in consequence sprang up for these fish promptly absorbed all that resorted to the estuaries and bays. They were then caught in seines cast from the beaches. When this source of supply was exhausted, steamers were employed, which, equipped with vast nets, took the menhaden so soon as they appeared off Hatteras until they reached the coast of Maine. Under this dispensation, menhaden, while decreasing rapidly in numbers, were driven farther and farther from the shores, until now the cost of their capture is so large that the manufacture of fish guano has measurably decreased. What has been the result on the middle Atlantic and New England coasts of this reckless destruction of bait? Many fish which were formerly taken in the bays and estuaries frequented by menhaden, and upon which they fed, are now rarely captured there. The seines in which they were caught from the beaches can no longer be worked with profit. The only traps now used for this purpose are small set nets planted at a distance from land, tended with great risk, and productive of but trifling results compared to the former catches of the beach seines. The outcome of this reckless destruction of menhaden has been to throw thousands of men out of employment, and to enhance the price of striped bass, bluefish, and other edible fish for many people to the prohibitory point, with the prospect of a continued decrease in the supply. If menhaden ever return in their former numbers, the plant is all in readiness to gather them in promptly; but no effort will be made to control an abuse of the harvest, which will necessarily be a brief one. The conditions that environ our pelagic fish are different from those which

affect fresh-water species. The successful artificial propagation of the latter and of the anadromous sorts is an assured fact. It is entirely possible to restock our lakes and streams, provided a sufficient output of fry is assured. The difficulty which confronts us is that, from motives of economy, the present liberation of fry is ridiculously inadequate, and barely covers the natural losses incidental to all young fish life. It will only be necessary, in order to increase the supply of fish in our inland waters, to provide an enlarged plant and accord a more liberal expenditure of money.

The supporters and champions of the laws for the protection of our game and fish are anglers and other sportsmen. Opposed to them are several elements, which, however, are not entirely harmonious. Among these are farmers, market gunners, foreign dealers in birdskins and plumage, many dealers in game and fish, many proprietors of hotels, restaurants, and cold-storage warehouses, and "statesmen." Anglers and other sportsmen, generally, are honorable men and loyal to their convictions. Unfortunately, their efforts in the interest of the protection of game and fish are weakened by radical differences as to the measures to accomplish it. This lack of harmony is the opportunity of our statesmen — who are not unmindful of the votes at the command of the opposition — to thwart and embarrass them. Moreover, as another element of weakness, there exists among our sportsmen a class noisy and vociferous in exacting the most rigid enforcement of the game and fish laws, who, in the presence of quantities of game and fish, exhibit insatiable greed in killing and capturing. This class had its foreign prototype, mainly English, who, when large game was plentiful in this country, came to us for sport, and whose progress across the hunting-grounds of the West was marked by a wanton and ruthless slaughter that would have disgraced a band of savages.

It is this element that does incalculable harm to the efforts of conservative sportsmen in the effort to procure an effective enforcement of the laws for the protection of game and fish.

Of the opponents of these laws, farmers are the more mild and self-restrained. They argue that game and fish that live and propagate within the limits of their property are theirs by right, and not in the ownership of the State, as the courts have decided. The fact that anglers and other sportsmen proceed upon the latter presumption is what causes friction between them and the agriculturists. The point of view of the farmer is fully explained in the following extract from the *Milford, Pa., Dispatch*, which credits it to the *Orange County Farmer*: "Why has not a sportsman just as much right to shoot and carry off a farmer's poultry, pigs, and sheep, as his fish, game, birds, rabbits, etc.? The farmer really raises and feeds them all, — the one just as much as the other. Then why are not all his? And what right have legislatures to make laws, at the demand of 'alleged sportsmen,' to license the latter to run over a farmer's lands, and tear down his walls, trample on his grain, and shoot and maim and kill and carry away the birds and beasts found thereon? And then, moreover, to cap the climax, making it an offense to capture any of this so-called game, except at the periods designated by these same sportsmen? What an outrage on the farmer, the whole game-law tyranny!"

Gunners for market hold views similar to those of the farmers. They contend that game shall be killed at any time when it is marketable, and under conditions which will assure the largest results, and that they shall not be restrained in the killing by an arbitrary date fixed by those who pursue only pleasure or recreation.

Dealers in birdskins and plumage regard themselves as merely purveyors to a fashion which prescribes the use of

feathers for the decoration of women's hats and clothing. Of the pernicious and irreparable loss to bird life which this vogue inflicts we have evidence in every direction. Its more fatal quality is found in the fact that the active killing season is in the spring, when the plumage of birds takes on its most brilliant hues. Not long ago an English firm placed an order in this country for the skins of 500,000 ox-eye snipe, the smallest of the species. The same proportionate slaughter is in progress among all of the feathered race. Many kinds have well-nigh suffered extermination. It is not surprising, therefore, that the songs of birds are no longer heard except immediately about country residences or in our larger city parks. As an auxiliary to the rapid extinguishment of bird life, that of collecting their eggs is not ineffective. One dealer gave 20,000 as the number he had sold to amateurs during the season of 1894.

As regards some dealers in game and fish, some proprietors of hotels, restaurants, and cold-storage warehouses, they claim that it is their business to respond to a demand for these aliments. If there be an earnest popular desire to observe the laws respecting the sale of game and fish during the close season, — of which they see little or no evidence, — all that is necessary is for people to cease to purchase during that time. As long as the demand continues, business requires that they shall respond to the wishes of patrons. In respect to our statesmen, they are out gunning for votes, and not for game. As there is no close season on the one, they do not see why there should be on the other.

It is a maxim of swordsmen that "to every thrust there is a parry." Conservative anglers and other sportsmen are acting upon this principle in the establishment of preserves, where fish and game may be propagated and protected. The growth of game and fish preserves in this country has been rapid during the

past few years. Some are of very large dimensions. Yellowstone Park, which, however, is a government preserve, has an area of 3575 square miles. Some inclosures belonging to private organizations contain 100,000 acres and more. Whether large or small, their success has been remarkable. Not only do they fulfill all that was expected of them, but experience has shown that they act as nurseries, from which the overflow of fish and game restocks in a measure

exhausted contiguous lands and waters. The establishment of these preserves is the one practical means now offered to anglers and other sportsmen for the unmolested enjoyment of their favorite outdoor pursuits. These preserves may not be tolerated for any length of time. Legislative effort to suppress them has already been made in California. They may serve the purposes of the present generation, or possibly the next. "Après nous le déluge."

*Gaston Fay.*

## SOME MEMORIES OF HAWTHORNE.

### IV.

IN order to give an idea of how it happened that our family could return from Europe to Concord with a few great expectations, I will rehearse somewhat of the charm which had been found in the illustrious village when my father and mother first knew it. There a group of people conversed together who have left an echo that is still heard. There also is still heard "the shot fired round the world," which of course returned to Concord on completing its circuit. But even the endless concourse of visitors, making the claims of any region wearisomely familiar, cannot diminish the simple solemnity of the town's historical as well as literary importance; and indeed it has so many medals for various merit that it is no wonder its residents have a way of speaking about it which some of us would call Bostonian. Emerson, Thoreau, Channing, Margaret Fuller, and Alcott dispersed a fragrance that attracted at once, and all they said was resonant with charity and courage.

In 1852 my mother conveyed to a member of her family unbroken murmurs of satisfaction in the peaceful experiences at The Wayside: —

*July 3, 1852.*

. . . Last week was memorable in the children's life by the occurrence of a party. Mrs. Emerson, with magnificent hospitality, invited all the children in town, from babyhood upwards (and their mothers), for a great festival. Rose and I were prevented from going by the arrival of three gentlemen from Boston, who stayed to tea; one being the brilliant Mr. Whipple. . . . First arrived General Solomon McNeil, an old veteran nearly seven feet tall, whose head was amazingly near the ceiling of our low dining-room. His gray hair stood up straight, full of demoniac energy, and his gray eyes flashed beneath overhanging brows. As he entered the room I advanced to meet him, and he said: "Mrs. Hawthorne, I presume. I have scarcely seen your husband, but I have known him well for fifteen years." At this he raised his hand and arm, as if he were wielding a sword with intent to do battle. . . . Mr. Hawthorne came in, and the old gentleman placed his hand with such force on his shoulder that you would have supposed he had dubbed him knight. . . . They left the room for the

study, the general brandishing the sword tremendously at every sentence he uttered. . . . The next day I went to see Mrs. Emerson. I found Mr. Emerson sitting on the side doorstep, with Edith on his knee, and Edward riding about the lawn on his pony. Mr. Emerson said that "the show of children was very pretty; but Julian! *He* makes his mark everywhere; there is no child so fine as Julian." Was not that pleasant to hear, from him? I told him how singular it was that Julian should find in Concord a pony, the desire of his imagination for two years. He smiled like Sirius. "Well, that is good. Send him this afternoon." He called Edward, and bade him go home with me on the pony, mount Julian, and fetch him back. And this was accordingly done. First, however, he invited me to go up on the hill-top opposite his house, whence there is a fine view. . . .

*July 4th.* Mr. Hawthorne, Una, and Julian have gone to a picnic with Ellen and Edith Emerson. This morning I went to the post-office, and Julian, who always is my shadow, went with me. I stopped at Mrs. Emerson's to ask her when and how her children were going. I found a superb Washington in the dining-room, nearly as large as life, engraved from Stuart. We saw no one of the family; but finally a door opened, and the rich music of Mr. Emerson's voice filled the entry, and Ellen and her father came into the room. Mr. Emerson asked me if that head (pointing to Washington) were not a fine celebration of the Fourth of July. "He would seem to have absorbed into that face all the serenity of these United States, and left none elsewhere, excepting," and he laid his hand on Julian, "excepting what is in Julian. Washington is the Great Repose, and Julian is the Little Repose, hereafter to become also the Great Repose!" He asked if Julian were going to the picnic, and I told him "no," as I was not going. "Oh, but if Una is going,

that would be a divided cherry, would it not?" Finding that Mrs. Emerson was to go, and that they were all to ride, I of course had no objection. And then Mr. Emerson wanted Mr. Hawthorne to go with him at five o'clock. My lord consented, and so they are all gone. Last evening Mrs. Emerson came to see us, loaded with roses. . . . My husband has sold the grass for thirty dollars, and has cut all his bean-poles in his own woods. We find *The Wayside* prettier and prettier. . . .

A few words from a letter of Emerson's, after my father's death, will give a true impression of the friendship which existed strongly between the two lovers of their race, who, though they did not have time to meet often, may be said to have been together through oneness of aim:—

*July 11, 1864.*

. . . I have had my own pain in the loss of your husband. He was always a mine of hope to me, and I promised myself a rich future in achieving at some day, when we should both be less engaged to tyrannical studies and habits, an unreserved intercourse with him. I thought I could well wait his time and mine for what was so well worth waiting. And as he always appeared to me superior to his own performances, I counted this yet untold force an insurance of a long life. . . .

R. W. EMERSON.

If my father expected a full renewal of comradeship with American men of his own circle, and even the deeper pleasure of such friendship in a maturer prime alluded to by Emerson, circumstances sadly intervened. The thunderstorm of the war was not the only cause of his retiring more into himself than he had done in Europe, although he felt that sorrow heavily. Or perhaps I might say with greater correctness that when he appeared, it was without the joyous air

that he had lately displayed in England, among his particular friends, when his literary work was over for the time being after the finishing of *Monte Beni*. I remember that he often attended the dinners of the Saturday Club. A bill of fare of one of the banquets, but belonging to an early date, 1852, reads: "Tremont House. Paran Stevens, Proprietor. Dinner for Twelve Persons, at three o'clock." A superb *menu* follows, wherein canvas-back ducks and Madeira testify to the satisfaction felt by the gentlemen whose names my father penciled in the order in which they sat; Mr. Emerson, Mr. Clough, Mr. Ellery Channing, Mr. Charles Sumner, Mr. Theodore Parker, Mr. Longfellow, Mr. Lowell, Mr. Greenough, Mr. Samuel Ward, and several others making the shining list. His keen care for the health of his forces induced him to hold back from visits even to his best friends, if he were very deeply at work, or paying more rapidly than usual from his capital of physical strength, which had now begun to sink. Lowell tried to fascinate him out of seclusion, in the frisky letter given in *A Study of Hawthorne*; but very likely did not gain his point, since Longfellow and others did not have much success in similar attempts.

I chanced to discover the impression my father made upon Dr. Holmes, as we sat beside each other at a dinner given by the Papyrus Club of Boston more than fifteen years ago, on ladies' night. That same evening I dashed down a verbatim account of part of our conversation, which I will insert here.

He passed his card over to my goblet, and took mine. "That is the simplest way, is it not?" he asked.

"I was just going to introduce myself," said I. Then Mrs. Elizabeth Stoddard sat down by me, and I turned to speak with her.

In a moment Dr. Holmes held my card forward again. "Now let me see!" he said.

"And you don't know who I am, yet?" I asked.

He smiled, gazed at the card through his eyeglasses, and leaned towards me hesitatingly. "And what *was* your name?" he ventured.

"Rose Hawthorne."

He started, and beamed. "There! I *thought* — but you understand how — if I had made a mistake — Could anything have been worse if you had *not* been? I was looking, you know, for the resemblance. Some look I seemed to discover, but" —

"The complexion," I helped him by interrupting, "is entirely different."

He went on: "I was — no, I cannot say I was intimate with your father, as others may have been; and yet a very delightful kind of intercourse existed between us. I did not see him often; but when I did, I had no difficulty in making him converse with me. My intercourse with your mother was also of a very gratifying nature."

To this I earnestly replied respecting the admiration of my parents for him.

"I delighted in suggesting a train of thought to your father," Dr. Holmes ran on, in his exquisitely cultured way, and with the *esprit* which has surprised us all by its loveliness. "Perhaps he would not answer for some time. Sometimes it was a long while before the answer came, like an echo; but it was sure to come. It was as if the high mountain range, you know! — *The house-wall there* would have rapped out a speedy, babbling response at once; but *the mountain*! — I not long ago was visiting the Custom House at Salem, the place in which your father discovered those mysterious records that unfolded into *The Scarlet Letter*. Ah, how suddenly and easily genius renders the spot rare and full of a great and new virtue (however ordinary and bare in reality) when *it* has looked and dwelt! A light falls upon the place not of land or sea! How much he did for Salem! Oh, the purple light,

the soft haze, that now rests upon our glaring New England! He has *done* it, and it will never be harsh country again. How perfectly he understood Salem!"

"Salem is certainly very remarkable," I responded.

"Yes, certainly so," he agreed. "Strange folk! Salem had a type of itself in its very harbor. The ship America, at Downer's wharf, grew old and went to pieces in that one spot, through years. Bit by bit it fell to atoms, but never ceded itself to the new era. So with Salem, precisely. It is the most delightful place to visit for this reason, because it so carefully retains the spirit of the past; and The House of the Seven Gables!" Dr. Holmes smiled, well knowing the intangibility of that house.

Said I: "The people are rich in extraordinary oddities. At every turn a stranger is astonished by some intense characteristic. One feels strongly its different atmosphere."

"And their very surroundings bear them out!" Dr. Holmes cried, vivacious in movement and glance as a boy. "Where else are the little door-yards that hold their glint of sunlight so tenaciously, like the still light of wine in a glass? Year after year it is ever there, the golden square of precious sunbeams, held on the palm of the jealous garden-patch, as we would hold the vial of radiant wine in our hand! *Do you know?*" He so forcibly appealed to my ability to follow his thought that I seemed to know anything he wished. "I hope I shall not be doing wrong," he continued, — "I *hope* not, — in asking if you have any preference among your father's books; supposing you read them, which I believe is by no means always the case with the children of authors."

"I am surprised by that remark. After the age of fifteen, when I read all my father's writings except The Scarlet Letter, which I was told to reserve till I was eighteen, I did not study his books

thoroughly till several years ago, in order to cherish the enjoyment of fresh effects, — except The Marble Faun, which I think I prefer."

He answered: "I feel that The Scarlet Letter is the greatest. It will be, it seems to me, the one upon which his future renown will rest."

I admitted that I also considered it the greatest.

In the above conversation I was entranced by what I have experienced often: the praise of my father's personality or work (in many cases by people who have never met him) is not only the courtesy that might be thought decorous towards a member of his family, or the bright zest of a student of literature, but also the glowing ardor of a creature feeling itself a part of him in spirit; one who longs for the human sweetness of the grasp of his hand; who longs to hear him speak, to meet his fellowship, but finds the limit reached in saying, at a distance of time and space, "I love him!" I have lowered my eyes before the emotion to be observed in the faces of some of his readers who were trying to reach him through a spoken word of eagerness. Very few have seen him, but how glad I am to cross their paths! Dr. Holmes's warmth of enthusiasm was so radiant that it could not be forgotten. It lit every word with the magic of the passion we feel for what is perfect, unique, and beyond our actual possession, now and forever.

After our return home, the first notes of the requiem about to envelop us fell through the sound of daily affairs, at long intervals, because my father, from that year, began to grow less and less vigorous.

But I will give a few glimpses of our neighbors and surroundings. It was never so well understood at The Wayside that its owner had somewhat retiring habits as when Alcott was reported to be approaching along the Larch Path,

which stretched in feathery bowers between our house and his. Yet I was not aware that the seer failed at any hour to gain admittance, — one cause, perhaps, of the awe in which his visits were held. I remember that my observation was attracted to him curiously from the fact that my mother's eyes changed to a darker gray at his advents, as they did only when she was silently sacrificing herself. I clearly understood that Mr. Alcott was admirable; but he sometimes brought manuscript poetry with him, the dear child of his own Muse, and a guest more unwelcome than the proverbial *enfant terrible* of the drawing-room. There was one particularly long poem which he had read aloud to my mother and father; a seemingly harmless thing, from which they never recovered. Out of the mentions made of this effusion I gathered that it was like a moonlit expanse, quiet, somnolent, cool, and flat as a month of prairies. Rapture, conviction, tenderness, often glowed upon Alcott's features and trembled in his voice. I believe he was never once startled from the dream of illusive joy which pictured to him all high aims as possible of realization through talk.

Another peculiar spirit now and then haunted us, usually sad as a pine-tree, — Thoreau. His enormous eyes, tame with religious intellect and wild with the loose rein, making a steady flash in this strange unison of forces, frightened me dreadfully at first. The unanswerable argument which he unwittingly made to soften my heart towards him was to fall desperately ill. During his long illness my mother lent him our sweet old music-box, which softly dreamed forth its tunes in a mellow tone. When he died, it seemed as if an anemone, more lovely than any other, had been carried from the borders of a wood into its silent depths, and dropped, in solitude and shadow, among the recluse ferns and mosses which are so seldom disturbed by passing feet. Son of freedom and oppor-

tunity that he was, he touched the heart by going to nature's peacefulness like the saints, and girding upon his American sovereignty the hair-shirt of service to self-denial. Walden woods rustled the name of Thoreau whenever we walked in them.

Hawthorne had returned, for the purpose of cherishing American loyalty in his children, from a scene that was after his own heart, even to the actors in it. He had hoped for quietude and the inimitable flavor of home, of course; but this hope was chiefly a self-persuasion. The title of his first book after returning, *Our Old Home*, was a concise confession. He would have considered it a base resource to live abroad during the war, bringing up his son in an alien land, however dear and related it might be to our bone and sinew; and if his children did not enjoy the American phase of the universe in its crude stage, he, at any rate, had done his best to make them love it. His loyalty was always something flawless. A friend might treat him with the grossest dishonor, but he would let you think he was himself deficient in perception or in a proper regard for his money before he would let you guess that his friend should be denounced. With loyal love, he had, for his part, wound about New England the purple haze of which Dr. Holmes spoke in ecstasy, because he had found his country standing only half appreciated, though with a wealth of virtue and meaning that makes her fairer every year. With love, also, he came home, after having barely tasted the delights of London and Oxford completeness.

In Concord he entered upon a long renunciation. Of necessity this was beneficial to his art. He was now fully primed with observation, and *The Dolliver Romance*, hammered out from several beginnings that he successively cast aside, appeared so exquisitely pure and fine because of the hush of fasting and reflection which environed the worker.

It is the unfailing history of great souls that they seem to destroy themselves most in relation to the world's happiness when they most deserve and acquire a better reward. He was starving, but he steadily wrote. He was weary of the pinched and unpromising condition of our daily life, but he smiled, and entertained us and guided us with unflagging manliness, though with longer and longer intervals of wordless reserve. As to anything that interested us, he joined in it at least sufficiently to turn his luminous eyes upon our enthusiasm with his genial "h'm-m" of permission. I was never afraid to run to him for his sympathy, as he sat reading in an easy-chair, in some one of those positions of his which looked as if he could so sit and peruse till the end of time. I knew that his response would be so cordially given that it would brim over me, and so melodiously that it would echo in my heart for a great while; yet it would be as brief as the single murmurous stroke of *one* from a cathedral tower, half startling by its intensity, but which attracts the birds, who wing by preference to that lofty spot.

There are many references in my mother's diaries and letters to my father's enforced monotony, and also to his gradually failing health, which, by the very instinct of loving alarm, we none of us analyzed as fatal; though, from his expression of face, if for no other reason, I judge he himself understood it perfectly. Death sat with him, at his right hand, long before he allowed his physical decline to change his mode of life. He tried to stem the tide setting against him, because it is the drowning man's part, even if hopeless. He walked a great deal upon the high hill-ridge behind the house, his dark, quietly moving figure passing slowly across the dim light of mingled sky and branches, as seen from the large lawn, around which the embowered terraces rose like an amphitheatre. A friend tells me that, from a neigh-

boring farm, he sometimes watched my father in an occupation which he had undertaken for his health. A cord of wood had been cut upon the hill, and he deliberately dragged it to the lower level of his dwelling, two logs at a time, by means of a rope. Along the ridge and down the winding pine-flanked path he slowly and studiously stepped, musing, looking up, stopping to solve some point of plot or morals; and meanwhile the cord of wood changed its abiding-place as surely as water may wear away a stone. But his splendid vigor paled, his hair grew snowy white, before the end. My mother wrote to him in the following manner from time to time, when he was away for change of scene:—

*September 9, 1860.* My crown of glory. This morning I waked to clouds and rain, but for myself I did not care, as you were not here to be depressed by it. There was a clear and golden sunset, making the loveliest shadows and lights on the meadows and across my straight path [over the field to the willows, between firs], and now the stars shine. — The way in which Concordians observe Fast is by loafing about the streets, driving up and down, and dawdling generally. No one seems to mourn over his own or his country's sins. Such behavior must disturb our Puritan fathers even on the other side of the Jordan. — In the evening Julian brought me a letter. "It is from New York," said he, "but not from papa." But my heart knew better, though I did not know the handwriting. I dashed it open, and saw, "N. H.," and then, "I am entirely well," not scratched out. Thank God. . . . The sun has not shone to-day, and there is now a stormy wind that howls like a beast of prey over its dead. It is the most ominous, boding sound I ever heard.

*March 15, 1862.* The news of your appetite sends new life into me, and immediately increases my own.

*July.* I am afraid you have been in

frightful despair at this rainy day. It has flooded here in sheets, with heavy thunder. But I have snatched intervals to weed. I could see and hear everything growing around me in the warm rain. The army corn has hopped up as if it were parched. The yellow lilies are reeling up to the skies. Pigweed has become camelopard weed. . . . Alas that you should be insulted with dried-apple pie and molasses preserves! Oh, horror! I thought that you would have fresh fruit and vegetables. Pray go to a civilized house and have decent fare. — I know it will do you immense good to make this journey. You should oftener make such visits, and then you would “like things” better. Your spirits get below concert pitch by staying in one place so long at a time. I am glad Leutze keeps you on [to paint his portrait]. Do not come home till the middle of September. Just remember how hot and dead it is here in hot weather, and how you cannot bear it. — I do not think I have a purer pleasure and completer satisfaction, nowadays, than I am conscious of when I get you fairly away from Concord influences. I then sit down and feel rested through my whole constitution. All care seems at an end. I would not have had you here yesterday for all England. It was red-hot from morn to dewy eve. We burned without motion or sound. But you were in Boston, and not under this hill. If you wish me to be happy, you must consent to spend the dogdays at the sea. — After a cool morning followed a red-hot day. It seemed to me more intolerable than any before. You could not have borne such dead weather. The house was a refrigerator in comparison to the outdoor atmosphere. — We have had some intolerably muggy days. That is, they would have been so, if you had not been at the sea. — You have been far too long in one place without change, and I am sure you will get benefit under such pleasant conditions as being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. [Horatio] Bridge,

and a witness of such new phases of life as those in Washington. — Splendors upon splendors have been heaped into this day. Loads of silky plumed corn or even sheaves of cardinal flowers cannot be compared to the new sunshine and the magnificent air which have filled the earth from early dawn. The brook that became a broad river in the flood of yesterday made our landscape perfect. It seemed to me that I must dance and sing, and now I know it was because you were writing to me. Rose and I went down the straight path [called later the Cathedral Aisle] to look at the fresh river. I delayed to be embroidered with gold sun over and over, and through and through. At the gate I was arrested by the tower, also illustrious with the glory of the atmosphere, and very pretty indeed, lifting its nice, shapely head above the decrepit old ridge-pole of the ancient house. — I took my saw and went on a lovely wander, with a fell intent against all dead and confusing branches. How infinitely sweet it is to have access to this woodland virtue! It does me measureless good; and I am sure such air as we have on these fine days must be the effect of heroic and gentle deeds, and is a pledge that there are not tens only, but tens of thousands of heroes on this earth, keeping it in life and being. — Your letter has kindled us all up into lamps of light to-day. But I am wholly dissatisfied with your boarding-house, so full of deaf women, and violin din, and schoolgirls! Pray change your residence and have peace. You will curse your stars if you have to “bellow” for three weeks, when you so hate to speak even in your natural inward tone. — Mary has just sent me a note, saying that there is a paragraph in the paper about your being at Washington, and that the President [Lincoln] received you with especial graciousness. Stay as long as you can, and get great good. I cannot have you return yet. — The President has had a delicious palaver with a deputation of

black folk, talking to them as to babies. I suspect the President is a jewel. I like him very well. — If it were not such a bore, I could wish thou mightest be President through this crisis, and show the world what can be done by using two eyes, and turning each thing upside down and inside out, before judging and acting. I should not wonder if thy great presence in Washington might affect the moral air and work good. If you like the President, then give him my love and blessing. — The President's immortal special message fills me with unbounded satisfaction. It is so almost superhumanly wise, moderate, fitting, that I am ready to believe an angel came straight from heaven to him with it. He must be honest and true, or an angel would not come to him. Mary Mann says she thinks the message feeble, and not to the point. But I think a man shows strength when he can be moderate at such a moment as this. Thou hadst better give my high regards to the President. I meant to write to him; but that mood has passed. I wish to express my obligations for the wisdom of his message.

Towards the last an unacknowledged fear took hold of my mother's consciousness, so that she gave every evidence of foretelling my father's death without once presenting the possibility to herself. This little note of mine, dated April 4, 1864, six weeks before he died, shows the truth: —

"I am so glad that you are getting on so well; but for your own sake I think you had better stay somewhere till you get entirely well. Mamma thought from the last letter from Mr. Ticknor that you were not so well; but Julian explained to her that, as Mr. Ticknor said in every line that you were better, he did not see how it could possibly be. I do not either."

From the first year of our return to America letters and visitors from abroad had interrupted the sense of utter quiet; and many friends called in amiable pil-

grimage. But a week of monotony is immensely long, and a few hours of zest are provokingly short. Nature and seclusion are welcome when, at our option, we can bid them good-by. All England is refreshing with the nearness of London. In the rush of cares and interruptions which we suppose will kill the opportunity, while we half lose ourselves and our intellectual threads of speculation, the flowers of inspiration suddenly blow, the gems flash color. This is a pleasant, but not always an essential satisfaction; yet, in my father's case, I think his life suffered with peculiar severity from the sudden dashing aside of manly interests which he had already denied to himself, or which circumstances had denied to him, with the utmost persistence ever known in so perceptive a genius. He undoubtedly had a large store of *inherited* experiences to draw upon; he was richly endowed with these, and could sit and walk alone, year after year (except for occasional warm reunions with friends of the cleanest joviality), and feel the intercourse with the world, of his ancestors, stirring in his veins. He tells us that this was ghostly pastime; but it is an inheritance that makes a man well equipped and self-sustained, for all that. When too late, the great men about him realized that they had estimated his presence very cheaply, considering his worth. Should he frequently have sought them out, and asked if they were inclined to spare a chat to Hawthorne; or should they have insisted upon strengthening their greatness from his inimitably pure and unerring perception and his never weary imagination? It is impossible to ignore the superiority of his simplicity of truth over the often labored searchings for it of the men and women he knew, whose very diction shows the straining after effect, the desire to enchant themselves with their own minds, which is the bane of greatness, or else the uneasy skip and jump of a wit that dares not keep still. As time ripens,

these things are more and more apparent to all, as they were to him. In a manner similar to Emerson's, who spoke of his regret for losing the chance of associating fully with my father, Longfellow wrote to my mother: —

June 23, 1864.

. . . Thank you for your kind remembrance in sending me the volume of Goldsmith. There are some things one cannot say; and I hardly need tell you how much I value your gift, and how often I shall look at the familiar name on the blank leaf, — a name which more than any other links me to my youth. I have written a few lines trying to express the impressions of May 23 [1864, the date of Hawthorne's burial]. . . . I trust you will pardon their deficiencies for the love I bear his memory. More than ever I regret that I postponed from day to day coming to see you in Concord.

With deepest sympathy,

Yours truly,

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

To go back to our Concord amusements. Mr. Bright caroled out a greeting not very long after our return: —

WEST DERBY, September 8, 1860.

MY DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE, — Of course not! — I *knew* you'd never write to me, though you declared you would. Probably by this time you've forgotten us all, and sent us off into mistland with Miriam and Donatello; possibly all England looks by this time nothing but mistland, and you believe only in Concord and its white houses, and the asters on the hill behind your house, and the pumpkins in the valley below. Well, at any rate I have not forgotten you or yours; and I feel that, now you have left us, a pleasure has slipped out of our grasp. Do you remember all our talks in that odious office of yours; my visits to Rockferry; my one visit, all in the snow, to Southport; our excursions into Wales, and through the London

streets, and to Rugby and to Cambridge; and how you plucked the laurel at Addison's Bilton, and found the skeleton in Dr. Williams's library; and lost your umbrella in those dark rooms in Trinity; and dined at Richmond, and saw the old lady looking like a maid of honor of Queen Charlotte's time; and chatted at the Cosmopolitan; and heard Tom Hughes sing the Tight Little Island; and — But really I must stop, and can only trust that now at last you will be convinced of my existence, and remember your promise, and write me a good long letter about everything and everybody. The Marble Faun [manuscript] is now in process of binding. The photograph came just as I had begun to despair of it, and I lost not a moment in putting the precious MS. into my binder's hands. I've been for a week's holiday at Tryston, and met several friends of yours: Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hughes, Mrs. and Miss Procter, Mrs. Milnes. The latter spoke most *affectionately* about you. And so did Mrs. Ainsworth, whom I met two days ago. But *she* says you promised to write her the story of the Bloody Footstep [The Ancestral Footstep], and have never done it. I'm very fond of Mrs. Ainsworth; she talks such good nonsense. She told us gravely, the other day, that the Druses were much more interesting than the Maronites, *because* they sounded like Drusus and Rome, whereas the Maronites were only like *marrons glacés*, etc. The H.'s are at Norris Green. Mrs. H. is becoming "devout," and *will* go to church on Wednesdays and Fridays. I want news from your side. What is Longfellow about? Tell me about Leaves of Grass, which I saw at Milnes's. Who and what is the author; and who buy and who read the audacious (I use mildest epithet) book? I must now bring this letter to an end. Emerson will have forgotten so humble a person as I am; but I can't forget the pleasant day I spent with him. Ask Longfellow to come over here very

soon. And for yourself, ever believe me most heartily yours.

H. A. BRIGHT.

A friend of Mr. Bright's pardons my father's unfeeling indifference by a request:—

WALTHAM HOUSE, WALTHAM CROSS,  
August 10, 1861.

DEAR MR. HAWTHORNE, — Am I not showing my Christian charity when, in spite of the terrible disappointment which I felt at your broken promise to come with Bright to smoke a cigar with me about this time last year, I entreat you, in greeting Mr. Anthony Trollope, who with his wife is about to visit America, to give him an extra welcome and shake of the hand, for the sake of yours most sincerely and respectfully,

W. W. SYNGE.

Then, again, Concord itself sparkled occasionally, even outside of its perfect Junes and Octobers, as we can see here in the merry geniality of Louisa Alcott, who no more failed to make people laugh than she failed to live one of the bravest and best of lives. In return for a package of birthday gifts she sent us a poem, from which I take these verses:—

The Hawthorne is a gracious tree  
From latest twig to parent root,  
For when all others leafless stand  
It gayly blossoms and bears fruit.  
On certain days a friendly wind  
Wafts from its spreading boughs a store  
Of canny gifts that flutter in  
Like snowflakes at a neighbor's door.

The spinster who has just been blessed  
Finds solemn thirty much improved,  
By proofs that such a crabbed soul  
Is still remembered and beloved.  
Kind wishes "ancient Lu" has stored  
In the "best chamber" of her heart,  
And every gift on Fancy's stage  
Already plays its little part.

Long may it stand, the friendly tree,  
That blooms in autumn and in spring,  
Beneath whose shade the humblest bird  
May safely sit, may gratefully sing.

Time will give it an evergreen name,  
Axe cannot harm it, frost cannot kill;  
With Emerson's pine and Thoreau's oak  
Will the Hawthorne be loved and honored still!

A source of deep enjoyment to my father was a long visit from his sister, Ebie Hawthorne (he having given her that pretty title instead of any other abbreviation of Elizabeth). I came to know her very well in after-years, and was astonished at her magic resemblance to my father in many ways. I always felt her unmistakable power. She was chock-full of worldly wisdom, though living in the utmost monastic retirement, only allowing herself to browse in two wide regions,—the woods and literature. She knew the latest news from the papers, and the oldest classics alongside of them. She was potentially, we thought, rather hazardous, or perverse. But language refuses to explain her. Her brother seemed not to dream of this, yet no doubt relished the fact that a nature as unique as any he had drawn sparkled in his sister. She was a good deal unspiritual in everything; but all besides in her was fine mind, wisdom, and loving-kindness of a lazy, artistic sort. That is to say, she was unregenerate, but excellent; and she fascinated like a wood-creature seldom seen and observant, refined and untrained. My sister was devoted to her, and says, for the hundredth time, in a passage among many pages of their correspondence bequeathed to me:—

MY OWN DEAR AUNTIE, — I was made very happy by your letter this week. What perfectly charming letters you write! Now, don't laugh and say I am talking nonsense; it is really true. You make the simplest things interesting by your way of telling them; and your observations and humor are so keen that I often feel sorry the world does not know something of them. I never remember you to have told me anything twice, and that can be said of very few people; but

there are few enough people in the least like you, my dearest auntie. . . .

My father began to express his wishes in regard to provision for our aunt in case of his death; to burn old letters; and to impart to my mother and Una all that he particularly desired to say to them, among other things his dislike of biographies, and that he forbade any such matter in connection with himself in any distance of the future. This command, respected for a number of years, has been, like all such forcible and prophetic demurs, most signally set aside. It would take long to explain my own modifications of opinion from arguments of fierce resistance to the request for a biographical handling of him; and it matters, no doubt, very little. Such a man must be thoroughly known, as great saints are always sooner or later known, though endeavoring to hide their victories of holiness and charity. Certainly my father did not like to die, though he now wished to do so. My mother, later, often spoke, in consolation for us and for herself, of his dread of helpless old age; and she tried to be glad that his desire to disappear before decrepitude had been fulfilled. But such wise wishes are not carried out as we might choose. The sudden transformation which took place in my father after his coming to America was like an instant's change in the atmosphere from sunshine to dusky cold. I have never had the least difficulty in explaining it to myself; but I might ramble on unpardonably if I developed here the hints already given of my view.

One large item in the sum of his regrets was his unexpectedly narrowed means. It would have required a generous amount of money to put *The Wayside* and its grounds into the delectable order at first contemplated, to bring them into any sort of English perfection, and my parents found that they could not afford it; and so all resulted in semi-comfort and

rough appearances. This narrowing of means was caused not a little by the want of veracity of a person whom my father had trusted with entire affection and a very considerable loan, about which we none of us ever heard again. A crust becomes more than proverbially dry under these circumstances.

My mother bore every reverse nobly. She writes, after her husband's death: "I have 'enjoyed life,' and 'its hard pinches' have not too deeply bitten into my heart. But this has been because I am not only hopeful and of indomitable credence by nature, but because this temperament, together with the silent ministry of pain, has helped me to the perfect, the unshadowed belief in the instant providence of God; in his eternal love, patience, sweetness; in his shining face, never averted. It is because I cannot be disappointed on account of this belief. To stand and wait after doing all that is legitimate is my instinct, my best wisdom, my inspiration; and I always hear the still, small voice at last. If man would not babble so much, we could much oftener hear God. The lesson of my life has been patience. It has only made me feel the more humble that God has been so beyond count benignant to me. I have been cushioned and pillowed with tender love from the cradle. Such a mother seldom falls to the lot of mortals. She was the angel of my life. Her looks and tones and her acts of high-bred womanhood were the light and music and model of my childhood. Then God joined my destiny with him who was to be all relations in one. Pain passed away when my husband came. Poverty was lighter than a thistledown with such a power of felicity to uphold it. With 'lowering clouds' I have never been long darkened, because the sun above has been so penetrating that their tissue has directly become silvered and goldened. Our own closed eyelids are too often the only clouds between us and the ever-shining sun. I

hold all as if it were not mine, but God's, and ready to resign it."

It seemed to me a terrible thing that one so peculiarly strong, sentient, luminous, as my father should grow feebler and fainter, and finally ghostly still and white. Yet when his step was tottering and his frame that of a wraith, he was as dignified as in the days of greater pride, holding himself, in military self-command, even more erect than before. He did not omit to come in his very best black coat to the dinner-table, where the extremely prosaic fare had no effect upon the distinction of the meal. He hated failure, dependence, and disorder, broken rules and weariness of discipline, as he hated cowardice. I cannot express how brave he seemed to me. The last time I

saw him, he was leaving the house to take the journey for his health which led suddenly to the next world. My mother was to go to the station with him, — she who, at the moment when it was said that he died, staggered and groaned, though so far from him, telling us that something seemed to be sapping all her strength; I could hardly bear to let my eyes rest upon her shrunk, suffering form on this day of farewell. My father certainly knew, what she vaguely felt, that he would never return.

Like a snow image of an unbending but an old, old man, he stood for a moment gazing at me. My mother sobbed, as she walked beside him to the carriage. We have missed him in the sunshine, in the storm, in the twilight, ever since.

*Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.*

## THE SCANDINAVIAN CONTINGENT.

"WHAT a glorious new Scandinavia might not Minnesota become! Here would the Swede find again his clear romantic lakes, the plains of Scania rich in corn, and the valleys of Norrland; here would the Norwegian find his rapid-flowing rivers, his lofty mountains, for I include the Rocky Mountains and Oregon in the new kingdom; and both nations their hunting-fields and their fisheries. The Danes might here pasture their flocks and herds, and lay out their farms on richer and less misty coasts than those of Denmark. . . . The climate, the situation, the character of the scenery, agrees with our people better than that of any other of the American States."

So wrote Frederika Bremer from St. Paul in the autumn of 1850, when there were barely a score of Scandinavians in all the vast region she called Minnesota. Forty-five years have brought a marvelous fulfillment of these prophetic words, and to-day, of the 11,500,000 direct liv-

ing descendants of the Vikings, 2,500,000, more than one fifth, reside in the United States, — born of Scandinavian parents, either in Europe or in America. In the sixty years since the movement really began, about 1,500,000 of these northern peoples have left their peninsular homes and built again in the New World. Few provinces of Denmark, Sweden, or Norway contain so many Scandinavians as the 375,000 who make up one fourth of the population of Minnesota. Wisconsin and Illinois have each 200,000. Iowa, Nebraska, and the two Dakotas have the larger part of the remainder. Twenty-five thousand or more are in Kansas, in each of the far Western States of California, Washington, and Utah, and even in the east coast States of Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania. In the last three States, however, they live for the most part in the great cities and manufacturing towns.

As I have gone about in the new Scan-

dinavia and in the old Scandinavia, noting the same points of striking similarity which Miss Bremer described, and differences equally marked, I have ceased to wonder at the coming of the mighty host that has settled so quietly among us. The surprise is rather that so many have been content not to come. That the advantages in life for the vast majority of those who have emigrated are very real and positive is demonstrated by the exceedingly small percentage who return to the homeland for permanent residence. Some of these backsliders from faith in the great West have repented, and emigrated a second time. A physician, graduated at the University of Christiania, had gained a small fortune in a large Wisconsin town, and returned to Christiania with his family and belongings by the same steamer in which I went. He had served his term in exile, and was going back where a man could really live. In two years he was again in the Northwest, to stay.

It is a suggestive fact that so large a proportion of the Scandinavians are settled in the distinctively agricultural States. A glance at a map showing the locations of the various foreign elements of our population would increase the significance by disclosing how much greater that proportion is with the Scandinavians than with any other class of immigrants. The most reliable figures obtainable indicate that, of the Scandinavians, one out of four engages in agriculture; of the Germans, one out of seven; of the Irish, only one out of twelve. But this fact alone must not be over-emphasized. It does not follow that immigrants are desirable because they choose the country rather than the city. The value of the Scandinavians is that they choose a pursuit in which they excel.

In order to understand the conditions and tendency of the generation of to-day, something must be added from a close study of these children of the north, among the mountains of Norway, on the

broader fields of Sweden and Denmark, in their towns, and by the all-surrounding sea. Any one who has investigated the situation on both sides of the water will realize that no class or section can be neglected in such a study, for the immigrants have come from all grades of society and from all parts of the three countries. Many times, in various parishes and cities in Norway and Sweden, I have asked men, as I met them, if they had relatives or intimate friends settled in America, and I cannot recall a single negative answer. Peasants in out-of-the-way valleys in the Norwegian mountains or in northern Sweden, fishermen, tradesmen in the cities, editors, government officials, and university professors, — all gave me the same reply. Every class is bound to America by the closest ties. An excellent example of one of the Swedish nobility settling in the United States is found in the late Baron Nils Posse, who was so well known in educational circles. Not since the English immigration of the seventeenth century has there come to us such complete representation of all classes of a civilized community.

The term "Scandinavian" is convenient, but at best only broadly generic. As descriptive of Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes, it is even looser than the use of "British" to describe the English, Scotch, and Welsh collectively. We all know that there is no Scandinavian language, no Scandinavian nation, but we do not so well realize that Sweden and Denmark have different languages, governments, and traditions. To be sure, Norway and Sweden, since 1814, have constituted a dual monarchy, but they are just as widely separated in language and tradition as Spain and Portugal, or as Russia and Poland. The physical features of the countries — the mountains, fjords, and extensive coastline of Norway, the level stretches, the lakes, and the regular coast of Sweden, and the flat, sandy plains and islands of Denmark — seem to find a spiritual counterpart in the people

themselves. The typical Swede is aristocratic, assertive, fond of dignities; he is polite, vivacious, bound to have a good time, without any far look into the future. Yet he is persistent, and capable of great energy and endurance. He is fond of music. In literature his best work has been the lyrics and epics of Bellman and Tegnér. The typical Norwegian is, above all, democratic. He is simple, severe, intense, often radical and visionary. There lies an unknown quantity of passion in him, a capacity for high, even turbulent endeavor, but rarely the qualities of a great leader. He too is fond of music, but with a dramatic element. In his literature of this century, even more than in his music, the dramatic predominates. The towering figures of Björnson and Ibsen, great in both drama and novel, belong not merely to Norway, but to the world. The Dane is the Southerner of the Scandinavians, though still a conservative; gay, but not to excess. He is preëminently a small farmer or a trader, ready and easy-going, not given to great risks, but quick to see a bargain and shrewd in making it. His interests have led him out from his small kingdom in all directions, so that he, more than his brothers to the north, has yielded to foreign influences. His best literature has been romantic.

Judged by American standards, these northern folk are slow, often immoderately slow. Their fastest express train rarely attains a speed of thirty miles an hour, and does not run at all in the winter. The ordinary trains from Christiania north, some years ago, ran only during the day, and passengers were obliged to go to an inn for the night. All three peoples, down to the stolidest laborer, mountaineer, or fisherman, are industrious and frugal. Nature is no spendthrift in any part of the Scandinavian countries. Small economies are the alphabet of her teachings. Only by diligence are the treasures in land and sea wrung from her unwilling grasp.

Björnsterne Björnson, one of the most striking and original figures of the century in Norwegian politics and letters, himself an enthusiastic patriot and a radical, wrote some years ago to Professor Hjärne, of Upsala, in Sweden, concerning the Norwegian people: "The Norwegians are, in my opinion, not that people in the north which is least gifted or has the weakest character. But . . . its aims are not far reaching. It is not so grand as the Swedish people, — not so flippant, either, perhaps. It is not so industrious and faithful as the Danish people, — not so zealous, either, perhaps. It takes hold and lets go, it lets go and takes hold, of persons and aims. It will exert itself to the utmost, but it demands speedy and signal success. Its ambition is not so great as its vanity. Hot-headed, impetuous, in small things, it is patient in great ones. . . . The condition of conditions [for great things] is the right of self-determination."

The Scandinavian countries belong to a group of five or six European states which are set down, in ordinary statistical works, as practically without illiteracy; that is, with less than one per cent of persons unable to read and write. These figures are confirmed in the case of Sweden by the statistics of the army recruits. They also gain in meaning immensely when compared with those for some other countries of Europe from which there has been large emigration. Austro-Hungary shows thirty per cent of illiteracy, Italy forty-one, Russia nearly eighty. An educational requirement would debar a large part of these immigrants; but however rigidly the United States might enforce it, the Scandinavians would be only very slightly affected. They have actually done for themselves, without flourish or bragging, what we, with our boasted system of public schools, have not yet been able to do. In nine years spent in Minneapolis I became personally acquainted with hundreds of them, and in my visits to the various sec-

tions of Minnesota and the neighboring States, where they are thickly settled, I met hundreds more. Not a single adult among them all, so far as I observed, was unable to read and write. On the other hand, some of the physicians, ministers, and teachers were men educated in the universities of Christiania, Copenhagen, Upsala, and Lund.

In the matter of religion, all Scandinavians are most uncompromising Protestants. There are barely enough Catholic exceptions in Europe and the United States together to prove that conversion to the Roman Catholic faith is possible for them. Dislike of Catholicism is rather an instinct, coming down from Reformation times, than a matter of knowledge or close observation. It is so strong as an innate sentiment that, consciously or unconsciously, it colors their relations in politics and in society. The distrust of the Irish, which sometimes takes active form, is at bottom religious, and not racial.

Few of them come here without some political knowledge and experience. Freedom, republican institutions, constitutional government, and elections are no novelties. The Norwegian lives under the extremely democratic constitution of 1814, and on the 17th of May, on both sides of the Atlantic, celebrates its adoption. In Norway all titles of nobility have been abolished. The essential difference between the Norwegian system and our own is that in the former a property qualification is still retained. The Swede since the reforms of 1866, and the Dane since those of 1849 and 1866, have lived under much the same conditions as the Norwegian, though in both Sweden and Denmark there is still a noble class. It has been natural, therefore, for all three nationalities to fall in with the method of government in the United States, and at once to take a normal part. There have been none of the excesses characteristic of the use of a new-found liberty.

With such equipments as these, the Scandinavians have come into the United States, not for adventure, but with serious purpose; not merely to get away from Europe, but to "arrive" somewhere in America. Most of them have been far from typical Swedes, Danes, or Norwegians. Conservatism and slowness, with them, have often degenerated into stolidity, independence into stubbornness, and shrewdness into insincerity. They have sometimes been clannish; but how can any class with a foreign speech avoid clannishness? It is a necessary stage in the evolution, and, with the people from the north, only a stage. Out of it, through the gates of the English language, speedy naturalization, and increased prosperity, they pass into broader relations. Until the recent increase of the urban element, none of the three nationalities has deliberately settled apart, intensifying its peculiarities. They mingle freely with each other and with the Americans in business and politics. Intermarriages are by no means uncommon. In the complex people, or mixture of peoples, which may hereafter be called Scandinavian will appear many of the qualities of each component. Fresh additions will continue to reinforce the old, while the third and fourth generations cannot lose completely the original characteristics. They will be sturdy, independent, and Protestant; they will be intelligent, persistent, patient, and thrifty. We shall not, therefore, expect the current of their life to run counter to that of the nation.

For this hopeful expectation there is good historical reason. America has an experience of Scandinavian colonization more than two centuries old, and the result shows what may be expected from the next two centuries. The Swedish settlement of the seventeenth century is doubly instructive: because it was formed from the same classes of society and followed the same lines as the movement of the last fifty years, and because the Swede of the seventeenth century and

the Swede of the nineteenth century, in essential characteristics, are one. Two hundred years have wrought far less change in him than in his cousin of Germany or England. The colony on the Delaware was like an experiment in irrigation: the nature of the result must be the same, whether the water be applied by the bucketful in Delaware or by turning a great stream upon the prairies of the Northwest.

Before the second generation of English or Dutch settlers in America had grown to manhood, the Swedes began their colonization. The colony had been originally planned by Gustavus Adolphus in 1624. It was to be no mere commercial speculation, no mere haven for aristocratic adventurers, but "a blessing to the common man," a place for "a free people with wives." But sterner duties took the energies of the great king, and it remained for his daughter, Queen Christina, and his faithful Oxenstjerna to carry out the plans. From 1638 to 1655 the Swedish flag floated over a Swedish colony on the banks of the Delaware, and then disappeared forever as a sign of sovereignty in America. In these years several hundreds of settlers had there acquired a home. Their justice in dealing with the Indians had prevented any massacre or war. Their shrewdness and thrift had sent back to Sweden many a cargo of furs. Their loyalty and piety had built the fort and the church side by side. Dutch and English threats did not destroy the prosperity of the company; and when an expedition set out for New Sweden in 1654, about one hundred families who had made preparations to go were left behind for lack of accommodations.

Sweden seems thus to have had a touch of the "America fever" as early as the middle of the seventeenth century. The disease, however, did not become chronic, for in 1656 New Sweden became a part of New Netherland, and in 1664 a part of New York. The prosper-

ity of the colony continued, and by the end of the seventeenth century it numbered about one thousand, scattered along both banks of the Delaware.

It was only a handful of quiet, industrious men and women who made up the colony of farmers. Nor was it continually reinforced by additions from Sweden. It cannot be said to have exercised any powerful or controlling influence on colonial life. But as an element it was highly desirable. It contributed only good blood and sturdy good sense to a heterogeneous population that all too often sorely needed just these qualities. The Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, who had lived long among their descendants, wrote in 1888: "I make bold to say that no better stock has been contributed (in proportion to its numbers) toward giving a solid basis to society under republican forms than these hardy, honest, industrious, law-abiding, God-fearing Swedish settlers on the banks of the Christiana in Delaware. While I have never heard of a very rich man among them, I have never heard of a pauper. I cannot recall the name of a statesman or distinguished law-giver among them, nor of a rogue nor a felon." For two centuries can this Swedish thread in our fabric be clearly traced, and to-day many a man bearing the familiar Swedish name of Nelson, Thompson, or Anderson is indebted to the Swedes on the Delaware for characteristics as well as a name. One of these descendants gave clear evidence that he was no degenerate son of New Sweden, for in the defense of Fort Sumter Major Robert Anderson displayed virtues worthy of the terrible field of Lützen, where Gustavus Adolphus and his Swedes sacrificed themselves to win religious freedom for millions who were not of their blood.

The story of the nineteenth-century Scandinavian immigration is but that of the seventeenth-century Swedish settlement, revised and rewritten on an immense scale. With a slight modification,

the quaint words of Thomas Paskell's letter from Philadelphia in 1683 are true in the great West to-day: "They [the Swedes] weer but ordinarily cloathed, but since the English came, they have gotten fine cloaths and are going proud." The first result of the later movement, both for the adopted country and for the immigrant, has been economic. The prime motive of the emigration throughout has been the betterment of material conditions. With few exceptions, political and religious persecution has played no part whatever. The forerunners of the later thousands were certain Norwegians who emigrated in the twenties and thirties, — men of the poorest classes of the communities whence they came, but not paupers or criminals. They were squeezed out from the bottom of society, escaping as it were through cracks and crevices. The average quality, however, steadily improved from the first, though poverty at home has always been one of the commonest reasons for emigration. Down to about 1878 the great majority came from the country parishes, where the dearest ambition was to own land, the more the better. But they could not expect to gain more than a few lean acres even by the hard, unceasing labor of a lifetime. From America came letters full of stories of prosperity. Occasionally a man returned to his old home, and men tramped scores of miles to hear him tell of a land of promise, which, if it did not flow with milk and honey, at least abounded with fabulously rich, level land, to be had at a nominal price. Sometimes these fascinating advantages were set forth, with purely benevolent intent, in a little pamphlet, rather more naïve and truthful than those circulated later by railroad and state land commissioners and immigration agents. I found one of these pamphlets, printed in the early forties, in the Royal Library at Copenhagen, and one of the advantages, described in bold-faced type, was that land was so plenty

that the pigs and cattle might be allowed to run at will. What more could a poor peasant ask? So the Scandinavians passed by the coast States, by the middle Western States, where their longing for land at a dollar and a quarter an acre could not be satisfied, and streamed into the Northwest: into Illinois and Wisconsin in the forties, into Iowa and Minnesota in the fifties, and then, as good government land grew scarcer, into Nebraska, Dakota, and the Far West. The Southwest attracted almost none of them, partly because of their hatred of slavery, partly because of the climate. Since 1835, when La Salle County, Illinois, received the first company, the Scandinavian has been among the foremost in redeeming the wilderness of prairie and forest. No other class of immigrants, and few Americans, have been so ready to undergo the hardship, privation, and isolation of the frontier for the sake of a far-distant competence. New-comers filtered through the old settlements, where land was well occupied and its price had risen, to the new regions beyond. They did not usually come empty-handed, since the average man brought about a hundred dollars in specie or exchange. This was put into land as speedily as possible, a hut was built, and a home was begun. Some years ago I became well acquainted with one of these average men, a young Swede. He had brought a little money with him, and by working two years on a farm he had saved enough to buy twenty acres of tilled land. Upon this he had had a shanty built, which, in the evolution of the estate, was to become a storeroom. After another year of work for wages he was married, and the shanty became a home. Men who had come before 1850, and had settled in Illinois and Wisconsin, were in 1870, in many cases, wealthy farmers, owning four hundred and even six hundred acres of land, and worth twenty thousand and thirty thousand dollars. Ease and independence had not been won by speculation or by politics,

but by hard work, care, thrift, and the normal increase in the value of their farms. Exactly the same thing is still going on in the Northwest wherever there is farm land open to settlers, as in northern Minnesota and North Dakota. In a quiet, determined way, the Scandinavian is gaining a home for himself and better conditions for his children. It is simply because he puts a higher value upon land-owning than any other immigrant, and has generally preferred to settle upon cheap wild land instead of purchasing at a higher price land already cultivated, or settling down in town, that millions of dollars have been so rapidly added to the valuation of the Northwestern States, like Minnesota and Iowa. The extension of railroads in turn attracting more settlers, the development of manufactures, particularly milling, and the increase of trade have been greatly hastened as a result of the Scandinavian's thrift and steadiness, qualities in which even the German cannot equal him.

It has been asserted by a noted writer on immigration that one reason why the Scandinavians have been so successful is that their standard of living is lower than that of other peoples, — the Americans or Germans, for example. In other words, they sell everything they can, and live upon the rest. My own experience and observation among them do not confirm this. In 1886 I spent six weeks in the home of a Danish farmer in Minnesota, and frequently called upon his neighbors, both Swedes and Norwegians. There seemed to be no inferiority in their homes or their tables as compared with those of Americans in similar circumstances. On the frontier the same holds true, so far as I have observed. The standard of living in the log hut in a clearing in the forest, or in a sod house on the prairie, is about the same, whether the owner is American, German, or Scandinavian.

Connected with the economic gain

from the filling-up of the thinly settled regions is another which also springs from that strong sense of individuality and independence which characterizes the northern Teutons. Organized emigration has been quite unknown among them. There has been no exploitation of their labor by agents abroad or by American capitalists. They have come as individuals, as families, or as voluntary companies, and they have settled in the same fashion. In general, it is true that there is among them no large permanent class of men who have nothing but their hands. Great numbers of them are willing to serve for some years as farm-hands, domestics, or operatives, while they are learning our language and getting a start, but they are not content to continue hired laborers. An independent business, however small, a farm or a shop of their own, is their ambition, and no labor is too severe to gain it. In the last fifteen years many people have been emigrating from the towns of Scandinavia, especially from those of Sweden, and these have located mainly in our cities and manufacturing towns. Large additions to the Eastern cities have been made in this period, and they seem to be joining the permanent wage-earning class. In Brooklyn, for example, the number of foreign-born Scandinavians rose from about 4000 in 1880 to 16,000 in 1890. Though many have made their mark in great commercial enterprises, it is as farmers that the Scandinavians have been preëminently successful. In a class by themselves belong the domestics, — the house servant, the coachman, and the general utility man. They are faithful, hard-working, and honest, as a rule, but they have a strong liking for doing things in their own way, regardless of instructions. They lack the faculty of implicit obedience. In the West the quality of those in domestic service seems to be better than it is in the East. The proletariat is not largely recruited from them. Secret societies and in-

trigues are not their specialties. The anarchist does not look to them for allies or supplies.

The difficult problem of municipal government is of course complicated by the recent addition of a Scandinavian element. Any increase of the percentage of aliens in the urban population adds a danger. But it must be remembered that the new element is fairly well educated, and not inexperienced in self-government. It is capable and ready to assist in the solution of the problems, and is demonstrating its usefulness for that purpose. Minneapolis gives a good example in connection with its public school system, which is conceded to be one of the best in the United States. Any one acquainted with the development of the schools of that city must recognize the great services of Norwegians.

The political influence of the Scandinavians has been second to the economic. In no case have they exercised an influence proportionate to their numbers. In Minnesota they come nearer doing so than elsewhere, but even there, with about one fourth of the population, they have rarely had more than one sixth of the members in the state legislature. Of course, in towns and counties which are solidly filled up by Scandinavians, most of the offices are commonly taken by them. In the early years they were too much absorbed in home-building and money-getting to give much attention to politics, but with prosperity came a chance to indulge their taste for public affairs. The Norwegian in particular seems to have a *penchant* for politics. He is a controversialist by nature, and takes delight in the excitement of a campaign. He has a clear notion at least of equality with every other man, and in shrewdness in pushing toward his political goal neither the Dane nor the Swede can compare with him.

An ingrained antipathy to slavery was undoubtedly the most powerful impulse which before the war carried the Scandi-

navians into the Republican party. The example of the earlier immigrants, the anti-slavery tradition, and the prestige of the party after the war predisposed the new-comers in favor of the Republicans. It was a perfectly natural choice, and indicates nothing more than a conservative mind. I find very little evidence that dislike of the Irish had anything to do with the loyalty of the Scandinavians to the Republican party. The war brought some of them prominently before the public, and soon afterward they began to appear frequently in the state legislature in Wisconsin, as well as in purely local offices. They have filled various state offices in Wisconsin and Minnesota since 1869, when a Swede was first elected secretary of state for Minnesota. In 1892, and again in 1894, a Norwegian was elected governor of Minnesota, and that State is at present represented in the United States Senate by a Norwegian. In general, the allegiance to party has been stronger than any race feeling. Only very rarely has a Scandinavian Democratic candidate been elected by the aid of Scandinavian Republican votes. A Swede's loyalty to a Swede is usually stronger than his loyalty to a Dane or to a Norwegian. In fact, there is always an undercurrent of jealousy among the three nationalities. But it is rarely strong enough to overcome the ordinary obligations and motives of politics; and while each party usually apportions its candidates among the various nationalities, its failure to do so does not materially affect the result. For example, a state ticket in Minnesota, on which both the candidates for governor and secretary of state were Norwegians, polled the usual Swedish and Danish vote. Some years ago, in Rockford, Illinois, the Democrats nominated a Swede for alderman, against a native American in a ward strongly Swedish and Republican. Though there was no particular issue, the Swedes could not be moved by the offer, and the American was elected. Demands are

sometimes made of conventions and of successful candidates, but these cases are rare, and confined mostly to municipal affairs. Nearly all who have risen to any prominence in state or national elections thus far have been Republicans, and the majority of them have been Norwegians. Out of six Scandinavian Representatives in Congress five have been Norwegians, though this proportion does not hold good in the state offices, which are more proportionately divided. Four of the six Representatives were Republicans, two Populists.

Towards the close of the decade 1880-90 the allegiance of the Scandinavians to the Republican party was gradually shaken. The original anti-slavery impulse had completely died out; the agrarian discontent affected those who were farmers, as it did Americans of that class, causing them to look to political forces to relieve them; the increased percentage of immigrants who went to the towns furnished material for labor agitators. Finally, the tariff reform sentiment had gained a great hold upon them; so great, in fact, that one of their Representatives was one of six Republicans who voted for the Mills bill in 1888. Altogether, the division of the Scandinavians, politically, is going on more and more along the same lines as among the Americans. The Populist party has gained the most in the readjustment of party affiliations, and has twice elected a Norwegian to Congress from the seventh Minnesota district. Though the Republican party still holds the majority of the Scandinavian voters, it can no longer make a respectable claim of a monopoly of them. A fair index of the loosening of party ties among them is found in the changed politics of their press. All told, they have about one hundred and thirty newspapers. In 1885, probably three fourths of those who had any political bias were Republican. At present less than one half of them can be so classed, the remainder being chiefly Independent or

Democratic. A few are Prohibitionist, while others are Populist. The change of politics has not usually been due to a transfer of ownership. The editor of *Norden*, of Chicago, a paper which became Democratic in 1888, told me that the change was made only after a careful investigation had shown that such a move would be approved by its supporters.

Legislative acts due directly to Scandinavian influences are few. The most characteristic measure is that passed by the legislature of North Dakota in 1893, providing for courts of conciliation modeled after those which have worked so successfully in Norway. Attempts to pass a similar law in Minnesota and in Wisconsin had been made before, but had failed. The machinery of the act has not been widely used, and it is too soon to judge of the value of the law. Temperance legislation, whether high license in Minnesota or prohibition in North Dakota and Kansas, has had strong Scandinavian support, especially in the Lutheran churches.

On the social side, the people from the Northland are quite as remarkable, by contrast, for what they have not done as for what they have done. With rare exceptions, they have not attempted to maintain separate church schools for elementary instruction. Where other than public schools are opened, it is in the summer vacation, and for the purpose of teaching the church catechism and the mother tongue. The length of the term varies, sometimes extending through three months. The teacher, usually a minister or a student in some church seminary, is paid by the parents of the children taught or by the parish. Often the public school building is used, in country villages where the Scandinavians predominate. The maintenance of these summer schools is by no means general. The influence of the younger people is often against it, for they look upon it as an un-American custom, an attempt to per-

petuate a language and distinctions which are destined to disappear among them. Not infrequently they revolt against the mild paternalism of the clergy who desire to keep them in the old paths, and the result is either indifference or a complete break with the old church. The public school is the great foe to clannishness, and their loyalty to it is one of the best evidences of the genuineness of their Americanization. It is a principle as well as a practice. Their vehement opposition to the famous Bennett law, enacted in Wisconsin a few years ago, would seem to contradict this statement; but a close examination of the law will make it clear that the resistance, in which Lutherans and Catholics, curiously enough, were allied in the Democratic party, was not to the principle of compulsory education, but to the manner of its application.

The great adaptability of the Scandinavians to the circumstances and customs of their adopted country is acknowledged on all sides. Whenever and wherever they have transplanted themselves, whether in England in the ninth century, in Normandy in the tenth, in Sicily in the eleventh, or in America in the nineteenth, the same process of transformation has taken place. No other people in all history has such a record. In the United States they have eagerly learned English, and have quickly done so because of its similarity to their own languages in structure and vocabulary. Of course, men who have come hither as adults always prefer the old speech, and in some districts in the country and in Scandinavian quarters of the cities it will be heard almost exclusively, because of the large numbers of the foreign-born. But the second generation quite invariably choose English, and many of them have forgotten the language of their fathers. At a town convention which I attended in 1894, in Chisago County, a large Swedish community, the proceedings went on smoothly in English for some time, until an elderly

Swede became somewhat puzzled, and asked the chairman, a young Swede, to explain the matter in Swedish. From that point all motions were put first in English, and immediately after in Swedish. Remarks were addressed to the chair in both languages.

In matters of religion Scandinavians have shown a peculiar facility in conforming to the bad American custom of multiplying denominations. In the home countries, though there is now practically complete toleration, the existence of a state church and an episcopal organization has maintained a good degree of uniformity. Neither of these restraining influences has ever operated in this country. There have been no bishops to check the tendency to diversity. Liberty to adopt any creed and to change church relations at will is freely used. The zeal of the Norwegian in controversy has found even a better field in the church than in politics. Before 1890, when three divisions united, there were five bodies of Norwegian Lutherans, while the Danes were comfortable with two, and the Swedes lagged behind with only one. What the Swedes lack in Lutheranism they make up in "dissenting sects," though none of them are large. The Mormon church has a very large number of Scandinavians, principally Danes, though few of them have been converted in this country.

The statistics of intemperance and illegitimacy, which are sometimes so alarming in parts of the Scandinavian countries, do not appear to find a parallel among the Scandinavians in America. But all such statistics are unsatisfactory, and frequently untrustworthy. Generalization is, therefore, unsafe. There are drunkenness and illegitimacy among them here, but I have not observed that it is more difficult to maintain order and decency in a city like Minneapolis with its Norwegians and Swedes, than in St. Paul with its Irish and Germans. Of the pauper and criminal classes the Scandinavians

have a smaller proportion than any other alien element except the British, while of the insane, judging from Minnesota, they seem to have a larger percentage than the Germans or British. Unfortunately, in ordinary statistics of this nature, the second generation is usually put down as native-born, with no hint as to parentage beyond some peculiarity of name.

Several forces are at work against any distinct permanent influence of the Scandinavian elements of our population. Some of these I have already touched upon, as rapid and thorough Americanization and stanch Protestantism. The Danes, Norwegians, and Swedes are particularly free from other than traditional ties binding them to the mother countries. None of the three northern kingdoms is great or powerful in the affairs of Europe. Patriotism is a sentiment of the parish or the homestead more than of the nation. No dramatic outbursts of national sentiment on the other side rekindle the old enthusiasms here. No great causes centring in the Old World continually demand the intense sympathy and financial aid of any class of the Scandinavians, knitting them closely together. Their church organization is decentralized, centrifugal, not

centripetal, recognizing no unity under a supreme temporal head. It cannot, therefore, be used as a potent political force. Their nearest approach to a widespread, peculiar society that can be utilized by a skillful "boss" is a national musical union.

As Swedes, Norwegians, and Danes they fast disappear; merging, not into Scandinavians, but into Americans. They earn their rights as such, and are proud of the possession. They readily fit into places among our better classes, and, without hammering or chiseling, give strength and stability to our social structure, if not beauty and the highest culture. Because of their habits of thought, their respect for education, and their conservatism, the difficulties of adjusting ourselves to their presence are at a minimum. The Scandinavians will not furnish the great leaders, but they will be in the front ranks of those who follow, striving to make the United States strong and prosperous, — "a blessing to the common man." As Americans, they will be builders, not destroyers; safe, not brilliant. Best of all, their greatest service will be as a mighty steadying influence, reinforcing those high qualities which we sometimes call Puritan, sometimes American.

*Kendric Charles Babcock.*

---

## WHIMSICAL WAYS IN BIRD LAND.

"O irritant, iterant, maddening bird!"

ONE lovely evening in May, I was walking down a quiet road, looking, as usual, for birds, when all at once there burst upon the sweet silence a loud alarm. "Chack! chack! chack! too! too! t-t-t! quawk! quawk!" at the top of somebody's loud, resonant voice, as if the whole bird world had suddenly gone mad. I looked about, expecting to see a general rush to the spot; but, to my

surprise, no one seemed to notice it. A catbird on the fence went on with his bewitching song, and a wood-thrush in the shrubbery dropped not a note of his heavenly melody.

"They have heard it before; it must be a chat," I said; and lo! on the top twig of a tall tree, brilliant in the setting sun, stood the singer. Never before had I seen one of the family show himself freely; and while I gazed he proceeded

to exhibit another phase of chat manners, new to me, — wing antics, of which I had read. He flew out toward another treetop, going very slowly, with his legs hanging awkwardly straight down. At every beat of the wings he threw them up over his back till they seemed to meet, jerked his expressive tail downward, and uttered a harsh “chack,” almost pausing as he did so. “Not only a chat, but a character,” was my verdict, as I turned back from my stroll.

For several years I had been trying to know the most eccentric bird in North America, — the yellow-breasted chat. Two or three times I had been able to study him a little, but never with satisfaction, and I was charmed to discover one of his kind so near the pleasant old family mansion in which I had established myself for the summer. This house, which had been grand in its day, but, like the whole place, was now tottering with age, was an ideal spot for a bird lover, being delightfully neglected and gone to seed. Berry patches run wild offered fascinating sites for nests; moss-covered apple-trees supplied dead branches for perching; great elms and chestnuts, pines and poplars, scattered over the grounds, untrimmed and untrained, presented something to suit all tastes; and above all, there existed no nice care-taker to disturb the paradise into which Mother Nature had turned it for her darlings.

It was a month later than this before I discovered where the chat and his mate, the image of himself, had taken up their abode for the season,<sup>1</sup> and then I was drawn by his calls to another old tangle of blackberry bramble at the upper edge of the orchard. “Quoik!” he began, very low, and then quickly added, “Whe-up! ch’k! ch’k! toot! toot! too! t-t-t-t!” concluding with a

very good imitation of a watchman’s rattle. I hastened toward the spot, and was again treated to that most absurd wing performance, followed by an exhibition of himself in plain sight, and then a circling around my head, till, tired of pranks or satisfied with his survey, he dropped out of sight in the bushes.

Here, I said to myself, is a chat of an unfamiliar sort; just as eccentric as any of his race, and not at all averse to being seen; wary, but not shy; and at once I was eager to know him, for the great and undying charm of bird study lies in the individuality of these lovely fellow-creatures, and the study of each one is the study of a unique personality, with characteristics, habits, and a song belonging exclusively to itself. Not even in externals are birds counterparts of one another. Close acquaintance with one differentiates him decidedly from all his fellows; should his plumage resemble that of his brethren, — which it rarely does, — his manners, expressions, attitudes, and specific “ways” are peculiarly his own.

The blackberry patch pointed out by the chat occupied the whole length of a steep little slope between a meadow and the orchard, and at the lower edge rested against a fence in the last stages of decrepitude. During many years of neglect it had almost returned to a state of wildness. Long, briery runners had bound the whole into an impenetrable mass, forbidding alike to man and beast, and neighboring trees had sprinkled it with a promising crop of seedlings; or, as Lowell pictures it,

“The tangled blackberry, crossed and recrossed,  
weaves

A prickly network of ensanguined leaves.”

As if planned for the use of birds, at one end stood a delectable watch-tower in the shape of a great elm, and at the

my own that, after this explanation, I take the liberty of telling the story in the first person.

<sup>1</sup> The actual watching of this bird was done by a trustworthy observer of my own training, but by close study of her daily notes and records I have so nearly made the experience

other a cluster of smaller trees, apple, ash, and maple. These advantages had not escaped the keen eyes of our clever little brothers, and it was a centre of busy life during the nesting season.

The first time I attempted to find the chat's nest, the bird himself accompanied me up and down the borders of this well-fortified blackberry thicket, mocking at me, and uttering his characteristic call, a sort of mew, different from that of the catbird or the cat; at the same time carefully keeping his precious body entirely screened by the foliage. Well he knew that no clumsy, garmented human creature, however inquisitive, could penetrate his thorny jungle, and doubtless the remarks so glibly poured out were sarcastic or exultant over my failure; for though I walked the whole length, and at every step peered into the bushes, no nest could I discover.

Somewhat later I made the acquaintance of the domestic partner of the chat family. She was less talkative than her spouse, as are most feathered dames, — a nice arrangement in the bird world, for what would become of the nest and nestlings, if the home-keepers had as much to say as their mates? She sat calmly on the fence, as I passed, or dressed her plumage on the branch of a tree, uttering no sound except, rarely, the common mewing call. She was a wise little thing, too. When I caught her carrying a locust, and at once concluded she had young to feed, as quickly as if she had read my thoughts she let her prey drop, looking at me as who should say, "You see I am not carrying food." But though I admired her quick wit and respected her motive, I did not believe the little mother, and despite the attractiveness of the head of the household I kept close watch upon her, hoping to track her home. I soon observed that she always rose from the tangle at one spot near the elm; but vainly did I creep through what once might have been a path between the blackberries, though I did have the satis-

faction of seeing the singer uneasy, and of feeling sure that, as the children say, I was "very warm."

Day after day, in fair weather or foul, in cold or heat, I took my way down the lane, and seated myself as comfortably as circumstances would admit, to spy upon the brown-and-gold family; and day after day I was watched in turn, — sometimes by the singer, restlessly flying from tree to tree, peering down to study me from all sides, and amusing me with all his varied eccentricities of movement and song, if one may thus name his vocal performances. Occasionally madam condescended to entertain, or, what is more probable, tried to perplex me by her tactics. She scorned the transparent device of drawing me away from the dangerous vicinity by pretending to be hurt or by grotesque exhibitions. Her plan was far more cunning than these: it was to point out to the eager seeker after forbidden knowledge convenient places where the nest might be, — but certainly was not, — and so to bewilder the spy, by many hints, that she would not realize it when the real passage to the waiting nestlings was made. The wise little matron would alight on the fence and look anxiously down, seemingly about to drop into the nest; then, as if she really could not make up her mind to do so while I looked on, fly to a blackberry spray and do it all over again. In a moment she would repeat the performance from an elm sapling, and again turn anxious and lingering glances in still another direction. Then, as if now she surely must go home, she would slip in among the bushes, apparently trying to keep out of sight. At last, having thoroughly mystified me, and confused my ideas past clearing up, with a dozen or more hints, she would fly over the small elm and disappear, in a different direction from any one of the places she had with such pretended reluctance pointed out. Nor was the nest to be found by following any of her hints.

One day, when the beguiling little dame had exasperated me beyond endurance, I suddenly resolved to track her to the nest, if it took the whole day. So when she flung herself, in her usual way, over the small elm, I instantly followed, in my humbler fashion. Under the fence I crept, through the patched-up opening the cows had broken through, and up the path they had attempted to make. Now I fully appreciated the wisdom of the bird in the choice of a nesting-site. The very blackberry bushes appeared to league themselves together for her protection, stretching long, detaining arms, and clutching my garments in all sorts of unexpected and impossible ways; and while I carefully disengaged one, half a dozen others snatched at me in new quarters, till, in despair, I jerked away, leaving a portion of my gown in their grasp. Thus fighting my way, inch by inch, I progressed slowly, until the chat's becoming silent encouraged me to fling prudence to the winds, and pull aside every bush at the risk of tearing the flesh off my hands on the briers.

At last a nest! My heart beat high. I struggled nearer, cautiously, not to alarm the owner; for though I must see the nest, I had no desire to disturb it. I parted the vines and looked in. Empty, and plainly a year old!

Forgetting the brambles, in my disappointment, I turned hastily away, when the bush, as if in revenge for my discovery of its secret, seized my garments in a dozen places; and, suffering in gown and temper, I tore myself away from the birds' too zealous guardians and wandered up the lane.

The lane was an enticing spot, with young blackberry runners stretching out tender green bloom toward whom they might reach, and clematis rioting over and binding together in flowery chains all the shrubs and weeds and young trees. What happiness to dwell in the grounds of the "shiftless" farmer! Since tidiness, with most cultivators, means the

destruction of all natural beauty, and especially the cutting down of everything that interferes with the prosperity of cabbages and potatoes, blessed is untidiness to the lover of Nature. So long as I study birds I shall carefully seek out the farmer who has lost his energy, and allows Nature her own inimitable way in his fields and lanes. The fascinations of that neglected corner cannot be put into words. The whole railroad embankment which bordered it on one side, stretching far above my head, was a mad and joyous tangle of wild-grape vines. In the shade of a cluster of slender trees was a spot enriched by springs, where flourished the greenest of ferns, sprinkled with Jack-in-the-pulpits and forget-me-nots. This was the delight of my heart, and my consolation for the trials connected with chat affairs.

Alas that the usual fate of Nature's divine work should overtake it; that into a "shiftless" head should come the thought that railroad ties and fallen trees make good firewood, and without too much trouble can be dragged out by horses! As a preliminary calamity, half-starved cows were turned in to nibble the grass, and, incidentally, to trample and crush flowers and ferns into one ghastly ruin. And at the same moment, as if inspired by the same spirit of destruction, some idle railroad hand, with a scythe, laid low the whole bank of grapevines. Ruthless was the ruin, and wrecked beyond repair the spot, after man's desolating hand passed over it: a scene of violence, of dead and dying scattered over the trampled and torn-up sod; "murder most foul" in the eyes of a Nature-lover. I could not bear to look upon it. I shunned it, lest I should hate my fellow-man, who can, unnecessarily and in pure wantonness, destroy in one hour what he cannot replace in a lifetime.

Nor was that the full measure of sufferings inflicted on the lane — and me. That beautiful green passageway happened to

be a short cut from the meadow, and horse-rake and hay-wagon made the ravage complete. The one crushed and dragged out every sweet-growing thing spared by the previous devastators, and the other defiled with wisps of dead grass every branch that reached over its grateful shade. It was pitiful, as much for the exhibition thus made of a man's insensible and sordid existence, as for the laceration of my feelings and the actual ruin wrought.

A pleasanter theme is the love-making in which I chanced to catch the beautiful but bewildering pair in the blackberry bushes. Madam, hopping about an old apple-tree, was apparently not in the least interested in her lover, who followed after, in comical fashion, with ludicrous and truly chatlike antics, every feather raised, crouching, with head turned this way and that and neck stretched out, and changing his position at every hop with the most dramatic action. If modern theories are true, and bird eccentricities of dress and behavior are assumed to please and win the mate, what must we think of the taste of our demure little sisters in feathers?

Did I ever assert that the chat is shy? Then am I properly punished for not appreciating his individuality, by having to admit that this pair possessed not a trace of the quality. The singer seemed to be always on exhibition; and as for his spouse, though she performed no evolutions, she came boldly into sight, posited in the most approved Delsartian style, uttered a harsh purr or jerked out a "mew," with a sidewise fling of her head which showed the inside of her mouth to be black, — all for my benefit, and without the slightest embarrassment. She made it obvious to the dumbest understanding that while she did not like spies, nor approve of human curiosity in neighborhood matters, she was not in the least afraid.

As the days passed on, a change crept over the chat family; they became more

retiring. In my daily walk they were not so easily found; indeed, sometimes they were not to be seen at all. When I did discover them, they seemed very much engaged in private affairs, with no time for displays of any sort. No more droll performances on the treetop, no more misleading antics in the blackberries; the days of frolic were over, the sober duties of life claimed all their energies, and they went about silently and stealthily. Of course I was sure something had happened to induce this change, — no doubt nestlings, — and a great and absorbing determination grew in my mind to find that nest, if I suffered in body and estate from every bush in the patch.

Let the story of my encounter be veiled in oblivion. Suffice it to say that perseverance under such difficulties deserved, and met, reward. In due time I saw the bird flit away, and my eyes fell upon the nest. No birds, but four pearls of promise within.

"Think on the speed, and the strength, and the glory,

The wings to be, and the joyous life,  
Shut in those exquisite secrets, she brooded."

I looked, but did not touch; and I departed content. A few days later I made another call. Again I flushed the mother from the nest, and this time looked upon a brown mass of wriggling baby chats. Meanwhile, since life had become so serious, the chat sobered down into the dignified head of a family, and joined his mate in hard work from morning till night.

But summer days were passing. Dandelion ghosts lined the paths, wild roses dropped their rosy pink and appeared in sombre green, and meadow lilies peeped out from every fence corner. A few days after my grand discovery, I went one evening to the blackberry tangle, and was greeted by gleeful shouts and calls from the bird of late so silent. There he was, his old self, his recent reserve all gone. My heart fell; I sus-

pected, and in a moment I knew, the reason. The nest was empty. Where, then, could be those youngsters, less than a week old, who four days before were blind and bare of feathers? They could not have flown; they must have been hurried out of the nest as soon as they could stand. Could it be because I knew their secret? I felt myself a monster, and I tried to make amends by hunting them up and replacing them. But the canny parents, as usual, outwitted me. Not only had they removed their infants, but they had hidden them so securely that I could not find them, and I was sure, from their movements, that they were not bereaved.

I began my search by trying to follow the wily singer, who appeared to understand, and regard it as a joke. First he led me up the lane, then I had to follow down the lane; the next minute he shouted from the blackberry patch, and I had to go around the wall to reach him. Alas, the race between wings and feet is hopeless! I abandoned that plan, and resolved to go to a grove not heretofore invaded, being absolutely impenetrable from undergrowth. My way led across a cornfield, over stone walls, through thickets and bushes everywhere. Many other birds I startled, and at last came a chat's "mew" from a wild jungle of ailantus and brambles, which nothing less effective than an axe could pass through. But on I went around the edge, the chat's call accompanying me, and at the point where it sounded loudest I dropped to a humble position, hoping that eyes might enter further than feet. Nothing to be seen or heard but

a flit of wings. The singer tried to lead me away, but I was serious and not to be coaxed, and all his manœuvres failed. I seated myself on the ground, for now I heard low, soft baby calls, and determined to stay there till the crack of doom, or till I had solved the mystery of those calls.

But I did not stay so long, and I did not see the babies. An hour or two of watching weakened my determination, and slowly and sadly I wended my way homeward; admiring, while I execrated, the too, too clever tactics of the chat. But I did make one discovery,—that a sound which had puzzled me, like the distant blow of an axe against a tree, must be added to the *répertoire* of the chat mother. I saw her utter it, and saw the strange movement of the throat in doing so. The sound seemed to come up in bubbles, which distended her throat on the outside, exactly as if they had been beads as big as shoe buttons.

I was not to be wholly disappointed. Fate had one crumb of consolation for me, for I saw at last a chat baby. He was a quiet, well-behaved little fellow, with streaks on throat and breast, and dull yellow underparts. His manners were subdued, and gave no hint of the bumptious acrobat he might live to be.

While the vagaries of chat life had been drawing me down toward the lane, the feathered world on the other side of the house had not been idle, and glad now to avoid the ruined lane and the deserted berry patch, I turned my attention to a bird drama nearer home, the story of which must have a chapter to itself.

*Olive Thorne Miller.*

## THE PRESIDENCY AND MR. OLNEY.

THERE is a more radical difference between the Republican party and the Democratic party than appears at first sight. Their political opinions, indeed, are not sharply discriminated. In each party we find some protectionists and some free-traders, gold men and silver men, civil service reformers and adherents of the spoils doctrine. Upon foreign affairs, as we have learned by recent experience, political opinion does not run in anything like strict accordance with party lines. The real distinction between the two parties lies in, or perhaps we should say, rather, springs from, the elements of which they are composed. The average or typical Democrat is a very different kind of man from the average or typical Republican; and this difference is recognized by everybody in a general way. Thus, if a person at all familiar with American politics were walking down Broadway, in the city of New York, he would certainly assume that the laborer digging up the street with a pickaxe was a Democrat; and so of the policeman at the crossing, of the fireman rushing past on his engine, of the 'bus driver, of the motor-man on the electric car. But as to the shopkeepers along the street, both Jew and Gentile, both wholesaler and retailer, he would set them down as Republicans. When he reached the lower part of Broadway, where lawyers and bankers abound, there would be more uncertainty in his calculations; still, by far the greater number of lawyers and bankers would be Republicans. And what is true of New York, in this matter, is true, though of course with many variations and exceptions, of the whole country, saving the Southern States. It is a frequent saying among Republicans that the great body of uneducated voters are found in the ranks of their opponents; the Democrats, they declare, re-

present the ignorance of the country. The Democrat has a strong feeling for what he regards as his personal rights, the Republican a greater regard for institutions and for the strength of the government. The Republican has more money, and he occupies a position which is thought to be higher in the social scale. There is a corresponding difference between the Democratic and the Republican ideals of a public man; and these ideals are usually realized. Politicians may pull and haul as they will, but in the long run, so far as the highest elective offices are concerned, the voters get their own way; they elect the kind of man that they like.

Now, if it be inquired what kind of a candidate the Democratic masses naturally choose, we could hardly give a better or more definite answer than is furnished by the name of Richard Olney. Democrats prefer a man of the masterful, commanding, straightforward type. They have no desire to dictate to their leaders, they want to be dictated to; they want to be led, not to drive. We need not now inquire very curiously into the origin and nature of this Democratic submission to authority. Some people call it subservience; others call it loyalty; others, again, attribute it to the simple fact that the Democratic voters have nothing to gain from legislation. Not being predominantly engaged in trade, in manufactures, or in mining, they are not applicants for protection, or for bounties, or for any other form of paternal assistance. Consequently, they are willing to leave questions of policy and of legislation to be settled by their leaders. But whatever the explanation, the fact is perfectly obvious that the Democratic voter has an instinctive liking for a real leader, for a dominating person. He elects a man of that kind,

and, having put him in office, gives him a free rein. Mr. Cleveland is notoriously of this nature, and Mr. Olney resembles him in this respect. The two men are of similar origin, for they both come of sturdy New England fighting and preaching stock.

Mr. Olney is in the direct line of descent from Thomas Olney, who emigrated from England in 1635, and settled in Salem. Being a Baptist, he was excommunicated and expelled from Massachusetts, two years after his arrival in this country, along with Roger Williams, whom he assisted in founding Rhode Island and the Providence Plantations. His descendants have been among the inhabitants of Rhode Island ever since. Richard Olney's father was Wilson Olney, who moved from Providence to Oxford, Massachusetts, in 1819, and there became a woolen manufacturer and a banker. He was a man of perfect integrity and of great energy. He died in 1874, leaving three sons, of whom Richard was the oldest. Wilson Olney's wife was the daughter of Peter Butler, of Oxford, and granddaughter of Mary Sigourney, who was descended from Andrew Sigourney, a Huguenot, and the leader of a small band of Huguenots who settled at Oxford in 1687. Mr. Olney, therefore, in addition to his good Anglo-Saxon descent, has a strain of that Huguenot blood which, as we are informed by the researches of Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, has contributed a greater proportionate number of distinguished men to American life than any other except the native stock.

Richard Olney was born September 15, 1835, at Oxford. He was educated at the academy in Leicester, near Oxford, and at Brown University in Providence, where he was graduated with high honors in 1856. In the autumn of that year he entered the Harvard Law School, and in 1859 he was admitted to the Boston bar. He immediately became associated with the late Judge Thomas,

whose daughter he married in 1861, and he continued to be the friend and partner of Judge Thomas until the death of the latter, which occurred in 1879. When he was admitted to the bar, and indeed for twenty years afterward, the practice of the law was not specialized, as it has since become. In those days, a lawyer in good practice would be found now in the criminal court, now in the court of law or of equity; he might act as a conveyancer to-day, and as a counselor in the Admiralty Court to-morrow. This variety of employment probably tended to develop a more practical and well-rounded man than is produced under the present system of specialization. It is on record that Mr. Olney once defended a man accused of murder, and obtained his acquittal. From an early period in his career, however, he has been concerned chiefly with trust estates and with corporations. In fact, his long employment as counsel for railroad corporations doubtless tends to diminish what is called his "availability" as a candidate for the presidency.

From the beginning of his apprenticeship to the law, Mr. Olney has labored at it with such industry as only a robust physique could have enabled him to support. He is noted for deep and accurate knowledge of the law, and for the logic, skill, and pertinacity with which that knowledge has been applied. The only political offices which he has ever held are those of selectman in the town of West Roxbury, where he used to live, and of representative in the Massachusetts legislature, of which he was a member in 1874. It will be seen, therefore, that the story of his life, with the exception of the past two or three years, is that of a lawyer, pure and simple. He was known in Boston merely as a very able, honest, accurate, well-read member of the bar. He had, to be sure, a rather unusual reputation for firmness and pugnacity. So little, indeed, had he been considered as a figure in public life or

as a possible subject of political honors that he was not even thought of by those leading Democrats in Massachusetts who, at Mr. Cleveland's invitation, suggested the names of persons whom they thought suitable for a place in his Cabinet. The names thus suggested were passed over, and the President offered the post of Attorney-General to Mr. Olney. The office was directly in the line of his profession, and he accepted it. It was thus purely as a lawyer that he entered political life, and we may add that it is entirely from the manner in which he has dealt with certain questions of national and of international law that he has become a prominent figure in the country, and a possible candidate for the presidency. He is known to the general public only by the part which he played in suppressing the Chicago railroad riots of 1894, and by his conduct of the Venezuelan controversy.

It will be remembered that in the latter part of June, 1894, a general railroad strike was in progress at the West, the centre of the disturbance being at Chicago. Very great injury had already been inflicted upon the business of the country: passengers were detained in uninhabited places without food; cattle and sheep in course of transportation were dying of thirst and hunger; whole communities were cut off from their ordinary supplies of food and fuel. The state authorities made but feeble efforts to cope with the difficulty, and matters were hourly going from bad to worse. Had the United States courts any authority to interfere? It was a very doubtful question; there was no precedent for it whatever. Such a jurisdiction never had been exercised by any court in England or in America. There was no time to consult authorities or to ponder the nice legal questions involved; and the responsibility of moving or not moving in the matter rested wholly upon a single person, — Richard Olney, Attorney-General of the United

States. He promptly decided that he had authority to act. He applied to the United States Circuit Court for the Northern District of Illinois for an injunction to restrain the leaders of the strike from interfering, and from inciting others to interfere, with the transportation of United States mails or with interstate commerce; that is, with the movement of freight *en route* from one State to another. The injunction was granted, and the strike came to an end. As one of the defendants testified afterward: "The strike was broken up, . . . not by the army and not by any other power, but simply and solely by the action of the United States courts in restraining us from discharging our duties as officers and representatives of the workmen."

The strike was ended, but not the concern of Mr. Olney with it; that remained to be passed upon by the Supreme Court, to which the defendants (who were subsequently imprisoned for contempt of court in violating the injunction) had appealed.

A strong argument was made in their behalf. "No case can be cited," was said, and said truly, by counsel for the defendants, — "no case can be cited where such a bill in behalf of the sovereign has been entertained against riot and mob violence, though occurring on the highway. . . . The strong hand of executive power is required to deal with such lawless demonstrations. The courts should stand aloof from them, and not invade executive prerogative, nor even at the behest or request of the executive travel out of the beaten path of well-settled judicial authority." The Supreme Court, however, after great deliberation, and with the assistance of the elaborate briefs filed upon each side, arrived at the same conclusion reached by Mr. Olney in those few hours, one might almost say minutes, in which he was obliged to decide whether or not he should take action. This decision must be accepted as

a vindication of his action. The precedent which he thus had a hand in establishing is one of the utmost importance, and its results will be felt for many years to come. In fact, it is quite conceivable that the very existence of the government of the United States might depend upon or might be destroyed by the power of the United States courts to interfere in every strike which involves the stoppage of the mails or of interstate commerce. Certainly no railroad strike upon a great scale can ever be carried out so long as this power is exercised. Thus a great safeguard is thrown about the business of the country.

But there is another side to the matter. Railroad employees deprived, practically, of the right to strike are deprived of their only weapon of self-defense. Unless they are protected by some new legislation from the possible rapacity and injustice of their employers, this power of interference by the Federal courts, now settled by the decision of the Supreme Court, may give rise to evils far worse than those which it was designed to prevent. That Mr. Olney himself is not blind to such considerations, that he aims at justice to the workman as well as protection to the public, is plain from one of his subsequent acts, not as Attorney-General, but as a private individual. The case was as follows : The receivers of the Philadelphia & Reading Railroad issued an edict that none of their employees should join the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and that those who had joined it should leave the Brotherhood on pain of immediate dismissal from the service of the company. Some of the employees who were members of the Brotherhood petitioned the United States Circuit Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania to restrain the receivers (who, as such, are officers of the court) from carrying out this policy of injustice and oppression. Mr. Olney had no connection with this case, one way or the other. The receivers were represented

by their counsel, and the employees by theirs, and neither the Attorney-General nor his assistants were engaged on either side. But the action of the receivers was a gross interference with the liberty of the individual ; and Mr. Olney, of his own motion and by special leave of the court, filed a brief upon the side of the petitioners. From this brief we quote the following passage : " Whatever else may remain for the future to determine, it must now be regarded as substantially settled that the mass of wage-earners can no longer be dealt with by capital as so many isolated units. The time has passed when the individual workman is called upon to pit his feeble strength against the might of organized capital. Organized labor now confronts organized capital. They are the best off when friends, but are inevitably often at variance. As antagonists, neither can afford to despise the other ; and the burning question of modern times is, How shall the ever-recurring controversies between them be adjusted and terminated ? " It remains only to add that the circuit judge refused the petition, leaving the receivers at liberty to pursue the course upon which they had entered. This decision was perfectly honest, but it is doubtful if one more unjust was ever made by any tribunal in a civilized country.

By his public acts, therefore, Mr. Olney has proved himself not only an able lawyer, with a capacity for original action, but a courageous man ; and not only a courageous man, but a just one. The same fortune — one hardly knows whether to call it good or bad — which attended him as Attorney-General has followed him as Secretary of State ; he has been called upon to decide questions of far greater difficulty and importance than fall ordinarily to the lot of a Cabinet officer. It would be impossible, as well as out of place, to attempt here an analysis of the Venezuelan controversy ; but Mr. Olney's famous letter upon the subject may be examined briefly, so far as it

throws light upon his character as a man and as a possible President.

It is now generally understood that the dispute between England and Venezuela had lasted for half a century, and that various Secretaries of State for the United States had addressed the English government on the subject, in one way and another, but always upon the ground that we had an interest in the matter. That is, the intervention of the United States was based upon the Monroe doctrine. Chiefly, this intervention had taken the form of repeated requests to Great Britain to submit the dispute to arbitration. These requests had always been refused, and meantime the boundary line, as the British Foreign Office understood it, was creeping further and further over the disputed territory. In the two years between 1885 and 1887 it advanced so far as to include thirty-three thousand square miles which had not previously been claimed by Great Britain. Such was the situation when Mr. Olney became Secretary of State. He took up the matter with the promptness and thoroughness which have always marked his career as a lawyer. It may be that he misunderstood and misapplied the Monroe doctrine; some of his critics have concluded that he did, and he has fallen in their estimation accordingly. But whether he was historically correct or not has ceased to be a matter of practical importance. The American people, with a few but notable exceptions, have accepted and approved his understanding of the doctrine. It is the Monroe doctrine now, whether it was so before or not; and it is hardly conceivable that it should ever be repudiated by any future Secretaries of State or Presidents of the republic. That doctrine, so far as it applies to the Venezuelan case, is this: no foreign power shall acquire new territory in South America, without the consent of the United States, either by actual conquest, or by pushing forward its boundary line against the will of the

state whose territory is thus invaded. This practical exposition of the Monroe doctrine will preserve Mr. Olney's name in American history, even if no other act of his shall be remembered.

The terms of his letter to Mr. Bayard, for the information of Lord Salisbury, have been criticised severely. It is said that he might have put the matter more diplomatically, and that a request, instead of a peremptory demand, would have done better. But it must be remembered that the resources of diplomacy had been exhausted by former Secretaries of State without producing the slightest effect. The English are not, like the French (and perhaps like ourselves), unduly sensitive about either giving or taking a hint. The elder Mr. Osborne was a typical Englishman, and there is no dispute about his peculiarities. "When he gave what he called a 'hint,'" his biographer relates, "there was no possibility for the most obtuse to mistake his meaning. He called kicking a footman downstairs a hint to the latter to leave his service."

Mr. Olney, in his letter to Mr. Bayard, gave the British government a strong hint, but a hint no stronger than was required. The same critics who condemned the terms of that letter also derided Mr. Olney's proposed commission as being an additional insult to Great Britain. Lord Salisbury, they declared, would ignore it. And yet, as these lines are written, news comes that the case of the British government, prepared by the most competent man in England, and duly illustrated by elaborate maps and diagrams, will be presented at Washington. This, of course, will not be done officially. The book will not be sent by Lord Salisbury, with his compliments; but it will arrive; it will be laid upon the table of the commission, and there will be no doubt as to its authenticity. If the commission, constituted as it is, and having been furnished with all the evidence at the disposal of the British government, should

decide against England, it is reasonably certain that public opinion in England would not sustain Lord Salisbury in maintaining his case by actual war against the United States. It seems, therefore, not premature to conclude that Mr. Olney's diplomacy has succeeded; and it is hardly fair to attribute this success entirely to good luck and "pugnacity." He is a pugnacious man, no doubt; even the carriage of his head suggests that trait in his character. His head does not hang like the head of a dreamy man, nor droop like the head of a scholar; it is lowered, like the head of a bull.

But this pugnacity is held in check by a very cool and logical intellect, by a lawyer's respect for the law, by the conscience of a man who in his whole life has never done a single thing for display. There was nothing rash, or reckless, or unpremeditated in the famous letter to Mr. Bayard; and yet that letter had certain defects which correspond with a defect in Mr. Olney's character considered as a President. It showed a want of tact: there were sentences in it which, without adding to the strength of the Secretary's position, were of such a nature as to wound the pride and provoke the resentment of the person to whom it was addressed. It must be admitted that Mr. Olney is not a politic man. He would not be successful in winning over disaffected persons, in harmonizing differences of opinion, in arranging compromises, in opposing people without offending them. As President, he would probably make many enemies.

Mr. Olney's election would be, in one respect, almost unique. He would be the first President since Washington — with the single exception of Grant — who had not been a politician. He would take office absolutely untrammelled by previous alliances or associations; he would be under obligations to nobody, and he would have nobody to reward or to punish. His want of experience as an ex-

ecutive officer (except during the past few years) is not important. The chief functions of a President are to select men and to choose policies; and nobody has a better knowledge of men, or is more fitted to decide questions of policy, than a naturally acute and well-educated lawyer, who has been trained by many years of hard and responsible labor at the bar. Nor is Mr. Olney merely a lawyer, in the sense that his interests are confined to his office. He is not the kind of man who goes home late, with a green bag full of papers under his arm. Instead, he leaves his office at a seasonable hour, and takes a long walk, or plays tennis, at which he is an adept. He has been seen upon the baseball grounds; and best of all, he has a keen sense of humor. He is not an orator, and as a writer he has no distinction of style; but the justness of his ideas and the cultivation of his mind are shown in the few occasional addresses which he has been obliged to make since he became a member of the Cabinet. As Attorney-General, it was his part to present to the court the resolutions of the bar upon the death of the late Mr. Justice Blatchford, and in the course of his remarks he said: —

"It is not given to every man to be instinct with true genius, to exult in acknowledged intellectual superiority, to be chief among the chiefs of his chosen calling. Such men are rare, and their examples as often provoke despair as excite to emulation. But to every man it is given to make the most of the faculties that he has; to cultivate them with unflagging diligence; to make sure that they deteriorate neither from misuse nor disuse, but continue in ever-growing strength and efficiency, until the inevitable access of years and infirmities bars all further progress. By such means alone, without the aid of any transcendent powers, it is astonishing to what heights men have climbed, what conquests they have made, and what laurels they have won."

No man spends three years at Washington in an official position without some change in his character or habits, either for better or for worse; and this is especially true when the transition to Washington is made from the country or from a provincial city like Boston. For a weak man the experience is apt to be depraving; in some cases it has proved disastrous. But Mr. Olney, in the course of his residence at Washington, has visibly brightened and expanded. He has the air of one who, having suddenly been put in a new and difficult place, yet finds the ground firm under his feet, and himself the master of the situation. We began by saying that he was of that type which is most admired by the typical Democrat, by the great mass of Democratic voters, and we believe that this will appear the more

clearly the more his character becomes known. Notwithstanding his dignity and reserve, in spite of the conventional surroundings of his life and his forty years of office work, the primitive man survives in him. His long association with corporations has bred in him not a trace of the timidity or selfishness of wealth. Though a man of education and refinement, he has never been touched by that academic frost under the blighting influence of which the natural promptings of the heart are so often replaced by the feeble conclusions of the intellect. Mr. Olney has retained what may be called the natural impulses of human nature, — the impulses of love and hatred, the impulse of pity, and the impulse of pugnacity; and it is this naturalness and spontaneity which make his character attractive as well as strong.

---

## TEACHING OF ECONOMICS.

THERE are obvious differences between the students in high schools or academies, studying elementary economics, and the older students engaged in collegiate or university work, in both maturity and general training. Hence, methods of instruction should be fittingly adapted to their differing needs. If I were to begin with the elementary and lead up to the advanced work, assuming that the two were quite alike, it might be said of this treatment as of Bishop Berkeley's *Siris* (1744), that it began with Tar Water and ended with the Trinity. But as theology and ethics may possibly underlie the virtues of tar water as well as those of the Trinity, it is also possible that we may find a common characteristic running through both the elementary and the advanced work of instruction. At least, it will be at once apparent that the special peculiarities of the subject, what-

ever they may be, should shape the methods of teaching, in both its earlier and its later stages.

These distinguishing features of our subject are not difficult to determine. Economics deals not only with psychological, but also with physiological and physical phenomena, — that is, with mental operations as well as with bodily and physical facts; and it aims at the discovery and exposition of causes and effects in regard to this subject-matter. Preëminently concerned as it is with every-day life, it demands careful investigation into the accuracy of data, and a keen sense to note their relations to existing science. The field of economics is, fortunately, quite definite, but it includes differing orders of things. It does not deal solely with physical nature, as do the natural sciences; nor solely with ethical or psychic data, as do the moral sciences.

It deals with conclusions taken from both these groups of sciences. Therefore its field is somewhat peculiar, although its aim, common to other sciences, is the discovery and verification of a body of principles. This is a point of particular importance to us in discussing methods of teaching.

A science is a body of principles. While principles may abide, the phenomena in which they appear may change. For instance, the hot debates on the inflation of the currency by greenbacks in 1874 may seem to the public quite dissimilar to the rancorous struggle on silver of our day; but the same fundamental monetary principles underlay both discussions. So, as in all science, the first and primary interest of economics is not in its subject-matter, but in the validity and scope of its principles. One realizes instinctively that a mathematician, for example, is less occupied with the whole mass of matter in the world having length, breadth, and thickness, than with the principles which may apply to any and all of this matter. Similarly, economics, when properly understood, is seen to be a body of principles, and not a description at any given moment of mere concrete facts. Any student, therefore, who aims at more than narrow or superficial knowledge should be directed not merely to collate the data in which the principles appear, but to comprehend the principles themselves. (It should be here noted that I am not now discussing in any way the methods of discovering these principles, but only the methods of teaching existing principles.) From this point of view, to teach a science is to teach, first, how to understand and assimilate this body of principles; and then, how, by constant practice, to apply them to every kind of its own subject-matter. This furnishes us our bearings in teaching economics. For the economic student, who has been taught merely the facts of a certain period or subject, and who has not been trained

primarily in using principles to explain these facts, has been given the counterfeit of an education, and not the real thing. If he has been plunged at once into figures and facts before he has received a careful preliminary training in principles, he is cheated by his instructor into a false belief that he is being educated, when he is not. Such a student is like a traveler in the dark, who has a lantern, but, when an emergency arises, finds, to his chagrin, that it contains no light.

Therefore, whether we are speaking of the tar water or of the Trinity of economics, of teaching the elementary or the advanced work, it must be quite clear that the nature of our subject prescribes a common point of view which the instructor should never forget. No matter with what class of students he is dealing, even though he may change his detailed processes of teaching to suit different ages, he cannot overlook the fact that he is teaching a science. It may seem too simple a matter to enforce this point of view; but it is, and has been, constantly overlooked. So with purpose aforethought, let us emphasize here that it is the fundamental aim of the instructor in economics to give power, and not mere information; to teach how to apply principles to groups of complicated facts; to train students to explain, not merely to collate; in short, to teach them to think, and not merely to know.

No apology, however, need be offered for setting forth so plain a lesson of pedagogies, because the study of economics in this country is relatively young, and its teaching methods have not yet had proper examination. In the beginning, economic instructors adopted the methods they had been familiar with in other fields. The other and older studies, with long-established methods of teaching, naturally handed down their habits and traditions to their younger sister. But we are now breaking away from

these ties, in the process of a natural evolution into better things. An experience of twenty years or more has brought about a better understanding of the nature of economics and of its characteristics, and consequently has given a distinct impetus towards applying appropriate methods of training economic students. In regard to teaching, economics is declaring its independence.

The earlier teacher in economics, as in history and law, generally spoke through a formal textbook. A great dependence on a textbook, however, is a clear indication of that lack of thorough and broad training in the whole subject, on the part of the instructor, which necessarily followed from the meagreness of the opportunities for economic training of a few years ago. Or if the earlier instructor did not rely on a formal textbook, he not infrequently went to another extreme of relying entirely upon lectures, after the German fashion. In first introducing a student to economics, be he young or old, some textbook, as an exposition of principles, is a necessity. That goes without saying; but the textbook, if properly used, should be regarded only as a means of grasping principles, and not as a record of dogma. The effect of a hard-and-fast set of lectures may not differ in practice from that of a textbook; the lectures may be only the equivalent of a textbook of which the instructor is the author, and may be subject to the same abuses. They are often more objectionable than a textbook, because not accessible to the student for study in accurate form, and they often degenerate into directions as to what the student should believe. Without getting trained, in such cases, the student takes the facts, the interpretation, and a bias from the lecturer.

Not so much stress, of course, can be put upon teaching how to think, in the elementary as in the advanced work, but this aim must still control the policy of the teacher. While keeping this general

principle in view, more emphasis could be laid upon clear exposition and illustration of elementary principles. For the younger mind, more time could be wisely devoted to instructive and interesting information upon questions of the day. But it is dangerous to carry this too far. These questions of the day often change their shape, and much of the information-teaching soon becomes obsolete; and only that teaching remains which gave a grasp of governing principles persisting in varying forms of actual life. Consequently, elementary textbooks for high schools or academies might be divided into two parts: one devoted to an exposition of the main and undisputed principles of economics, and the other to materials of practical interest to which these principles are to be applied. In this way, the materials of the second part could be modified as the questions of the day come and go.

In collegiate and university work, however, the instructor will find his students older and more mature, and can exact scientific methods with rigor and success. In introductory work with mature students, the necessity of grasping an abstract principle and working out its application in every-day life can be urged at once. Unexpected tests upon practical problems made in writing drive this operation home, and force habits of precision and accuracy. But an increase of numbers in the class-room, which makes these tests every few days impossible, will result in a less seasoned student for advanced work. As soon as the introductory work is passed, it is often assumed as a matter of course that lecturing is the only method of teaching: it has a more learned sound, and suggests the great man whose every word is eagerly swallowed by admiring students. Some of the evils of this system, which is common in Germany and elsewhere to-day, are doubtless familiar to all of us. In proportion as the lecturer is learned and gifted with the art of lucid and attractive

exposition, he saves his hearers from study and thinking; the more thorough and masterly his treatment, the more completely he removes from the student the incentive to independent thinking. Such a system of teaching is ingeniously devised to prevent a young man from getting a real education, and yet lead him to believe the contrary. It is a brilliant plan for developing power in the instructor, and false conceit in the student. When the latter has been separated from his thinking-guide, new facts, new arguments, find him unprotected, and there result strange reversals of opinion and belief.

There is another method of teaching, in which the lecturer is no longer the main source of information and belief for the student. To distinguish it from the others, I may call it, in default of a better name, the laboratory method. As its name implies, it requires a collection of documents, materials, and treatises wherein the student can take his sources at first hand; and this workshop with its materials is to the economist what the laboratory with its appliances is to the chemist or biologist. The purpose of study is not the absorption of a given author, but the understanding of a subject through many sources and many authors. Instructed to report upon a given topic, the student is obliged to learn methods of work and study of far greater importance than any acquired information; he learns how to use books, and he learns to weigh and discriminate between statements. Instead of accepting a carefully prepared exposition by the lecturer, with its logic and its resulting conclusions fully worked out, he is taught how to prepare the data, to exercise himself in the application of principles, and to draw his own conclusions. Instead of having the ground covered for him in a masterly way by the instructor, he is obliged to cover it himself, to learn by his own mistakes, and to gather experience from the fate of his own perform-

ances under the most rigorous criticism. The purpose of such a system is the acquisition of independent power and methods of work, rather than any specific beliefs. Indeed, the instructor may never know what the final beliefs of his student are. To the extent to which the laboratory method is used, the scientific spirit drives out prejudice and partisanship, and the instructor finds the time has gone by when it seemed proper to urge the acceptance of any specific beliefs.

If the instructor, then, granting the adoption of such a system, is called upon to lecture, as he often is, on some practical and descriptive subjects, like Railways or Tariffs, he is in effect only saving the student's time by collecting for him some of the materials which otherwise he must gather for himself, and upon which he will have to use his principles; while, on other topics, the student is at the same time fully occupied. Or the instructor presents his treatment of a subject as a model and stimulus. It becomes clear that the student and his instructor are doing field work together, and the former gains the best things from his superior with amazing rapidity. To see a thing well done before one's very eyes is sure to excite effort and bring out latent power. In this process, as in the "natural method" of teaching modern languages, the necessary accumulation of technical and useful information comes as a matter of course. So that while we can readily admit that the possession of mere learning is highly useful and desirable, yet we are saved from regarding industry and collation as the cardinal virtues, because we have set the chief value upon the higher mental processes, in which those like synthesis and the explanation of cause and effect play the principal rôle. The result of such a system is that the instructor is left free to put emphasis upon that which is of lasting value to the student. He can naturally urge a non-partisan, ju-

dicial attitude of mind in weighing evidence and balancing arguments. His chief concern is in showing how to approach a subject, how to gather materials and use books, how to treat and analyze the results, to be orderly and logical, to preserve the homely virtue of common sense, and, not least, to demand that the conclusions be expressed in tolerable English.

In the natural sciences this laboratory method has long been familiar; and recently it has succeeded in working a veritable revolution in the teaching methods of American law schools. That which in economics I have called the laboratory method is in law the case system. This reference to what has been going on in the teaching of law has more than passing significance for the teaching of economics, because the mental processes required in the study of law are strikingly like those required in the study of economics. The student of law is obliged to discover the pivotal point in a case, grasp clearly a general principle of law, and apply the relevant principle to the point at issue. The power to assimilate principles and apply them to facts of some complexity with accuracy and logic makes the successful jurist. Similarly, as we have seen, the power to grasp a general principle, to weigh facts, and to apply principles logically to particular cases makes the successful economist. In short, the training in economics is largely the same as the training in law. A student of economics, however loaded his mind may be with information, if untrained in the power to trace the operation of cause and effect in his facts, is distinctly not an economist. On the other hand, he is just as distinctly not a jurist, who has gathered all the facts material to his client's case, if he is untrained in applying the principles of law governing legal contests.

The similarity, consequently, between economics and law gives a peculiar interest to the parallel development which

is even now going on in the methods of teaching these two subjects. The case system has already an established place in the leading schools of law; its purpose is to train, not merely to inform; and by a study of numerous cases under given branches of law, students are forced to acquire relevancy, and to practice themselves in applying precedents to facts under the fire of galling criticism. It has a different aim from the old system, in which the lecturer, usually a successful practitioner, told the student what the law was. Not content with merely instructing him as to existing law, the new system sends out a man with a seasoned mind, ready to apply principles in sudden emergencies in the court-room. In law as in economics, the laboratory system is driving out the textbook and the lecture. To crowd the mind of an economic student with information is by far the easiest method for the instructor; in this way he may give the raw young student arms and ammunition with which to take the field at once, and externally he looks like a soldier. But the laboratory method produces men of a different fibre. It is not sufficient to throw a uniform over a new recruit and thrust a musket into his hand, to make him a soldier; on the contrary, it requires a seasoning of body and nerve and will by years of training, to create the kind of soldier who marched from the Rhine through Gravelotte and Sedan to Paris. So, likewise, long and careful training is needed for the economist, in order that he may deal with his subject independently, freshly, and with individuality; that he may be prepared not only to deal adequately with a single issue, — a special phase of the tariff, or taxation, or socialism, — but to think and reason correctly on any and all the forms into which the various issues may shape themselves.

From the basis of the newer and better methods thus explained and illustrated, many corollaries may be drawn

by the reader himself; and the practical teacher will see many. I shall take space here to notice only a very few, quite briefly. One of vital importance concerns the order of teaching the introductory work in economics. From the modern point of view, it must be regarded as a high crime and misdemeanor to set mere information above training and power. And yet it has not infrequently happened that an instructor has precipitated a new student into economic history and the history of the development of economic thought before he was in the least familiar with the principles which explain the relations of economic phenomena. The effects upon the student are evil and lasting, and just what might be expected. Such a man is like a door without a latch; it flies open at the pressure of every passing breeze. This kind of a door is worse than no door; it is an annoyance to the ear. It is criminal pedagogics to plunge the student into complicated facts before he has become familiar with methods of reasoning on the primary principles of his science. A process of this nature, moreover, wastes time. If given the proper preliminary training, on the other hand, he will enter upon the descriptive courses, or upon the more exacting and later work of research, with intelligence and facility.

Since a characteristic of the later methods is the study of a subject rather than of an author, we are likely to see less imitation of German forms of organizing departments of economics. In the past, with a proper regard for the influence of a great spirit, a distinguished master was appointed to lecture at will. There are evident gains in giving a great personality free play, but the progress of the subject may suffer. The subject will gain by a just subdivision of the field and a corresponding division of labor. No one man can pretend to cover the whole field of economics; indeed, there are numerous sections, to

one of which a man may well give his great abilities and training, and then with humility admit that he cannot be familiar with all parts of it. Hence, a division of departments into subjects, each being given its relative weight and attention, leads to the selection of men for each subject, to work in common for an organized whole. In this way the student meets with intensity of effort in each branch of economics, and obtains greater insight into the problems of each division of it. Such organization, moreover, with a less number of geniuses, may with more effectiveness train students throughout the whole field, and save no little duplication of work and waste of power among instructors. Certainly, there does not exist in German universities to-day an organized system of training men to become economists equal to that of the best American universities. And it is still more true that our system is not equaled in France; while England gives little chance for graduate work.

Such phenomenal development in America in a subject scarcely twenty-five years old is worth noting, and could not have come about without a proper understanding of its value on the part of those who have furnished the material equipment to our institutions of learning. The laboratory method, like most good things, is expensive. The student must have free access to a large and carefully arranged library, especially rich in all records of legislation, statistics, reports, and the like for each country in the world. Such a system, of course, means a large and generous expenditure. But this new need should cause no surprise, because no greater demands are made in behalf of economic science than are justly accepted as proper for biological and physical laboratories. In both cases the end is the same: the development of eager, independent research on subjects intimately and directly affecting the welfare of the human race.

The work of research, however brilliant, is, in a way, of no greater importance to the good of our nation than that elementary teaching of economics to the great masses who never enter a college, but who form the majority of those who enter a polling-booth. In what has been said above, this elementary instruction has been found to be affected by the

same characteristics which are common to it as well as to the advanced work. To the reader it will be left to determine where the tar water of my discussion leaves off, and where the Trinity begins. It may possibly result, as was finally held by Bishop Berkeley's critics, that the discussion of tar water was more important than that of the Trinity.

*J. Laurence Laughlin.*

---

### OLD WINE AND NEW.

READERS of *Old Mortality* will perhaps remember that when Graham of Claverhouse escorts Henry Morton as a prisoner to Edinburgh, he asks that estimable and unfortunate young non-conformist if he has ever read Froissart. Morton, who was probably the last man in Scotland to derive any gratification from the *Chronicles*, answers that he has not. "I have half a mind to contrive you should have six months' imprisonment," says the undaunted Claverhouse, "in order to procure you that pleasure. His chapters inspire me with more enthusiasm than even poetry itself. And the noble canon, with what true chivalrous feeling he confines his beautiful expressions of sorrow to the death of the gallant and high-bred knight, of whom it was a pity to see the fall, such was his loyalty to his king, pure faith to his religion, hardihood towards his enemy, and fidelity to his lady-love! Ah, benedictite! how he will mourn over the fall of such a pearl of knighthood, be it on the side he happens to favor or on the other! But truly, for sweeping from the face of the earth some few hundreds of villain churls, who are born but to plough it, the high-born and inquisitive historian has marvelous little sympathy."

I should like, out of my affection for the *Chronicles*, to feel that Sir Walter overstated the case, when he put these

cheerful words into the mouth of Dundee; but it is vain to deny that Froissart, living in a darkened age, was as indifferent to the fate of the rank and file as if he had been a great nineteenth-century general. To be sure, the rank and file were then counted by the hundreds rather than by the thousands, and it took years of continuous warfare to kill as many soldiers as perished in one of our modern battles. Moreover, the illuminating truth that Jack is as good as his master — by help of which we all live now in such striking brotherhood and amity — had not then dawned upon a proud and prejudiced world. Fighting was the grand business of life, and that Jack did not fight as well as his master was a fact equally apparent to those who made history and to those who wrote it. If the English archers, the French men-at-arms, and the Breton lances could be trusted to stand the shock of battle, the "lusty varlets," who formed the bulk of every army, were sure to run away; and the "commonalty" were always ready to open their gates and deliver up their towns to every fresh new-comer. When Philip of Navarre was entreated to visit Paris, then in a state of tumult and rebellion, and was assured that the merchants and the mob held him in equal affection, he resolutely declined their importunities,

concluding that to put his faith in princes was, on the whole, less dangerous than to confide it in the people. "In commonalties," observed this astute veteran, "there is neither dependence nor union, save in the destruction of all things good." "What can a base-born man know of honor?" asks Froisart coldly. "His sole wish is to enrich himself. He is like the otter, which, entering a pond, devours all the fish therein."

Now, if history, as Professor Seeley teaches us, should begin with a maxim and end with a moral, here are maxims and morals in abundance, albeit they may have lost their flavor for an altruistic age. For no one of the sister Muses has lent herself so unreservedly to the demands of an exacting generation as Clio, who, shorn of her splendor, sits spectacted before a dusty table strewn with Acts of Parliament and Acts of Congress, and forgets the glories of the past in the absorbing study of constitutions. She traces painfully the successive steps by which the sovereign power has passed from the king to the nobles, from the nobles to the nation, and from the nation to the mob, and asks herself interesting but fruitless questions as to what is coming next. She has been divorced from literature, — "mere literature," as Professor Seeley contemptuously phrases it, — and wedded to science, that grim but amorous lord whose harem is tolerably full already, but who lusts perpetually for another bride. If, like Briseis, she looks backward wistfully, she is at once reminded that it is no part of her present duty to furnish recreation to grateful and happy readers, but that her business lies in drawing conclusions from facts already established, and providing a saddened world with wise speculations on political science, based upon historic certainties. Her safest lessons, Professor Seeley tells her warningly, are conveyed in "Blue Books and other statistics," with which, indeed, no living

man can hope to recreate himself; and her essential outgrowths are "political philosophy, the comparative study of legal institutions, political economy, and international law," a witches' brew with which few living men would care to meddle. It is even part of his severe discipline to strip her of the fair words and glittering sentences with which her suitors have sought for centuries to enhance her charms, and "for the beauty of drapery to substitute the beauty of the nude figure." Poor shivering Muse, with whom Shakespeare once dallied, and of whom great Homer sang! Never again shall she be permitted to inspire the genius that enthalls the world. Never again shall "mere literature" carry her name and fame into the remotest corners of the globe. She who once told us in sonorous sentences "how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted," is now sent into studious retirement, denied the adornments of style, forbidden the companionship of heroes, and requested to occupy herself industriously with Blue Books and the growth of constitutions. I know nothing more significant than Professor Seeley's warning to modern historians not to resemble Tacitus, — of which there seems but little danger, — unless, indeed, it be the complacency with which a patriotic and very popular American critic congratulates himself and us on the felicity of having plenty of young poets of our own, who do not in the least resemble Wordsworth, or Shelley, or Keats.

Yet when we take from history all that gives it color, vivacity, and charm, we lose, perchance, more than our mere enjoyment, — though that be a heavy forfeiture, — more than the pleasant hours spent in the storied past. Even so stern a master as Mr. Lecky is fain to admit that these obsolete narratives, which once called themselves histories, "gave insight into human character, breathed noble sentiments, rewarded and stimu-

lated noble actions, and kindled high patriotic feeling by their strong appeals to the imagination." This was no unfruitful labor, and until we remember that man does not live by parliamentary rule nor by accuracy of information, but by the power of his own emotions and the strength of his own self-control, we can be readily mistaken as to the true value of his lessons. "A nation with whom sentiment is nothing," observes Mr. Froude, "is on its way to become no nation at all;" and it has been well said that Nelson's signal to his fleet at Trafalgar, that last pregnant and simple message sent in the face of death, has had as much practical effect upon the hearts and the actions of Englishmen in every quarter of the globe, in every circumstance of danger and adventure, as seven eighths of the Acts of Parliament that decorate the statute-book. Yet Dr. Bright, in a volume of more than fourteen hundred pages, can find no room for an incident which has become a living force in history. He takes pains to omit, in his lukewarm account of the battle, the one thing that was best worth the telling.

It has become a matter of such pride with a certain school of modern historians to be gray and neutral, accurate in petty details, indifferent to great men, cautious in praise or blame, and as lifeless as mathematicians, that a gleam of color or a flash of fire is apt to be regarded with suspicion. Yet color is not necessarily misleading; and that keen, warm grasp of a subject which gives us atmosphere as well as facts, interest as well as information, comes nearer to the veiled truth than a catalogue of correct dates and chillingly narrated incidents. It is easy for Mr. Gardiner to denounce Clarendon's "well-known carelessness about details whenever he has a good story to tell;" but what has the later historian ever said to us that will dwell in our hearts, and keep alive our infatuations and our antipathies, as do some of

these condemned tales? Nay, even Mr. Gardiner's superhuman coldness in narrating such an event as the tragic death of Montrose has not saved him from at least one inaccuracy. "Montrose, in his scarlet cassock, was hanged at the Grass-market," he says, with frigid terseness. But Montrose, as it chanced, was hanged at the city cross in the High Street, midway between the Tolbooth and the Tron Church. Even the careless and highly colored Clarendon knew this, though Sir Walter Scott, it must be admitted, did not; but, after all, the exact point in Edinburgh where Montrose was hanged is of no vital importance to anybody. What is important is that we should feel the conflicting passions of that stormy time, that we should regard them with equal sanity and sympathy, and that the death of Montrose should have for us more significance than it appears to have for Mr. Gardiner. Better Froissart's courtly lamentations over the death of every gallant knight than this studied indifference to the sombre stories which history has inscribed for us on her scroll.

For the old French chronicler would have agreed cordially with Landor: "We might as well, in a drama, place the actors behind the scenes, and listen to the dialogue there, as, in a history, push back valiant men." Froissart is enamored of valor wherever he finds it; and he shares Carlyle's reverence not only for events, but for the controlling forces which have moulded them. "The history of mankind," says Carlyle, about whose opinions there is seldom any room for doubt, "is the history of its great men;" and Froissart, whose knowledge is of that narrow and intimate kind which comes from personal association, finds everything worth narrating that can serve to illustrate the brilliant pageant of life. Nor are his methods altogether unlike Carlyle's. He is a sturdy hero-worshiper, who yet never spares his heroes, believing that when all is set down truthfully and without excuses,

those strong and vivid qualities which make a man a leader among men will of themselves claim our homage and admiration. What Cromwell is to Carlyle, what William of Orange is to Macaulay, what Henry VIII. is to Froude, Gaston Phœbus, Count de Foix, is to Froissart. But not for one moment does he assume the tactics of either Macaulay or Froude, coloring with careful art that which is dubious, and softening or concealing that which is irredeemably bad. Just as Carlyle paints for us Cromwell, — warts and all, — telling us in plain words his least amiable and estimable traits, and intimating that he loves him none the less for these most human qualities, so Froissart tells us unreservedly all that has come to his knowledge concerning the Count de Foix. Thus it appears that this paragon of knighthood virtually banished his wife, kept his cousin, the Viscount de Châteaubon, a close captive until he paid forty thousand francs ransom, imprisoned his only son on a baseless suspicion of treason, and actually slew the poor boy by his violence, though without intention, and to his own infinite sorrow and remorse. Worse than all this, he beguiled with friendly messages his cousin, Sir Peter Arnaut de Béarn, the commander and governor of Lourdes, to come to his castle of Orthès, and then, under his own roof-tree, stabbed his guest five times, and left him to die miserably of his wounds in a dungeon, because Sir Peter refused to betray the trust confided to him, and deliver up to France the strong fortress of Lourdes, which he held valiantly for the king of England.

Now, Froissart speaks his mind very plainly concerning this cruel deed, softening no detail, and offering no word of extenuation or acquittal; but none the less the Count de Foix is to him the embodiment of knightly courtesy and valor, and he describes with ardor every personal characteristic, every trait, and every charm that wins both love and

reverence. "Although I have seen many kings and princes, knights and others," he writes, "I have never beheld any so handsome, whether in limbs and shape or in countenance, which was fair and ruddy, with gray, amorous eyes that gave delight whenever he chose to express affection. He was so perfectly formed that no one could praise him too much. He loved earnestly the things he ought to love, and hated those which it was becoming him to hate. He was a prudent knight, full of enterprise and wisdom. He had never any men of abandoned character about him, reigned wisely, and was constant in his devotions. To speak briefly and to the point, the Count de Foix was perfect in person and in mind; and no contemporary prince could be compared with him for sense, honor, or liberality."

In good truth, this despotic nobleman illustrated admirably the familiar text, "When a strong man armed keepeth his court, those things which he possesseth are in peace." If he ruled his vassals severely and taxed them heavily, he protected them from all outside interference or injury. None might despoil their homes, nor pass the boundaries of Béarn and Foix without paying honestly for all that was required. At a time when invading armies and the far more terrible "free companies" pillaged the country, until the fair fields of France lay like a barren land, the Count de Foix suffered neither English nor French, Gascon nor Breton, to set foot within his territories until assurance had been given that his people should suffer no harm. He lived splendidly, and gave away large sums of money wherever he had reason to believe that his interests or his prestige would be strengthened by such generosity; but no parasite, male or female, shared in his magnificent bounty. Clear-headed, cold-hearted, vigilant, astute, liberal, and inexorable, he guarded his own, and sovereigns did him honor. His was no humane nor tranquil record,

yet, judging him by the standards of his own time and place, by the great good as well as by the lesser evil that he wrought, we are fain to echo Froissart's rapturous words, "It is a pity such a one should ever grow old and die."

The earlier part of the *Chronicles* is compiled from the *Vrayes Chroniques* of Jean le Bel, Canon of St. Lambert's at Liège. Froissart tells us so plainly, and admits that he made free use of the older narrative as far as it could serve him; afterwards relying for information on the personal recollections of knights, squires, and men-at-arms who had witnessed or had taken part in the invasions, wars, battles, skirmishes, treaties, tournaments, and feasts which made up the stirring tale of fourteenth-century life. To gain this knowledge, he traveled far and wide, attaching himself to one court and one patron after another, and indefatigably seeking those soldiers of distinction who had served in many lands, and could tell him the valorous deeds he so ardently loved to hear. In long, leisurely journeys, in lonely castles and populous cities, in summer days and winter nights, he gathered and fitted together — loosely enough — the motley fabric of his tale. This open-air method of collecting material can hardly be expected to commend itself to modern historians; and it is surely not necessary for Mr. Green or any other careful scholar to tell us seriously that Froissart is inaccurate. Of course he is inaccurate. How could history passed, ballad fashion, from man to man be anything but inaccurate? And how could it fail to possess that atmosphere and color which students are bidden to avoid, — lest perchance they resemble Tacitus, — but which lovers of "mere literature" hail rapturously, and which give to the printed page the breath of the living past? Froissart makes a sad jumble of his names, which indeed, in that easy-going age, were spelt according to the taste and discretion of the writer; he embellishes

his narrative with charming descriptions of incidents which perhaps never went through the formality of occurring; and he is good enough to forbear annoying us with dates. "About this time King Philip of France quitted Paris in company with the king of Bohemia;" or, "The feast of St. John the Baptist now approaching, the lords of England and Germany made preparations for their intended expedition." This is as near as we ever get to the precise period in which anything happened or did not happen, as the case may be; but to the unexact reader names and dates are not matters of lively interest, and even the accuracy of a picturesque incident is of no paramount importance. If it were generally believed to have taken place, it illustrates the customs and sentiments of the age as well as if it were authentic; and the one great advantage of the old over the new historian is that he feels the passions and prejudices of his own time, and reflects them without either condemnation or apology. The nineteenth-century mind working on fourteenth-century material is chilly in its analysis and Draconian in its judgment. It can and does enlighten us on many significant points, but it is powerless to breathe into its pages that warm and vivid life which lies so far beyond our utmost powers of sympathy or comprehension.

Now, there are many excellent and very intelligent people to whom the fourteenth century or any other departed century is without intrinsic interest. Mr. John Morley has emphatically recorded his sentiments on the subject. "I do not in the least want to know what happened in the past," he says, "except as it enables me to see my way more clearly through what is happening now." Here is the utilitarian view concisely and comprehensively stated; and it would be difficult to say how Froissart, any more than Tacitus or Xenophon, can help us efficaciously to understand the Monroe doctrine or the troubles in the Transvaal.

Perhaps these authors yield their finest pleasures to another and less meritorious class of readers, who are well content to forget the vexations and humiliations of the present in the serener study of the mighty past. The best thing about our neighbor's trouble, says the old adage, is that it does not keep us awake at night; and the best thing about the endless troubles of other generations is that they do not in any way impair our peace of mind. It may be that they did not greatly vex the sturdier race who, five hundred years ago, gave themselves scant leisure for reflection. Certain it is that events which should have been considered calamitous are narrated by Froissart in such a cheerful fashion that it is difficult for us to preserve our mental balance, and not share in his unreasonable elation. "Now is the time come when we must speak of lances, swords, and coats of mail," he writes with joyous zest. And again, he blithely describes the battle of Auray: "The French marched in such close order that one could not have thrown a tennis-ball among them but it must have stuck upon the point of a stiffly carried lance. The English took great pleasure in looking at them." Of course the English did, and they took great pleasure in fighting with them half an hour later, and great pleasure in routing them before the day was past; for in this bloody contest fell Charles of Blois, the bravest soldier of his time, and the fate of Brittany was sealed. Invitations to battle were then politely given and cordially accepted, like invitations to a ball. The Earl of Salisbury, before Brest, sends word to Sir Bertrand du Guesclin: "We beg and entreat of you to advance, when you shall be fought with, without fail." And the French, in return, "could never form a wish for feats of arms but there were some English ready to gratify it."

This cheerful, accommodating spirit, this alacrity in playing the dangerous game of war, is difficult for us peace-

loving creatures to understand; but we should remember the "desperate and gleeful fighting" of Nelson's day, and how that great sailor wasted his sympathy on the crew of the warship *Culloiden*, which went ashore at the battle of the Nile, "while their more fortunate companions were in the full tide of happiness." Du Guesclin or Sir John Chandos might have written that sentence, had they been much in the habit of writing anything,<sup>1</sup> and Froissart would have subscribed cordially to the sentiment. "Many persons will not readily believe what I am about to tell," he says with becoming gravity, "though it is strictly true. The English are fonder of war than of peace." "He had the courage of an Englishman" is the praise continually bestowed on some enterprising French knight; and when the English and Scotch met each other in battle, the French historian declares, "there was no check to their valor as long as their weapons endured." Nothing can be more vivacious than Froissart's description of the manner in which England awaited the threatened invasion of the French under their young king, Charles VI.: "The prelates, abbots, and rich citizens were panic-struck, but the artisans and poorer sort held it very cheap. Such knights and squires as were not rich, but eager for renown, were delighted, and said to each other: 'Lord! what fine times are coming, since the king of France intends to visit us! He is a valiant sovereign, and of great enterprise. There has not been such a one in France these three hundred years. He will make his people good men-at-arms, and blessed may he be for thinking to invade us, for certainly we shall all be slain or grow rich. One thing or the other must happen to us.'"

Alas for their disappointment, when adverse winds and endless altercations kept the invaders safe at home! There was a great deal of solid enjoyment lost

<sup>1</sup> Du Guesclin never knew how to write.

on both sides, though wealthy citizens counted their gains in peace. War was not only a recognized business, but a recognized pleasure as well, and noble knights relieved their heavy fighting with the gentler diversions of the tournament and the chase. When Edward III. entered France for the last time, he carried with him thirty falconers laden with hawks, sixty couples of strong hounds, and as many greyhounds, "so that every day he had good sport, either by land or water. Many lords had their hawks and hounds as well as the king." A merry life while the sun shone; and if it set early for most of these stout warriors, their survivors had but little leisure to lament them. It is not easy to read Froissart's account of certain battles, serious enough in their results, without being strangely impressed by the boyish enthusiasm with which the combatants went to work; so that even now, five centuries later, our blood tingles with their pleasurable excitement. When France undertook to support the Earl of Flanders against Philip van Arteveld and the rebellious citizens of Ghent, the Flemish army entrenched themselves in a strong position on the river Lys, destroying all bridges save one, which was closely guarded. The French, in the dead of night, crossed the river in rickety little boats, a handful of men at a time, and only a mile or so distant from the spot where nine thousand of the enemy lay encamped. Apparently they regarded this hazardous feat as the gayest kind of a lark, crowding like school-boys around the boats, and begging to be taken on board. "It was a pleasure to see with what eagerness they embarked," says the historian; and indeed, so great was the emulation that only men of noble birth and tried valor were permitted to cross. Not a single varlet accompanied them. After infinite labor and danger some twelve hundred knights — the flower of French chivalry — were transported to the other side of the river,

where they spent the rest of a cold and stormy November night standing knee-deep in the marshes, clad in complete armor, and without food or fire. At this point the fun ceases to sound so exhilarating; but we are assured that "the great attention they paid to be in readiness kept up their spirits, and made them almost forget their situation." When morning came, these knights, by way of rest and breakfast, crossed the intervening country, fell upon the Flemish ranks, and routed them with great slaughter; for what could a mass of untrained artisans do against a small body of valiant and accomplished soldiers? A few days later the decisive battle of Rosebecque ended the war. Van Arteveld was slain, and the cause of democracy, of "the ill intentioned," as Froissart for the most part designates the toiling population of towns, received its fatal blow.

Yet this courtly chronicler of battles and deeds of chivalry is not without a sense of justice and a noble compassion for the poor. He disapproves of "commonalties" when they assert their claims too boisterously; he fails to detect any signs of sapience in a mob; and he speaks of "weavers, fullers, and other ill-intentioned people" as though craftsmen were necessarily rebellious, — which perhaps was true, and not altogether a matter for surprise. But the grievous taxes laid upon the French peasantry fill him with indignation; the distress of Ghent, though brought about, as he believes, by her own pride and presumption, touches him so deeply that he grows eloquent in her behalf; and he records with distinct approbation the occasional efforts made by both the French and the English kings to explain to their patient subjects what it was they were fighting about. Eloquent bishops, he tells us, were sent to preach "long and fine sermons," setting forth the justice of the respective claims. "In truth, it was but right that these sovereigns, *since they were determined on war*, should explain

and make clear to their people the cause of the quarrel, that they might understand it, and have the better will to assist their lords and monarchs." Above all, he gives us a really charming and cheerful picture of the French and English fishermen, who went quietly about their daily toil, and bore each other no ill will, although their countries were so hard at war. "They were never interrupted in their pursuits," he says, "nor did they attack each other; but, on the contrary, gave mutual assistance, and bought or sold, according as they had more fish or less than they required. For if they were to meddle in the national strife, there would be an end of fishing, and none would attempt it unless supported by men-at-arms." So perhaps there is one lesson of common sense and forbearance we may learn, even now, from those barbarous days of old.

As for the personal touches which give such curious vitality to Froissart's pages, they belong naturally to an unscientific age, when history, — or what passed as such, — biography, court gossip, and legendary lore were all mingled together, with no vexatious sifting of material. The chronicler tells us in ample detail every separate clause of an important treaty, and then breaks off to recount, at great length and with commendable gravity, the story of the Lord de Corasse and his familiar demon, Orthon, who served him out of pure love, and visited him at night, to the vexation and lasting terror of his lady wife. We hear in one chapter how the burghers of Ghent spoiled all the pleasure of the Lord d'Estournaz's Christmas by collecting and carrying away his rents, "which made him very melancholy," as well it might; and in the next we are told in splendid phrases of the death of Duke Wenceslaus, of Bohemia, "who was, in his time, magnificent, blithe, prudent, amorous, and polite. God have mercy on his soul!" It is hard to see how anything could be better described, in fewer

words, than the disastrous expedition of William of Hainault against the Frieslanders: "About the feast of St. Rémy, William, Earl of Hainault, collected a large body of men-at-arms, knights, and squires, from Hainault, Flanders, Brabant, Holland, Gueldres, and Juliers, and, embarking them on board a considerable fleet at Dordrecht, made sail for Friesland; for the earl considered himself as lord thereof. If the Frieslanders had been people to listen to the legality and reasonableness of the claim, the earl was entitled to it. But as they were obstinate, he exerted himself to obtain it by force, and was slain, as well as a great many other knights and squires. God forgive them their sins!"

Surely that line about the unreasonable Frieslanders is worthy of Carlyle, — of Carlyle, whose grim and pregnant humor lurks beneath sentences that, to the unwary, seem as innocent as the sheathed dagger before the blade is sprung. He it was who hated with a just and lively abhorrence all constitutional histories and all philosophy of history, as likewise "empty invoice lists of Pitched Battles and Changes of Ministry," — as dead, he declared, as last year's almanacs, "to which species of composition they bear, in several points of view, no inconsiderable affinity." He it was, moreover, who welded together history and literature, and gave us their perfect and harmonious union in the story of the Diamond Necklace. The past was enough for Carlyle, when he worked amid her faded parchments, and made them glow with renewed color and fire. That splendid pageant of events, that resistless torrent of life, that long roll-call of honored names, which we term comprehensively history, had for him a significance which needed neither moral nor maxim to confirm it. If we can believe with him that it is better to revere great men than to belittle them, better to worship blindly than to censure priggishly, better to enlarge our mental

vision until it embraces the standards of other centuries than to narrow it in accordance with the latest humanitarian doctrine, then we may stray safely through the storied past, until even Froissart, writing in a feudal chimney-corner strange tales of chivalry and carnage, will have for us a message of little practical service, but of infinite comfort in hours of idleness and relaxation. It is an engaging task to leave the present, so weighted with cumbersome enigmas and ineffectual activity, and to go back, step by step, to other days, when men saw life in simpler aspects, and moved forward unswervingly to the attainment of definite and obvious desires.

One voice has been recently raised with modest persistence in behalf of old-fashioned history, — history which may possibly be inaccurate here and there, but which will give to the present generation some vivid insight into the lives of other generations which were not without importance in their day. Now that we are striving to educate every class of people, whether they respond to our advances or not, it is at least worth while to make their instruction as pleasant and as profitable as we can. Mr. Augustus Jessopp, whose knowledge of the agricultural classes is of that practical and intimate kind which comes of living with them for many years in sympathy and friendship, has a right to be heard when he speaks in their behalf. If they must be taught in scraps and at the discretion of committees, he believes that the Extension lecturers who go about dispensing small doses of Ruskin and water, or weak dilutions of Mr. Addington Symonds, or teaspoonfuls of disconnected Egyptology, would be better employed in telling the people something of their own land and of their rude forefathers. And this history, he insists, should be local, full of detail, popular in character, and without base admixture of political science, so that the rustic mind may accustom itself

to the thought of England, in all Christian ages, as a nation of real people; just as Tom Tulliver woke gradually, under the stimulating friction of Maggie's questions, to the astonishing conviction that the Romans were once live men and women, who learned their mother tongue through some easier medium than the Latin grammar. Again and again Mr. Jessopp has tried the experiment of lecturing on local antiquities and the dim traditions of ancient country parishes; and he has always found that these topics, which carried with them some homely and familiar flavor of the soil, awoke a deep and abiding interest in minds to which abstract ethics and technical knowledge appealed alike in vain. School boards may raise the cry for useful information, and fancy that a partial acquaintance with chlorides and phosphates is all that is necessary to make of a sulky yokel an intelligent agriculturist and a contented citizen; but a man must awaken before he can think, and think before he can work, and work before he can realize his position and meaning in the universe. And it needs a livelier voice than that of elementary chemistry to arouse him. "The Whigs," said Sir Walter Scott, "will live and die in the belief that the world is ruled by pamphlets and speeches;" and a great many excellent people in every country will live and die in the belief that the world is ruled by printed books, full of proven and demonstrable truths. But we, the world's poor children, sick, tired, and fractious, know very well that we never learn unless we like our lesson, and never behave ourselves unless inspired by precept and example. The history of every nation is the heritage of its sons and daughters; and the story of its struggles, sufferings, misdeeds, and glorious atonements is the story that keeps alive in all our hearts that sentiment of patriotism, without which we are speeding swiftly on our path to national corruption and decay.

*Agnes Repplier.*

## HERMANN SUDERMANN.

AT the commencement of the decade 1890-1900, Germany apparently was possessed of an eminent poet and literary leader for each of its three great political movements. The writings of Ernst von Wildenbruch appeared to voice nothing so much as the peculiar sentiments and passions of tory patriots, the novels and dramas of Hermann Sudermann embodied the ideas of social democrats, while Gerhardt Hauptmann's tragedies seemed inspired by the despairing experiences of anarchists. Yet time has shown that this early rough-and-ready classification of the three authors named, as conservative, democratic, anarchistic, is poor and quite inadequate; although it cannot be pronounced, even to-day, wholly misleading. It is true that Herr von Wildenbruch continues to put the flamboyant prose of the historian Von Treitschke into verse; but Hermann Sudermann and Gerhardt Hauptmann have both made marked advance not merely in the quality of their matter, but also in workmanship. There is still a reminiscence in most of their works of the social misery peculiar to the proletarian classes, and Hannele, by Gerhardt Hauptmann, is even more than a reminiscence: it is a brand-new inspiration, quite unlike anything else in German literature. But partisan tendency is conspicuous no longer either in Hauptmann's productions or in Sudermann's. The same sympathy for the poor is disclosed, but the conception as to who are the truly miserable in the world has broadened in the minds of both authors so as to include individuals of all the various classes of society, not the poor in means only. Sudermann, especially, has come into the true artist's heritage of serenity of soul and universal sympathy. The socialist in him is merged in the larger life of the humanist, and the partisan in that of the poet. Still,

as we cannot help being reminded on taking up his latest romance,<sup>1</sup> radicalism remains one of the distinguishing traits of his works. He cannot create a hero who is not vivified by revolutionary blood, whose spring of action is not moved by a personal ideal different from the common, and whose life is not spent, at least during the period held up to our view, in maintaining this ideal in the face of the venerable dogmas of conventionalism and of his own defection; and most of his heroes, besides being radical, are moral opportunists.

Leo, the hero of the novel *Es War*, is a gentleman by birth, a landed proprietor. He had exiled himself for a while, after the manner of his class, as a kind of expiation for having killed a neighbor in a duel (the result of a quarrel over a woman who is now the Baroness Felicitas Kletzingk), and is returning to his old home. At the railway station he is met by Baron Ulrich Kletzingk, and the two sit down to dinner at the restaurant. Leo laughs heartily at his friend's remark at his robustness. Yes; he has been living! Cowboy life in South America is not namby-pambyism. A man's faculties there must come into use, and his senses too. A man adds muscle to his heart as well as to his bones. His home affairs are in a ruinous state, are they? Well, it is to get them into some sort of order that he has come back; otherwise he would have stayed in South America.

"Ulrich, old boy," he exclaims suddenly, laying his big hand on his friend's thin arm with a puzzled look, "why did you marry Felicitas?"

Ulrich stares in grave and fond surprise, and asks if he did not give Leo his promise to do all he could for her. And all was not done until he had taken

<sup>1</sup> *Es War*. Roman. Von HERMANN SUDERMANN. Stuttgart: Cotta. 1894.

her for his wife, and so made it clear to the world that it was not she who had been the cause of the duel.

"But, old fellow, your marriage has separated us, don't you see that?" cries Leo.

Ulrich's lips quiver for a moment. Then he replies quietly, yes; he did not think of it at the time, but he sees now that Felicitas cannot well be expected to receive into her house the man who killed her child's father, nor be reconciled to seeing her husband maintain friendship with this man. They part, therefore, for good, though the separation that ensues is most hard for both. But while Ulrich bears it with resignation, to Leo the pain is like that of an open wound. For the fact is, the one lie that he has ever told in his life to Ulrich, whom he has loved as long as he can remember, with the protective tenderness that a rugged Newfoundland may be supposed to feel for a spaniel, is the stupendous denial that Felicitas was his mistress.

"That's done for, however!" he repeats to himself, — the past and all its pack. What's wanted is hard work, study of crops and fertilizers; and upon fertilizers and crops he stoutly concentrates all his thoughts. The old kinsman whom he had put at the head of his affairs when he left the country is a dissipated rogue, who has as good as ruined him, and his first business is to get rid of the ribald rascal; and this is done with a promptness which the author sets forth with an Homeric plainness of language. What a telling bit, for instance, is the mere catalogue of the books that compose the "library" of this Falstaff in the country!

But Ulysses had not so hard a task in coming into his own as Leo has in retaining possession of his. For among the modern hero's dearest properties is his peace of mind, and this is attacked relentlessly, long after the summary process of ousting his steward has been ef-

fected. There is, to begin with, his piously fanatic sister, Johanna, half insane from mental suffering. She gets at the secret of his former *liaison* with Felicitas, slowly but surely, by drawing it out of Felicitas herself through some occult force of intuition, and the irresistible, uncanny penetration of the mad. Johanna, in her turn, deposits the criminal secret upon the conscience of Pastor Breckenridge. This man, a Luther in coarseness as well as in the energy of his mingled divine and earthly ardor, knows no better way to reach Leo than by preaching a sermon at him, and this he does. Leo, in retaliation, forces Johanna to quit his house, and turns the dominie out into the cold of his baronial displeasure. But the morbidness of the widowed Johanna only increases after her separation from Leo, and she works upon the superstitious nature of the pastor with insane persistency. They take Felicitas into their confidence, and the three urge Leo to show his repentance by kneeling at the holy communion with the woman he has wronged.

Now, all Leo's healthy instinct has warned him against dwelling on the subject of his past sin in any shape or manner, and his desperate defense against these people has been at the prompting of this instinct. But in the long run their united, constant activity drains his resolution; a kind of moral miasma weakens him, and one day, sure enough, he consents to go to the communion with Baroness Felicitas. And what happens? Why, precisely what his common sense has foreseen: the close proximity of the woman he has loved, the recalling, in her company, of the incidents that led to their common sin, set on foot a procession of thoughts that continue to journey toward her from that day on. And just as in a procession the groups of marchers are not all of one quality, so are his thoughts not all holy; those that bring up the rear are as abandoned and unruly as were ever the bacchanalian

rabble that closed the priestly lines of old. The desires of Felicitas likewise begin to travel the invisible highway of space between her heart and Leo.

Ulrich, meanwhile, who is the only man of position in the neighborhood at once rich and intelligent enough to devote himself to parliamentary affairs, goes to Berlin to take his seat in the Reichstag, content and happy in mind over the reconciliation of his wife and Leo. The temptation to which his absence exposes both is great, and is battled against by his friend with all that remains of his moral power. Since Charlotte Brontë wrote *Jane Eyre*, there has hardly been in fiction a portrayal of the exercise of will-power against temptation so convincing as this. Leo's love is commonplace enough, but it takes on a certain tragic pathos by reason of its passion, and the might of the resistance which is savagely set up against it.

There comes a scene, which is most wonderfully painted, when the pair cower for heat, in the dusk of a winter's day, at the mouth of the lighted furnace in the heating-room of the Klezingsks' greenhouse, and Leo sinks in a heap on the steps and sobs aloud. Felicitas thinks him subdued by passion at last, and with blissful repose of affection she strokes his head. But Leo's emotion is not demoralization; it is wild despair. He dreads the giving way of his good intentions towards Ulrich, and he urges Felicitas to end all and die with him. She consents, and so tumultuous is his state of mind that he does not perceive she does so in a mood of indulgent sympathy, not out of a fatal conviction like his own. Leo thereupon goes home in an overwrought state, and in the interval carouses like a man possessed. Felicitas, on her part, spends the day in devising coquettish schemes for completing his fond enthrallment. Her husband returns home from the death-bed of their little Paul, and attempts to tell her of the last hours of the boy. She

becomes too hysterical to listen. Every new emotion merges, at this juncture, into her dizzy passion and adds to its intensity, just as an inflowing stream, instead of diverting a rapid, only accelerates its force. When at last the hour of her hopes approaches she is completely ready, — so thoroughly prepared, indeed, that she does not run to meet "her lion;" he must be worked upon first, she thinks, by old and dear associations. So she leaves him to wait awhile in her boudoir, where, amidst cosy and intimate warmth, persuasive perfume, and rosy glowing light, everything shall whisper of their sweet and delirious past.

And in truth Leo does no sooner enter the room, so insinuating in its privacy, than this past starts up out of his memory like a suppressed heart-throb. But the memories of a strong man are, fortunately, not all of one kind, and so among the objects which can touch the electric bells of his remembrance in this critical hour is a letter in the dead little Paul's handwriting. It lies open where it has been left neglected on his mother's desk. Leo pulls it towards him, and groans aloud, — as does also the reader of the book, if he be a parent, — so pitiful in its stiff awkwardness is the child's plea to be allowed to come home for the holidays, and so altogether insufficient in proper eloquence, but so all the more touching beyond compare in its betrayal of boyish homesickness. Felicitas had refused the request out of regard for Leo. It was her neglect, also, in her preoccupation, to send Paul a Christmas-box that had started the child out to seek for the post-office, on the stormy night in which he had caught his death of cold. She had confessed it all; and Leo, at the time, had known she was lost past salvation, and he with her. This sinister reflection is overcoming him afresh, when Felicitas glides in from the adjoining room. She has dressed herself with seductive art, and smiles at him with the abandonment of passion. For some mo-

ments Leo is incapable of grasping her intention. On apprehending it, the recoil of his feeling expresses itself with the disappointment of revolt. Felicitas is mortally piqued. She stares at him for a moment, then steps to her husband's door and calls on him frantically. When Ulrich rushes in, she explains the situation by coolly repeating against Leo the charge of Potiphar's wife.

The spell over Leo is at once broken. The heartless untruth of the woman's words, their vulgar flippancy, the coarse boldness of the impromptu intrigue, is a shock that does for him what an icy wind does for a landscape when it whirls away a fog and shows the limbo therein to be but a common gulch. He can manage a mere lust of the eye: he knows that sort of thing, and can cope with it. The hysterical pleading of his sister, the religious admonitions of Breckenridge, and all the rest had made him mistake their passion for authority. The more fool he for having let his own instinctive judgment be knocked on the head, as it were, and carried off stunned in the company of superstitious ideas. Now he is once more himself. And with this feeling he strides back home to await the dawn of day, when Ulrich, as he is firmly determined, shall not be the one to suffer in the duel which they have been forced into by Felicitas.

But the novel and Leo's life are not to close tragically. He goes to the place of rendezvous at the appointed hour, but only to find Ulrich an unconscious heap in the snow, distinguishable by its dark color alone from the rest of the desolate winter scene. The tale continues with an account of Leo nursing his sick friend to life and convalescence, while Felicitas betakes herself upon a journey, during which she obtains a writ of divorce.

The real finale lies further back than the ostensible end of the romance, — in the midnight conflict within the chamber of Felicitas. To this culmination it is well, we think, for the reader who is

unacquainted with the author's works to look attentively, for it displays several of Sudermann's most striking peculiarities. First of all, his overbalanced tendency toward the dramatic. He is like the very greatest of epic writers in crowding his pages, as human homes are crowded, with inanimate objects, with children, with accessories; but, unlike novelists of the first class, he is incapable of enduing all personages with life according to their individual natures, or of carrying forward two or more actions in parallel lines. Instead, one action or one set of his numerous characters gets a start and runs quite away with his pen; all the rest are left behind, to be fetched up at intervals or at the end of the book, with evident want of spontaneousness; his fire and strength having been expended in guiding the main runners to their final goal. His novels are neither of the trim French style, in which a few grown-up individuals, sharply delineated, are presented against backgrounds as unobtrusive as old tapestry in their faint coloring, nor, on the other hand, are they like the English romances of Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot, swarming with personages to the last page, almost shutting out all background; they resemble English workmanship in their beginnings and endings, and French in their main, middle portion. There are scenes in *Es War* of incomparable merit, either by reason of their verisimilitude, as the opening scene in the railway station, or because of their rugged naturalism, or for their passionate power; but these scenes, like the *coulisses* of a stage, are limited in number, and, without exception, they are illustrative of the one main plot of the criminal passion of Leo and Felicitas. The growth of the affection of Leo for the girl Ethel, the secondary action in the story, is utterly incapable, on the other hand, of suggesting one real bit of life; the hundred pages devoted to this subject leave not a single vivid picture in the reader's mind. In other words,

Sudermann's talent is shown, by the very faults of his novels, to be theatrical; it discloses itself in the rapid development of single plots that unroll with increasing force. It is as if a play, *Leo's Reënchantment* and *Coming-To*, were imbedded in a shapeless, flabby romance.

The situation in the culminating scene in the chamber is characteristic of Sudermann, since it shows him taking a very hackneyed theme and lifting it into novelty by making the motive of the lover's coming one of dead earnestness. The voluptuous details of the early part of the scene are also common in fiction, but these Sudermann does not vary by a single line; he might have copied them in gross from a hundred French novels, or from some of his own earlier works; they are so totally without any individuality, in fact, both in *Es War* and in his earlier works, that it may be asserted confidently that the erotic romanticism of this author is merely a reminiscence of the schools, and not a product of his own nature. The exaggerated sensuality, the pessimism, and the gross virility which he feels obliged to display in imitation of the French masters whom he has studied compose a slag in his compositions which he would do well to throw off and out. It has no real innate affinity with the rest of his matter, and his best inspirations, his most individual creations, are without it. The sensuality of *Magda* in the drama *Heimat*, of the hero of *Frau Sorge*, and of *Count Trast* in the drama *Ehre* is not that of French romances; it is that of ordinary life. If the instinct of sex in them had free play, it would be but one manifestation of the universal energy which distinguishes them; and there is in this a virility as different from the superficial one which disgusts us in mere erotic fiction as exuberant health is from delirium.

If Sudermann is thus inferior to the latest school of novelists in this matter of describing lust and grossness, he is above it in greater respects. He diverges

from the beaten paths and journeys independently towards truth. The majority of pessimistic realists let their characters succumb to temptations of the flesh and the devil; he shows his as fighting successfully against adverse obstacles of every kind. If his characters have human weaknesses, they possess at the same time firm and healthy fibres of will. And from the optimistic realists, like *Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach*, he is equally distinguishable. For these realists incline to point to the future for adjustment of wrongs and faults, whereas Sudermann never takes his eyes from the present and its moral contrasts. In *Ehre*, *Count Trast* says to *Mother Heinicke*, "You have toiled so hard and suffered so much, you must be right." Evidently a vital point of the creed of the author lies condensed within the homely phrase. So far as he has fathomed, every character in individual life and every phenomenon in social life are the result of doleful experience. Each one is, consequently, sublimely justified in its own peculiar existence. His faith seems to conclude, furthermore, that every human being acts in the main according to the best of his ability; and to show that the best ability of a single soul is pathetically at odds in the struggle with the battalioned enemy, — the corps of bodily wants, the regiments of social requirements, the mobs of temptation, the ambushes of hereditary and ingrained perversities, — and that, notwithstanding, it does effect something through loyalty to its inner sense, is the great mission of his enheartening art. Nothing can be more like the actual world than his books, if taken as a whole; their pages teem with descriptions of sins and small miseries; yet just as mankind, in spite of the Fall in Eden, has perceptibly advanced in civilization, so, in spite of small miseries and faults, the characters of his creation make progress, if not in material wealth, then in the possession of character, insight, will, charity.

It is not easy entirely to love the heroes and heroines of Sudermann. There is something hard about them. They remind one of the bronze figures of Donatello. They want the graciousness and the repose that win the affections while captivating the soul. Magda fills the heart with appreciation, without, however, warming it to love. So likewise with Count Trast and the young hero of Frau Sorge. The iron of care stiffens their backs; they have left off kneeling, and their attitude of unbending fortitude electrifies us by flashing across our minds a sense of the tragedy of their spiritual isolation. But we have no longing to take part with them therein; while they, on their side, have passed beyond the weakness of drawing near to us.

The dramas of Sudermann are models

of plain, colloquial German, as forcible by reason of their clear and unadorned expression as Sheridan's. They afford no "immortal sentences," but delight through their mastery of what Thackeray calls the dialect of the individual. Each personage speaks according to his individual nature, so that his every phrase is a revelation of character. The conversations in the author's later novels display a good deal of the same naturalness; but in all the novels, save in the sketches entitled *At Twilight*, which are of genuine Gallic lightness, there is still so much superfluous rhetoric in the descriptive parts that his style must be pronounced inferior, as a whole, in point of polish and brilliancy. On the other hand, he is not only a versatile writer; he is a strong one, and can be charmingly fresh.

---

## TWO LIGHT-BRINGING BOOKS.

AN impression easily obtained from the current higher criticism is, that of all who have had to do with the Scripture documents the final redactor merits the scantiest regard. To the prevailing historic sense, so greedy for origins, he is almost necessarily a marplot, who will not let the primitive writings speak for themselves, but mixes them together in the most perplexing way, or confuses their utterance with glosses of his own; and from this view it is but a step to regarding him as a bungler and dislocator, whose interference were better dispensed with. It is as if there had crept into Biblical study a kind of book-fancier's craze for first editions; which latter, one suspects, are accounted all the more valuable for not revealing their inside, but remaining uncut. Of course this impression is not intended by the higher critics themselves; it is chargeable rather to the unchecked critical method, which in

fact can see only one thing at a time, and which just at present is in the sway of the historic spirit, as heretofore that has in its turn been controlled by the dogmatic and the philological. The untoward fact remains, however, that for the time the general reader's sense of Scripture as an ordered, digested, articulated whole is painfully eclipsed, — a result whose *reductio ad absurdum* may perhaps be expressed in the words of Renan, who, in his comic History of the People of Israel, describing the Oriental compilations, says: "The last absorbs those that precede it, without assimilating them; so much so that the most recent compilation always has in its stomach, so to speak, morsels of previous works quite raw."

It is with a real sense of relief that one escapes from this feeling of dislocation and chaos to a view which, without laying aside the strictest scientific spirit,

frankly approaches the Scripture record as it lies before us, in its final and presumably definitive edition, — a view which contemplates the finished evolution, in its larger meanings, as it reveals itself after it has worked out of the confusion of history and literature in the making. This common characteristic it is which unites the books we have here chosen for remark.

If Professor Moulton's analysis of the literary forms of Scripture<sup>1</sup> holds, the men who were responsible for the final shape assumed by the Hebrew writings are worthy of greater respect than we have been inclined to accord them, — the respect due to trained men of letters. Nor were the writings themselves, those immensely potent factors in the life and uplifting of the world, the mere Grub Street hack-work that all this talk of Jehovahists and Elohistes and Priests' codes would seem to make them. Let it be proved by careful study of their form that they have crystallized into an organic literary creation, part answering to part, and one constructive idea controlling word and plan alike, and we have a fact of great significance to import into our critical study. The final editor becomes increasingly identified with the original creator; and the Bible is seen to have reached its acknowledged literary power by having an involution to balance its evolution; it was made according to the dictates of the literary sense, like a book, rather than those of the business sense, like a directory.

This is the great service that Professor Moulton is rendering to Biblical interpretation: in one important department, the study of form, he has applied the literary sense to the investigation of the Hebrew literature. As one reads his book, and sees how much the study yields not only of interest, but of positive illumination, the wonder is that men could

have let a field that lies at their doors remain so long uncultivated, while they were compassing land and sea to get means of elucidating Scripture. After all, "the word is nigh thee."

With some general principles and facts of Hebrew literature, scholars, and to some extent general readers, have long been familiar. That there is in the poetic parts of our Bible a verse system founded on the principle of parallelism; that indications of an art sequence in verse, albeit to our sense more artificial than artistic, are to be found notably in the acrostic poems; that in some poems set expressions recur like a refrain or response; that — to broaden our view — some parts of the Bible have a certain epic power, others are rudimentally dramatic, others idyllic, others elegiac: such things as these are open to a mere casual observation. But they have heretofore been studied only far enough to produce the sense of crudeness rather than that of skill; the acrostic poems, for instance, have been regarded as the decadence of an art never highly developed, and the larger literary types, estimated by the Greek standard, have been named by accommodated terms, and under protest, as a kind of half-barbarous coincidence. So the Hebrew poetry has come to us as an incongruity: on the one side, word and imagery confessedly of the purest and sublimest; on the other, a form that seems either to have happened or to have run wild. May it not be, however, that these superficial forms, so crude in seeming, are merely the translatable evidences of a much more finished art, outposts of it as it were, and that if we could get the key to it there is a wealth of literary art represented in our Bible just suited to the genius of the Hebrew mind? Professor Moulton seems to have proved abundantly that there is: parallelism, lower and higher; stanza forms wrought up

<sup>1</sup> *The Literary Study of the Bible.* An Account of the Leading Forms of Literature represented in the Sacred Writings. By RICHARD

G. MOULTON, M. A., Ph. D. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 1895.

even to the fineness of the sonnet; elaborate arrangements of strophe, antistrophe, refrain, antiphon; nor these poetic forms only, but an equally cultivated recognition of the sphere of prose, in its historical, oratorical, and epistolary forms, and of a spontaneous alternation of prose and verse to which certain kinds of Hebrew subject-matter naturally lend themselves. On the basis of a lucid classification of forms, tabulated on page 108, he subjects the various types of Scripture discourse to a detailed analysis, which then is condensed into valuable tables in the appendix. His results are so rich as to be hardly short of bewildering; it will take time, doubtless, for general readers to get them verified in everyday sense. And not improbably he has in some cases yielded to the discoverer's enthusiasm, and pushed his distinctions farther than was in the original author's mind, erring on the side of minuteness, — a fault, if a fault, which the testing of time will correct. There is enough in half of what he has here given to throw an amazing new light and coloring over Scripture, if we will simply get out our Revised Version and let its articulations of thought and form reveal themselves.

This last remark, indeed, goes far to sum up Professor Moulton's practical aim in his literary study of the Bible. It is the body rather than the spirit with which he is dealing; but while he attempts nothing of that subtle appreciation of word and figure which was so present to Matthew Arnold in his little work on Isaiah of Jerusalem, he is doing what is perhaps the best service toward clearing the approaches thereto. It is not so much through considerations of age, or authorship, or cleavage and documentary components of the books, as through a simple recognition of literary forms, prose or poetic, lyric or dramatic, that we can hear the Bible speaking for itself, in its natural and intended voice.

"For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;  
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make."

To approach a passage as poetry is to approach it in a mood poetically attuned, and to get from it the effect, not of matter of fact or of dogma, but of an exalted, impassioned truth or image. Joshua chanting to the sun and moon his intense desire to be avenged on his enemies produces a very different effect from Joshua issuing a command as a general to his troops. To approach a lyric poem with a recognition of its stanza form is to have a means of parting and combining its thoughts, of adjusting our sense to its natural arsis and thesis, and thereby getting its proposed impulse and power. Thus the appreciation of the form determines our mood toward it; and to a great degree this literary mood makes the Bible independent of a commentary. It becomes by so much like a book of our own day, which the spirit of the time makes plain and congenial to the common mind without need of explication.

A further means of making the Bible speak for itself in the familiar accents of a modern book Professor Moulton insists upon, — a means astonishingly effective for one so simple, — and that is a modern manner of printing. No book has suffered so much from a printing truly atrocious as the Book which of all others should be most attractive. The text cut up, from beginning to end, into little prose bits, each about long enough for the text of a sermon, and probably so intended by the perpetrator; these bits carefully numbered and grouped into chapters, not according to the natural divisions of the subject, but in convenient sections for reading in public; words in *Italic* print constantly appearing, not for emphasis, but requiring the exact reverse; occasional paragraph marks disfiguring every page; pages in double columns, and generally on the thinnest of paper and in eye-destroying fineness of print; add to this, in the case of reference Bibles, a text sown thick with

letters and other marks of reference, — is not the indictment really formidable? The Revised Version has done something toward the correction of this by employing paragraph divisions for the prose and parallelism for the poetic portions; still, much remains to be done, and will remain, perhaps, so long as the public insists on having a whole body of literature crowded into a single volume. Meanwhile, as a practical exemplification of his literary views, Professor Moulton is engaged in editing a charming series of handy volumes,<sup>1</sup> in which the reader can judge for himself how much the simple expedient of modern attractive printing, the text being arranged in fitting prose or verse form, put in stanzas or couplets as needed, indented, divided, and numbered according to sense of subject or type of discourse, will do toward making the Bible its own lucid interpreter. The result fully justifies us in calling our author's work light-bringing. If, in taking up one of these volumes, the familiar text seems at first strangely unfamiliar, the strangeness is all on the side of the attractive, the natural, the clear; it is like taking off a husk of austerity and ecclesiasticism, and finding that the Bible is a book for the fireside no less than for the pulpit. Nor do its dignity and sanctity suffer in the least thereby. One observation by way of criticism may here be made: the marks of the shop, the sedulous naming of sonnets and epigrams, essays and proverb clusters, seem unduly to cumber the text, which, as in the run of modern books, could be trusted to the printer's resource to secure its sufficient rights; and thus appeal is too insistently made to the technical literary student rather than to the general reader, for whom the Bible, as a book of universal literature, is presumably designed. It would be a pity,

however, to let this infelicity crowd these little manuals back into the class of specialist books; it is so greatly overborne by the substantial aid that the series, supported by the textbook of theory, is rendering to the cause of Biblical interpretation and criticism.

While the study of the literary forms of the Bible as evolved and finished supplies important aid and reassurance from one side, the present emergency of Biblical study calls also for something more fundamental. Far greater than the pain of perusing an unorganized literature is the pain of contemplating an unfinished, apparently unmotivated history; and especially if the history is one with which we have always felt our own destiny to be vitally connected. And in the exacting work of tracing connections of ancient books with the course of obscure events men so naturally become absorbed in the records of some ancient Stationers' Hall, so subsist on dates and editions and allusions, that, to the ordinary reader, their work is swallowed up in the scoriæ of the publisher; it fails of that light, that guidance, in which the history and the literature assume character and organicism. All these things may be getting out indispensable material for a luminous interpretation to come; but after all, critics and historians must from all their excursions of learning come back sooner or later to the truth that a phenomenon, historical or literary, can be really interpreted only in its own spirit, not in some other spirit scientifically applied from without. An important contribution to this spiritual, sympathetic interpretation of the history which, in its vast reaches for mankind, is "the one phenomenon in all the world most deserving of study" lies before us in the late Dr. Coyle's volume of E. D. Rand lectures.<sup>2</sup> The object of this volume is to trace the evolu-

<sup>1</sup> *The Modern Reader's Bible*. A Series of Works from the Sacred Scriptures presented in Modern Literary Form. Edited, with Introductions and Notes, by RICHARD G. MOULTON,

VOL. LXXVII. — NO. 463.

45

M. A., Ph. D. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. 1895.

<sup>2</sup> *The Spirit in Literature and Life*. The E. D. Rand Lectures in Iowa College for the

tion of the Hebrew spirit, as a distinctive national energy, from its obscure beginnings in Moses and the patriarchs, through those Old Testament ages during which it makes a history of marked individuality and vitalizes a literature the most remarkable in the world; then as it becomes embodied in a Man who, "evidently through the quickening of that spirit, was fitted to stand at the centre and summit of the world's development, and able to take and hold his place there, and to compel history henceforth to revolve around him;" then, still onward, as going forth from him this Hebrew spirit becomes a world-spirit, stamped with his individuality, and progressively conforming the world's ongoings to itself. Such is its theme, great enough for an epic pen. And the treatment, although, covering so vast a ground, it has in the nature of the case to be compendious, is full of luminous insight and sanity. It reveals the spiritual vista which so attracts the higher critic and lends nobility to the obscure details of his research; it traces with sympathetic hand the spiritual thread which guides the way through the nebulous ages of prophetic, legislative, didactic, and devotional literature. Thus it may be regarded as a serviceable guide-book for the times.

Such investigation as here comes to expression we may regard as a mark of the advancing and broadening spirit continually at work in the inquiries of our age. If it does not take, it at least foreshadows the step ahead which is to be taken when the critical evidence is all in and construction supervenes. The historical spirit has had its day of light and power; but unless something is added, men's interest in the past may easily grow beyond what is vital, and run to seed in antiquarianism. Meanwhile, a new kind of inquiry is taking possession

of the thinking world, the sociological; and as soon as its search-light is turned upon ancient history, forthwith a new coloring, hitherto undreamed of, begins to suffuse the long-past interests, enterprises, institutions of man in society. The author of this book is a student, not of exegesis, but of sociology; the book is the result of his endeavor to adjust the Hebrew history to that awakening consciousness which is gaining the floor for the immediate future, — the consciousness of men walking in the suffusion of a common spirit and working out a common destiny. So the old martyr's prediction is verified anew; and as each new generation comes to view the world in a new light, the light breaking forth from the old record evinces its identity therewith.

A noteworthy feature of Dr. Coyle's thought is that it occupies a plane higher than the higher criticism. It moves on that table-land where the Biblical consciousness of the conservative and of the radical critic alike may see eye to eye. Questions of the relative order of prophetism and legalism, of the developmental stages in the history of codes, liturgies, historical records, and books of wisdom, become of quite secondary importance in the contemplation of an energy which was confessedly vital in some fitting way before history or literature was made; they become mere questions of detail, not tests of faith. It is the same with our author's attitude toward the schools and methods of the day. He postulates no supernaturalism to offend the rationalist, no leaps of pietistic faith to invalidate a scientist's conclusions. To study the Hebrew spirit as a phenomenon of history is as legitimate a research as to study the scientific spirit or the romantic. It aims at a broad and self-justifying interpretation of facts; which latter it presents with a bent, indeed, distinctly apologetic and irenic, with an almost too serene optimism, but with no invasion of the historical method. The facts are

there: piety and faith may draw their own conclusion; so may science and rational philosophy.

For a book of this kind the author's modest disclaimer of scholarly endowment, as put forth in the preface, is less disturbing than would to him appear. To be sure, oceans of reading, meditation, and verification are only too meagre for the details of so vast a research; and traces of unseasoned assertion, of the lack of first-hand testing, may here and there be found. But it is doubtful if the most abysmal scholarship would have done so well. It is not to the lifelong resident in a picturesque region that we go for a description of it; it is to one who, coming from elsewhere, has discovered it, and has not forgotten the rapture and surprise of his discovery. An expert is often the man least fitted to open a sub-

ject comprehensively. He has got along so far in it that his wonder at the whole is swallowed up in his interest in details; we need the man in whom the wonder is still fresh, and for whom conversance with minutiae has not obscured the perspective of the subject, to give the illuminating compendious view. The main question is, whether he has the real heart of the matter; and of the answer to this question, in the case before us, there can be little uncertainty. More scholarship would, on the whole, while perhaps sharpening or correcting many a detail, but substantiate his main results the more. In truth, one feels, on laying down the book, that this course of thought might not inaptly stand as a kind of programme to which specializing scholarship might adjust its processes and results.

---

#### COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

*Fiction.* The Men of the Moss-Hags, being a History of Adventures taken from the Papers of William Gordon of Earlston in Galloway, and told over again by S. R. Crockett. (Macmillan.) Mr. Crockett is often at his very best in this chronicle of the Covenanting days, and though a writer "born of the hill-folk" cannot be other than a partisan, he is so in no ill sense. He strives, with some measure of success, to deal justly with Claverhouse, and William Gordon is neither a zealot nor a fanatic, which fact makes his strong and vivid but unexaggerated narrative infinitely the more effective. As pathetic as the story of the child martyr Willie, in The Raiders, is the episode of the terrified but steadfast children in this book, while such sketches as the winter's-night ride of the hero and his cousin into Edinburgh and their escape therefrom, to give no further instances, are in an unusual degree forcible and impressive. Mr. Crockett is so full of his subject that he overcrowds his tale with incidents, so that his personages, though they do not lack vitality, in-

terest the reader less than the many moving accidents in which they are the actors. — Sir Quixote of the Moors, being some Account of an Episode in the Life of the Sieur de Rohaine, by John Buchan. (Holt.) The Sieur de Rohaine is, we suspect, a near kinsman of some of Mr. Weyman's heroes, but is not on that account a less agreeable acquaintance. It was a rather whimsical fancy to place this gentleman of France amongst the Covenanters, but the fragment of his story is very well told, and will probably be found all too brief by most readers. — Red Rowans, by Mrs. F. A. Steel. (Macmillan.) We have heretofore known Mrs. Steel as a novelist of Anglo-Indian life, a field in which only one writer can outrank her; but in this story she does not leave her native land, where at present she must meet not a few well-equipped competitors. It is pleasant to find that she holds her own as bravely in the misty West Highlands as in the glow and color of the Punjab, nor do we think that she has ever shown in character-drawing a firmer or

truer hand. For the sincerity of feeling, the insight, and the sanity which are to be found in this book we are so grateful that we are not disposed to criticise the later complications of the plot, — entanglements which are summarily, if effectively, cut by the final catastrophe, which the majority of readers will be likely to find needlessly tragic ; feeling, perhaps, that the author is responsible for the event, rather than inevitable fate. — A Set of Rogues, their Wicked Conspiracy and a True Account of their Travels and Adventures, by Frank Barrett. (Macmillan.) Le Sage and Defoe have been Mr. Barrett's masters in the construction and telling of this story, and he has proved himself no inapt pupil. Three merry rogues, players reduced to great straits by the long closing of the theatres during the Great Plague, are persuaded by the wiles of an astute Spaniard to personate the rightful owner of a rich estate and her friends, — the said owner being a prisoner amongst the Moors. To study these new parts they are obliged to travel in Spain, as the characters of a picaresque novel should ; and throughout the author shows a lively invention, and, as a narrator, has the right touch of realism and is invariably entertaining. He also assumes the later seventeenth-century manner and style with a somewhat unusual degree of success. — Centuries Apart, by Edward T. Bouvé. With illustrations by W. St. John Harper. (Little, Brown & Co.) Colonel Bouvé set himself a rather difficult task when he introduced a party of nineteenth-century Americans into the England of Henry VII., and it must be confessed that he is only moderately successful. His way of bringing about this combination of elements is an ingenious one, and no small part of the interest of the tale is due to that. The details are for the most part very well carried out, but certain points are left unexplained ; as, for instance, why a nation of Englishmen had remained the same in customs and speech for three centuries and a half, a state of things which their seclusion from the world on an unknown and inaccessible island would hardly account for entirely. Colonel Bouvé naturally makes the most of his opportunity to show the differences between modern and mediæval warfare by a detailed and interesting description of a battle with the South-English, in which, be it said, the Americans

are not the aggressors. Of course the book has its love-story, and the tragedy is necessary to its verisimilitude. The unusual conditions are handled with moderation and reserve throughout, and the narrative has an air of reality. — On the Point, a Summer Idyl, by Nathan Haskell Dole. Illustrated. (Joseph Knight Co., Boston.) A very mild little story, which seems to be pointless, in spite of its title. — Bullet and Shell, a Soldier's Romance, by George F. Williams. Illustrated from Sketches among the Actual Scenes, by Edwin Forbes. (Fords, Howard, & Hulbert.) A reissue of a popular war book containing more fact than fiction, with letters of introduction from General Sherman and General McClellan. — The Artificial Mother, a Marital Fancy, by G. H. P. (Putnams.) It turns out to be nothing but a dream, after all. — The Doom of the Holy City, by Lydia Hoyt Farmer. (Randolph.) An historical romance, dealing with the destruction of Jerusalem and the lives of certain early Christian martyrs. — Aunt Belindy's Points of View, and a Modern Mrs. Malaprop, Typical Character Sketches, by Lydia Hoyt Farmer. (The Merriam Co., New York.) In the conventional Yankee of such books as the Widow Bedott Papers Mrs. Farmer has essayed a comment on topics which come under discussion at women's clubs. — An Initial Experience, and Other Stories, edited by Captain Charles King. (Lippincott.) A dozen soldier stories : the one which gives the title to the book by the editor ; the others by seven different writers, most of them officers of the United States army. — Messrs. Estes & Lauriat have issued, in an attractive little volume, two characteristic short stories by Laura E. Richards : Jim of Hellas, or In Durance Vile, and Bethesda Pool. — Her Majesty, a Romance of To-Day, by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins. (Putnams.) — Mrs. W. K. Clifford's The Last Touches, and Other Stories, and Mr. Crawford's A Tale of a Lonely Parish, are reissued as the tenth and eleventh numbers of Macmillan's Novelists' Library. — Messrs. Harpers have added to their series of foreign novels Doña Perfecta, by Benito Pérez Galdós, admirably translated by Mary J. Serrano. The introduction is by Mr. Howells, who, while he finds the book a great novel, hardly thinks it realistic enough ; but he also owns that perhaps, because it is transitional from the author's

earlier romantic work, "it will please the greater number who really never arrive anywhere, and who like to find themselves in good company *en route*." We agree with this judgment so far as to think that the majority of readers will find no lack of realism in the work. — Messrs. Lippincott have brought out in uniform style English versions of Daudet's *Fromont Junior* and *Risler Senior*, translated by Edward Vizetelly, and Zola's *A Love Episode* (*Une Page d'Amour*), translated by Ernest Alfred Vizetelly, who also contributes an introduction. Each book is profusely illustrated: the first by George Roux, the second by E. Thévenot. — Alfred de Musset's *The Confession of a Child of the Century*, translated by Kendall Warren, has been published by Messrs. Sergel & Co., Chicago, in their *Medallion Series*. — A commendable addition to the *Antonym Library* is a translation of *Cœurs Russes*, by the Vicomte E. Melchior de Vogüé, to which the translator, Elisabeth L. Cary, has given the not inappropriate title *Russian Portraits*. She prefaces the book with a brief sketch of its author.

*History and Biography.* The *Life and Letters of George John Romanes*, written and edited by his wife. (Longmans.) A noble character shines forth from these letters, and that is the best offering a biography can make. The scientific suggestions which occur in the letters are admirable, and there are many delightful glimpses to be had of Romanes's associates, particularly of Darwin, to whom he stood in an affectionate and reverential attitude; but after all, the splendid devotion to truth shown by Romanes himself and the single-mindedness of his life are the great forces in character which glow in these pages and illuminate the track of a remarkable career. Mrs. Romanes has been very frank with the reader, and he will thank her sincerely for allowing him to see so clearly the workings of Romanes's spirit, especially as regards his religious belief. — *The Life and Times of John Kettlewell*, with *Details of the History of the Nonjurors*, by the Author of *Nicholas Ferrar, His Household and His Friends*. Edited, with an Introduction, by the Rev. T. T. Carter, M. A. (Longmans.) In reality a popular history of the Nonjurors, Kettlewell being used as a central figure. The book is well written

and steadily interesting, despite the fact that the position of the men it commemorates can make little appeal, either religiously or politically, to readers of to-day, the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience having passed out of the domain of actual belief and experience. Indeed, because of this we can the more heartily respect the simplicity and unworldliness of the best of these adherents of a lost cause; and after all, it is, more to their personal qualities than to their public position that their exceedingly sympathetic annalist devotes himself. — *The Oxford Church Movement, Sketches and Recollections*, by the late G. Wakeling. With an Introduction by Earl Nelson. (Sonnen-schein, London; Macmillan, New York.) This book is not a history of the Oxford Movement, properly so called, but rather some rambling recollections of the growth of ritualism in certain churches in London and the provinces, with sketches of various persons, clerical and lay, concerned therein, and it is enlivened by a moderate amount of decorous ecclesiastical gossip. The naïve and thoroughgoing partisanship of the writer gives the volume more a commemorative than a historical value. The book has no index nor even descriptive headings to the chapters, a serious omission in a work of the kind. — *Memoirs of Constant, First Valet de Chambre of the Emperor, on the Private Life of Napoleon, his Family and his Court*. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin, with a Preface to the English edition by Imbert de Saint-Amand. (Scribners.) The Napoleonic revival or craze, whichever it may be called, is of course responsible for the production — in excellent style, we may say — of an English version of Constant's *Memoirs*, a book first published in 1830. But though the work has never before been especially presented to the English-reading world, we imagine that the part of that public interested in its hero will find the most noteworthy portions of the *Memoirs* not altogether unfamiliar, so largely have a legion of writers drawn upon this book for intimate details respecting the personal habits of the Emperor. Regarding military or state affairs, except in their spectacular aspects, the reminiscences of the valet naturally have no particular value. The most entertaining chapters in the *Memoirs* are

those containing the too brief fragment of the diary of a lady-in-waiting, which Constant accidentally found, kept, and finally incorporated, with deprecatory annotations, in his work, where it shines greatly by contrast. This unnamed lady was a keen observer, and her touch - and - go sketches of Josephine are admirable. — A Metrical History of the Life and Times of Napoleon Bonaparte. A Collection of Poems and Songs, many from Obscure and Anonymous Sources. Selected and arranged, with Introductory Notes and Connecting Narrative, by William J. Hillis. With 25 Photogravure Portraits. (Putnam.) In his preface to Constant's Memoirs, M. de Saint-Amand declares that "the two names best known in the great American republic are those of Washington and Napoleon," and the compiler of this extraordinary volume, who feels bound to apologize for our mistaken grandfathers' estimate of his hero in view of our present enlightenment, would probably agree with him. Mr. Hillis has collected a great number of poems, — why, it is difficult to say, as the few that are good are generally exceedingly well known, while the many that are of indifferent quality or quite worthless have been mercifully forgotten, and to thus sumptuously reprint them seems a gratuitous unkindness. As to the collector's notes, it is sufficient to say that his attitude is always that of a worshiper, and it will depend upon the unsympathetic reader's mood whether he find them amusing or pitiable. — Two valuable additions to the professional commentaries on the military history of Napoleon are, *Cavalry in the Waterloo Campaign*, by General Sir Evelyn Wood, V. C. (Roberts), and *Napoleon Bonaparte's First Campaign*, with Comments by Herbert H. Sargent, First Lieutenant Second Cavalry, United States Army (McClurg). The latter is a comprehensive, forcible, and lucid account of the wonderful campaign of 1796-97. It is a volume which will probably be largely used by both military and historical students, and they will be grateful for the exceptionally full index which accompanies it. Sir Evelyn Wood's book will attract both technical and untechnical readers: the first particularly because of its vigorous and effective plea for the use of cavalry in the armies of to-day, while the second will be interested in so distinguished a soldier's spirited ac-

count of the great battle. — *The Story of the West Series*, edited by Ripley Hitchcock (Appletons), very properly begins at the beginning with *The Story of the Indian*, by George Bird Grinnell. Dr. Grinnell has had so intimate and friendly an acquaintance with the Indians of the Great Plains that his interest in their lives has enabled him to write, to a certain extent, from their point of view. His book is neither a history of bloody wars nor a rehearsal of the red man's wrongs, but a description of the wild, uncivilized Indian's ways of life and thought. His Indian is a man before he is a savage, and the picture, although not entirely rose-colored, is yet not unattractive, and is by no means as black as some writers have painted it. The author describes what he himself has seen, and retells the stories which the Indians themselves have told him. An especially entertaining story is that of the first discovery of white men by the Blackfeet. This came to Dr. Grinnell from an old half-breed, who had heard it when a boy from an Indian whose grandfather was one of the discoverers. The editor's introductory note tells us that the series is intended to show the types of men which have made the West of Kansas and beyond what it is to-day, and that the stories of the explorer, the miner, the soldier, the ranchman, and others are to follow. — *Headwaters of the Mississippi*, comprising *Biographical Sketches of Early and Recent Explorers of the Great River*, and a full *Account of the Discovery and Location of its True Source in a Lake beyond Itasca*, by Captain Willard Glazier. Illustrated. (Rand, McNally & Co.) The first two Parts tell the interesting story of the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi River, and Part Third gives Captain Glazier's narrative of his second expedition to its headwaters, in 1891, which established the validity of the claim for Lake Glazier as the true source of the river. — A new and cheaper two-volume edition of *The Life and Adventures of George Augustus Sala*, written by Himself, has been issued by the Messrs. Scribner.

*Literature and Art.* *Letters and Verses of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley*, edited by Rowland E. Prothero. (Scribners.) A very acceptable addition to the two-volume *Life*. Stanley's eager nature is here shown in its most favorable light. There is a

smaller proportion of letters of travel, but the choice is a good one, especially as it includes the interesting letters to the Queen on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh at St. Petersburg, when Stanley was a participant in the ceremonies. The brief passages, also, between Stanley and Jowett illuminate the character of each, and the whole volume is full of generous life. We are not sure but the reader would do well to read this before he reads the *Life and Letters*. — The latter half of *The Princess and Enoch Arden*, Aylmer's *Field and Lucretius*, form two volumes in the new so-called *People's Edition* of Tennyson. Popular the little books are in price and form, but as an entire edition the long series of small volumes hardly suggests the title. (Macmillan.) — The complete, uniform edition of Thomas Hardy's writings has reached *The Trumpet Major*, surely one of his most brilliant pieces, and *The Woodlanders*. Each has an attractive etched frontispiece. (Harpers.) — *Tales of a Traveler*, by Washington Irving. Buckthorne Edition. (Putnams.) An elaborate production in two octavo volumes, with a lithographed border to the page, and illustrated with photogravures from drawings and photographs. The artists represented are Frederick Dielman, F. S. Church, Henry Sandham, Arthur Rackham, W. J. Wilson, and Allan Barraud. — *Contemporary French Painters, an Essay. Painting in France after the Decline of Classicism, an Essay.* A new and good edition of these two books of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's has been issued by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, with photogravure reproductions of the original photographs. — Two more volumes of the Messrs. Roberts' edition of Balzac continue the tales of the division *Scenes from Private Life*: one containing *Béatrix*, a romance, whose heroine and her literary rival were probably, after a sort, suggested by the *Comtesse d'Agoult* and *George Sand*; and the other giving *A Daughter of Eve*, and that little masterpiece *L'Interdiction*, here called *A Commission in Lunacy*, as well as *The Rural Ball (Le Bal de Seeaux)*. Again the excellence of the translator's work calls for a word of hearty praise. — *Other Times and Other Seasons*, by Laurence Hutton. (Harpers.) A collection of gossip little papers, first contributed to *Harper's Weekly*; and though the book is small, it contains a great deal

of curious information as to old-time celebrations of high days and holidays, the origin and history of many out-of-door sports, as well as a consideration of the beginnings of tobacco and of the early-day coffee-house. A portrait of the writer serves as frontispiece to the volume. — *Readings and Recitations for Jewish Homes and Schools*, compiled by Isabel E. Cohen. (The Jewish Publication Society of America.) For the object in view, this compilation has been made with excellent judgment and unflinching good taste. — *The Aims of Literary Study*, by Hiram Corson, LL. D., and *The Novel, What Is It?* by F. Marion Crawford, have been reissued in Macmillan's (paper) *Miniature Series*. — Stevenson's *The Suicide Club* has been brought out in the pretty *Ivory Series*. (Scribners.) — *Art in Theory, an Introduction to the Study of Comparative Æsthetics*, by George Lansing Raymond, L. H. D., Professor of Æsthetics in the College of New Jersey at Princeton. (Putnams.) — Messrs. L. Prang & Co. have sent some attractive Easter cards, books, and booklets, the flower designs for which are unusually graceful and pleasing, and — as well as the accompanying texts or verses — altogether appropriate to the season for which they are intended, a thing by no means a matter of course in many publications of the kind.

*Nature and Travel.* Mentone, Cairo, and Corfu, by Constance Fenimore Woolson. (Harpers.) Hardly a good quality that should be found in a travel-sketch is wanting in the delightful papers which are reprinted in this volume. In Mentone we are introduced to a group of chance acquaintances, American and English, who spend many weeks together in the busy idleness of sojourners in the Riviera, the very atmosphere of which is felt in these pages. At Cairo and Corfu we have only the charming and all-sufficient companionship of the author in her own proper person, and go with her, to our great content, in her desultory, leisurely sight-seeing; her delicate appreciation, insight, and humor never failing by the way. The illustrations which accompanied the sketches in their magazine publication are reproduced in this volume. — *Three Gringos in Venezuela and Central America*, by Richard Harding Davis. Illustrated. (Harpers.) Despite the arrangement of the title, it was in Cen-

tral America that the three young men first found themselves "gringos," but Venezuela proved so much more attractive to Mr. Davis that we do not wonder at his giving that country the precedence. In Venezuela he found civilization, even Paris, — the Paris of South America; and though to see and report life in many and various phases seems to be the chief of this young author's aims, yet his leaning is decidedly towards civilized life. With only this one condition, he cares not how different it may be from the life of his "little old New York." And yet he can rough it, too, on occasion, like a "thorough sport," riding cow-catchers, climbing mountains, and swimming torrents with more than the enthusiasm of youth. It is interesting to learn from him the feeling of Venezuelans for the United States, and their view of the Monroe doctrine. We have no complaint to make against Mr. Davis for changing his mind about the application of this doctrine to the boundary dispute, but surely, in revising the original magazine article for book publication, he should have taken the pains to make *all* his text conform to his changed opinions. As it is, the reader is left to choose between two flatly contradictory statements in successive sentences. — *New Orleans, the Place and the People*, by Grace King. With Illustrations by Frances E. Jones. (Macmillan.) The author tells the romantic story of New Orleans, from its settlement by French Canadian voyageurs through all its eventful history up to the present time, in graceful and entertaining style, and with the sympathy and interest of a loving and indulgent daughter. There is nothing formal or prosaic about the book, nor do facts and dates assert themselves unpleasantly, but an interesting and varied panorama is opened before the reader, — a city successively French, Franco-Spanish, and Franco-Spanish-American. Miss King writes plainly and sorrowfully, but not bitterly, of the Federal occupation in 1862, directing her animadversions against the commanding general rather than against the people of the North. — *Handbook of Arctic Discoveries*, by A. W. Greely. (Roberts.) In this third volume of the *Columbian Knowledge Series*, edited by Professor David P. Todd, we have a ready reference book on a subject of perennial interest, written by an acknowledged authority. Eleven

maps, bibliographical matter, and an index add to the book's usefulness. In spite of its condensed form and the consequent omission of enlivening details, it is not unreadable. — *In New England Fields and Woods*, by Rowland E. Robinson. (Houghton.) It is not as a new writer on out-of-door themes that readers of *The Atlantic* will welcome Mr. Robinson, for several of these papers were first published in its pages. Though most of the others are addressed to sportsmen, they are marked by a humane feeling of kinship with bird and beast, and a genuine sympathy with nature in all its rural phases, which give them a very general interest. After reading *A Voyage in the Dark* one can easily account for the cheerfully reminiscent strain which runs through the book. Mr. Robinson has been a careful observer as well as a sincere lover of nature. The life of the woods is the life which appeals to him most strongly, and the incense of the camp-fire seems to be as the breath of his nostrils. — *Garden and Forest, a Journal of Horticulture, Landscape Art, and Forestry*, conducted by Charles S. Sargent, Director of the Arnold Arboretum, Professor of Arboriculture in Harvard College, etc. Illustrated. Volume VIII. January to December, 1895. (Garden and Forest Publishing Co., New York.) To say that this excellent and attractive journal has made no important change in its character and aims during the past year is to give it the highest possible praise. When a thing is good enough, improvement is unnecessary.

*Psychology. An Introduction to Comparative Psychology*, by C. Lloyd Morgan. (Imported by Scribners.) Mr. Morgan, in an introductory chapter, defines his position as a monist, but the body of the work is devoted to psychology alone, and can be read with pleasure and profit by persons who find themselves unable to accept the author's philosophy. Comparative as distinguished from introspective psychology is the subject, and special attention is paid to the mental phenomena of animals as related to the human mind. Mr. Morgan finds that animals are capable of sense experience, and possess memory and intelligence to enable them to profit by it, but he cannot credit them with a perception of relations or with the power of reasoning. Adopting the rule — very proper from a sci-

entific point of view — that when an act can be explained from a lower motive it should not be ascribed to a higher, he considers that no case of animal intelligence has come to his attention which could not be explained as readily by denying the animal's reasoning power as by affirming it. His experiments with chickens and ducklings have led him to restrict his belief in the operations of instinct to the most elementary actions, such as pecking at food. Other habits come from observation, imitation, practice, and memory. Mr. Morgan writes modestly and sensibly, in a lucid style, with an occasional touch of humor, and his book will interest laymen as well as psychologists. — *Primer of Psychology*, by George Trumbull Ladd. (Scribners.) — *The Diseases of the Will*, by Th. Ribot. Authorized Translation from the Eighth French Edition by Merwin-Marie Snell. (Open Court Publishing Co.) — *How to Study Strangers by Temperament, Face, and Head*, by Nelson Sizer. (Fowler & Wells Co.) — *A Scientific Demonstration of the Future Life*, by Thomson Jay Hudson. (McClurg.)

*Ethics. Menticulture, or The A-B-C of True Living*, by Horace Fletcher. (McClurg.) An interesting and stimulating small book which is an expansion of the prophet's charge, "Cease to do evil; learn to do well." Character-formation by prescription is not without its place in human morals, but one may question the power of Mr. Fletcher's gospel to exorcise demoniacal possession.

*Social Science. Eighteenth Year Book of the New York State Reformatory, Elmira, N. Y.*, containing the Annual Report of the Board of Managers for the Year ending September 30, 1893. Besides the special matter of interest principally to penologists, this volume has a chapter of Notes in Anthropology, giving a record of many valuable observations. The book was printed and bound by prisoners at the Reformatory, and is a very creditable piece of work. — *The Blind as Seen through Blind Eyes*, by Maurice de la Sizeranne. Authorized Translation from the Second French Edition, by F. Park Lewis, M. D. (Putnam's.) — *Marriage a Covenant — Not Indissoluble, or The Revelation of Scripture and History*, by the Rev. J. Preston Fugette. (Cushing & Co., Baltimore.)

*Education and Textbooks. Milton's Paradise Lost*, Books I. and II., in the Students' Series of English Classics (Leach, Shewell & Sanborn), shows marks of much painstaking by the editor, Albert S. Cook. It is distinctly a schoolbook, with questions in the notes, and a goodly array of learning. The side-notes, which serve as an analysis of the poem, are perhaps too much in the way of a topical index, and of too little use as disclosing the construction. In spite of Professor Cook's plea in his preface, we hope *Paradise Lost* will be read through many times and long before it is studied thoroughly. — *Coleridge's Principles of Criticism, with Introduction and Notes* by Andrew J. George, M. A., is the latest addition to Heath's English Classics. It contains twelve chapters of the *Biographia Literaria*, including the seven (XIV.-XX.) in which, as Mr. Traill says, the main value of that "literally priceless" work is to be found. The editor's notes often make Coleridge his own commentator, but also draw from a wide range of other sources, and aim to impress the lesson which Coleridge once gave to a London actor: "Think, in order that you may be able to observe! . . . Always think!" — *Silk, its Origin and Culture. Illustrated.* (Nonotuck Silk Co., Florence, Mass.) An interesting little pamphlet, with good half-tone illustrations. The publisher's note indicates that it has been prepared especially for use in schools. — *Apperception, a Monograph on Psychology and Pedagogy*, by Dr. Karl Lange, Director of the Higher Burgher-School, Plauen, Ger. Edited by Charles De Garmo. (Heath.) — *Manual of English Literature. Era of Expansion, 1750-1850. Its Characteristics and Influences, and the Poetry of its Period of Preparation, 1750-1800. With Biographical Appendix.* By J. Macmillan Brown, Professor of English Literature, Canterbury College. (Whitecombe & Tombs Limited, Christchurch and Dunedin, N. Z., and London.) — *How Gertrude Teaches her Children, an Attempt to Help Mothers to Teach their own Children*, by Johann Heinrich Pestalozzi. Translated by Lucy E. Holland and Frances C. Turner, and edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Ebenezer Cooke. (Sonnenschein, London; Bardeen, Syracuse.) — *A System of Physical Culture prepared expressly for Public School Work*, by Louise Preece. Analyzed and

arranged by Louise Gilman Kiehle. Illustrated. (Bardeen.) — Biennial Report of the State Superintendent of Free Schools of the State of West Virginia, for the Years 1893 and 1894, by Virgil A. Lewis. (Moses W. Donnally, Public Printer, Charleston, W. Va.) — *The French Verb Newly Treated, an Easy, Uniform, and Synthetic Method of its Conjugation*, by A. Esclan-gon, Examiner in the University of London. (Macmillan.) — *The Principles of Rhetoric*, by Adams Sherman Hill, Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard College. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged. (Harpers.) — *Elements of Inductive Logic*, by Noah K. Davis, Ph. D., LL. D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Virginia. (Harpers.)

*Science.* *Electricity for Everybody, its Nature and Uses Explained*, by Philip Atkinson, A. M., Ph. D. (Century Co.) A clearly written and interesting description and explanation of electrical science and its application as known and practiced to-day. So eminently practical and useful a

book must, of course, be indulged in the matter of cover-design; else we should protest against so hideously violent and violently hideous a thunderstorm. — Parts III. and IV. of the Sixteenth Annual Report of the United States Geological Survey are devoted to the Mineral Resources of the United States in 1894, — to Metallic and Nonmetallic Products respectively. They are ponderous tomes, containing a vast amount of valuable information in statistical form. The mineral products of this country for the year 1894, estimated at the original cost of raw material, amounted to nearly five hundred and thirty millions of dollars in value. This is, however, the lowest production since 1887. The decrease is laid to the general financial depression, and to certain special causes which operated on individual industries, such as the strike of the soft-coal miners and the low price of silver. Part III. contains special reports of investigation into the production of iron ore, iron and steel, and tin all over the world.

#### THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A School  
Conservatory.

THE writer of the article *The Schoolhouse as a Centre*, in the January *Atlantic*, pleads for a conservatory in the public school building, "not for botanical uses, but for the pleasure to the eye," and adds, "If there is only one fountain in the village, it should be in the schoolhouse court or garden." San Francisco is not exactly a village, and it is not a very arable city, but there is at least one conservatory and fountain in it within the walls of a public school. A high school for girls, with an enrollment of about six hundred pupils, has been the scene of an interesting and successful experiment. About two and a half years ago, the master of the school, eager to introduce some beauty into the school surroundings, persuaded the authorities to have thirty or forty loads of loam dumped upon the waste of sand which formed the playground of the school, a plot sixty-five by one hundred and thirty feet. With this loam a border was made, about three feet wide, and several patches of

earth were spread about the lot. The master and his pupils exercised their ingenuity in producing rockeries and ferneries. Everything grows quickly in California, and soon the girls had palms and ferns and varieties of tropical plants growing in the border and on the patches. To work at this gardening was a privilege, and if any plot was neglected it was to be taken out of the hands of the gardener and given to another; but so far not more than three or four out of the ninety-eight who undertook the work have fallen under this penalty. It was perhaps rather fortunate that the lack of funds compelled this resort to volunteer labor, for certainly more than half the pleasure would have been lost if the care of the gardens had fallen to the charge of a paid gardener.

But when the desert had been thus transformed into a blooming garden, there was still a corner, formed by two brick walls, which served for a rubbish heap, and the master wished not only to get rid of the

unsightly pile, but to make this sunny spot available for a conservatory. His call on the authorities for such a conservatory was met with derision; how could a delicate plant-house possibly be cared for, even if there were funds to build it? The master's enthusiasm and self-help carried him forward, and a year ago, in the Christmas vacation, putting off the schoolmaster and putting on the workman, he built a conservatory with his own hands, — a conservatory fourteen feet by eighteen, and twelve feet high in the peak. Thus far but one pane of glass has been broken; and as for the plants, they have flourished famously. The girls take the greatest pride in the house, helping to stock it and bringing their ailing plants from home to enjoy it, and so jealous of the good name of the school that it is the rarest thing for a blossom to be plucked. The immediate care is in the hands of the janitor.

One thing leads to another, and to the garden and conservatory has now been added a fountain, with a basin eight by ten feet, in which fish are hatched and reared and their habits closely watched by the girls. In this charming spot the pupils spend their recesses, and often a class is allowed to spend a study hour there. If a girl's head droops or her eye grows dull, she is sent into the garden for a while, and the visit is a wonderful panacea for geometrical headaches, chemical sore throats, or optical aberrations. And as a girl takes a visitor first of all to this favorite resort, it is fair to believe that the memory of most, when it turns to the old schoolhouse in after-years, will be a fragrant memory.

Shorthand and Typewriting. — May an old stenographer come to the defense of many young people who feel rather aggrieved at certain criticisms of their work in an article in *The Atlantic* for December, 1895?

It is true that young shorthand writers have difficulty in reading their own imperfectly made hieroglyphics; but the best stenographers read with facility not only what they themselves write, but each other's notes, unless these are taken at great speed. One of the most rapid congressional reporters has for many years employed in his office two or three ladies to transcribe his notes, and transcription is found a fascinating, not a severe task. Many other experts follow the same method.

As to shading in stenography, there is no need of a marked distinction between light and dark strokes, but the best writers make a difference which their own eyes readily recognize. So, too, the accurate shorthand writer makes his vertical characters perpendicular to the line, even in the most rapid writing; and it almost never occurs that a *p* can be read for a *t*, or a *b* for a *d*.

Again, the good stenographer invariably begins a paragraph as a paragraph should begin, with the line indented. He makes the long stroke for a period. Proper names simple enough to be written in shorthand he underlines, vocalizes those which might be doubtful, and spells out those which it would be unsafe to trust to phonography. This takes quick thinking? Yes, but the expert is nimble not only with his fingers, but with his brains. In the course of thirty years' experience it has been the good fortune of the writer to know at least a score of the best stenographers in the country. They have all substantially followed these rules, and there are hundreds following them now who read their notes as fluently as most people read longhand.

If an imperfectly educated amanuensis stumbles over her writing, that may not be the fault of any one of the many systems of shorthand; it is the common American habit of "skipping." Because many half-educated girls have found their way into offices, it is a fallacy to suppose that all amanuenses may be charged with stupidity, ignorance, and inaccuracy in their work.

To test the supposed impossibility of reading a page of this magazine without vowels, paragraphs, periods, or other marks of punctuation, a column of the article in question was copied, eliminating these supposed necessities. This skeleton page was submitted to two intelligent persons, who read it all after a little puzzling. But shorthand is much more easily read, when written correctly, because position implies certain vowels in every case.

As to the assistance of memory, reporting becomes so mechanical that often a speech, a sermon, a long address, may be entirely new to the reporter when he comes to transcribe his notes. It is as though he had never heard a word of it.

Now for typewriting. Within the last fifteen years, hundreds — nay, thousands of

manuscripts have passed through the writer's hands. In the earlier part of that period they were all pen-written, and the work of preparing them for printing was a burden to the flesh and a vexation to the spirit. The majority come now in neat typewritten dress, which is easy to read, and therefore the editing of them requires not one tenth of the time. Yet these are rarely typewritten by the authors themselves. They have been guilty of "the absurdity of entrusting the transcription" to copyists, who, as a rule, have improved on the verbal form of the original manuscripts.

As for the machines, some of them have every punctuation mark (with one trifling exception) used by *The Atlantic Monthly*. It is, therefore, impossible to sympathize with the writer of the article under review, who says, "What would be my sensations were I obliged to put even this modest article which I am now preparing into the hands of a copyist? All I know is that, until the agony was over, I should not get a single night's sleep." This "modest article," on the contrary, will be handed to one of half a dozen young ladies to copy, any one of whom will return it in such shape that even the critical proof-reader of this most carefully printed magazine will have hardly a change to make. Upbraid those who deserve it, but let it be acknowledged that there are copyists who are a "luxury," and not a "torment."

*The Fool in Fiction.* — If the course of literary evolution be followed out, it will be

found to take its rise in the ballad. That is the form of recital which lends itself best to repetition. The metrical limitations tend to keep the flow of the story within its own banks, as well as to give emphasis to the sharp turns, the rapids, and the waterfalls which distinguish a rivulet from a canal. Recitation leads to acting, and acting expands into dialogue. The *Nut-Brown Maid* and others which will occur to the lover of ballads are examples of this incipient tendency. Thus the drama is only a ballad in a developed stage.

The novel is the play put into print, with description substituted for action and scenery. This relation is evident, since a ballad may be the theme on which a play is founded, and a play may be converted into a novel. A contributor to *The Atlantic* in days gone by so treated the farce of *Lend*

*Me Five Shillings*, and *Maga* was kind enough to accept, publish, and pay for the same. There is a retrograding process possible, by which a novel may be dramatized, a drama made into a ballad; but, as a rule, it is not to the benefit of the work. The reader turned hearer resents the playwright's conception. The development on the lines of a true evolution is ever in the search for increase of power. The play has its limitations in the conventionalities of the stage, the capacities of actors, and the necessity of condensation and swift action. There is a division of interest between the drama in itself and the skill used in presenting it. Garrick and Kean are applauded the more the deeper their emphasis of the villainy of *Iago* and *Sir Giles Overreach*.

In both the drama and the novel the appeal is to the imagination to produce a temporary illusion. The spectator knows that the stage sword does not pierce or the theatrical goblet intoxicate, and that the spectre vanishes behind the wings *o. p.*, and not into thin air. The reader knows that what he reads is fiction, and that the author has (presumably) the power to shape the catastrophe as he will, to reward virtue and to punish vice, even in utter disregard of the inscrutable laws of real life. The art of the actor and the dramatist, like the art of the novelist and his illustrator, consists in suppressing for the moment the cooler judgment, and giving one over to the spell of the imagination. The power is gained by the combination of two opposing forces, — realism and exaggeration. The artist in a dramatic situation strikes a true chord, and then intensifies it to shut out any other perception. The novelist has the far larger freedom of leading gradually up to the subject, and of describing secret thoughts without the halting aid of soliloquy and the transparent hypocrisy of stage asides.

The true novel, therefore, is a developed and improved drama, and this preface is to lead up to a curious corroboration to be found in the study of literary evolution. Dismissing many of the more recent novels, which have passed on into a state of gelatinous coagulation, or even of fluid decomposition, as the modern stage has declined into mere farce and superficial melodrama, I wish to take two distinctive and first-class representatives of the two phases of development, the plays of Shakespeare and the novels of

Sir Walter Scott. In these there are many points of resemblance, showing this continuity of development, but there is one in particular on which I rest my case. It is that in each is felt the necessity, in order to reach the proper balance of the action, of using the foil of the comic element.

There is required the fool in fiction. This need may be met by the use either of the jester, the clown, the professional merry-maker, or of the butt, the gull, the knave who is to fill the rôle of Sancho Panza to the Don Quixote of tragedy. There is hardly a play of Shakespeare in which this foil is not to be found. Trinculo and Caliban in *The Tempest*; Launce in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; the clown in *Twelfth Night*, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek; Falstaff and Justice Shallow, Doctor Caius and Sir Hugh the Welsh parson, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*; the clown and Lucio in *Measure for Measure*; Dogberry in *Much Ado about Nothing*; Puck and Bottom the weaver in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; Armado and Costard in *Love's Labour's Lost*; Autolycus in *The Winter's Tale*; Touchstone in *As You Like It*; Christopher Sly and Gremio in *The Taming of the Shrew*; the two Dromios in *The Comedy of Errors*; Pandarus in *Troilus and Cressida*; Apemantus in *Timon of Athens*; Cloten in *Cymbeline*; the fool and Edgar in *King Lear*; the porter in *Macbeth*; Polonius, Osric, and the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*; Roderigo in *Othello*, — these all come to my pen without the necessity of opening the books, and I dare say the reader can fill out the list with others, which space forbids to enumerate.

Turn now to the *Waverley* series, and take them in their order. Davie Gellatley in *Waverley* holds the position of the household jester, — "the innocent" who uses the shrewd license of his order, covered by the infirmity behind which he takes refuge. The Baron of Bradwardine belongs to the class of eccentrics whose peculiarities are food for mirth. In *Guy Mannering*, Dominie Sampson, with his misplaced erudition, absence of mind, and real simplicity, is as marked a comic character and as complete a factor in the story as any of the Shakespearean personages of like position. The Antiquary himself is a creature of the finest comedy; but, putting him aside, in *Edie Ochiltree* one finds the combination of the best points of Touchstone and Autolycus

with a Scotch shrewdness entirely his own. Rob Roy develops a new type in Andrew Fairservice, to say nothing of Wilfred Osbaldistone and Bailie Nicol Jarvie; for Andrew is a fine specimen of the serving-man of comedy. In *The Black Dwarf*, which is a failure in almost every particular, there is no one who exactly fills the place; but Old Mortality makes up for it in Cuddie Headrigg, who is, perhaps, the most delightful because the most lovable of all his class. *The Heart of Mid-Lothian* displays the same combination of mental infirmity and wit which belongs to the class, but transfers it to a female in the person of Madge Wildfire. *The Bride of Lammermoor* gives in Caleb Balderstone a character in every way worthy of the old comedy, and unsurpassed by any we can recall in Shakespeare. *The Legend of Montrose* has in Allan M'Aulay another instance of the disordered intellect, with gleams of great acuteness breaking through its habitual gloom. But its great and distinguishing character is Dugald Dalgetty, a compound of Falstaff and Falconbridge, yet unlike either. The likeness to both is moral rather than intellectual. In *The Monastery*, the White Lady seems intended to fill the rôles of Ariel and Puck, but the real comic personage is Pierceie Shaf-ton. In *The Abbot*, Adam Woodcock, the falconer, supplies the comic element, slightly but effectively. *Ivanhoe*, again, has in Wamba the almost perfect type of the clown proper, the jester *par excellence* of the feudal age, who in wit and shrewdness hardly falls behind Touchstone. Wayland Smith and Flibbertigibbet in partnership form the comic element, the clown, so to speak, of the drama of *Kenilworth*, in some respects one of the most dramatic of Scott's novels. In *The Pirate* one has a choice between Claud Halero, Triptolemus Yellowley, and Jack Bunce, the fantastic follower of Cleveland; while Peveril of the Peak can furnish nothing better than the little dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson, who is a sort of Falstaff seen through an inverted telescope. To make up for this, *The Fortunes of Nigel* has not only Richie Monipplies, but King James himself, who is not less the fool in history than here the fool in fiction. *Quentin Durward* offers Le Balafre as well as Le Glorieux, the jester of the Burgundian count. *St. Ronan's Well* is rather meagre, unless one takes both Captain MacTurk

and the old oddity Touchwood. But Redgauntlet, which, in spite of the critics, has always been a favorite of mine, has the masterly picture of Peter Peebles and also of Wandering Willie, to say nothing of Nanty Ewart. In *The Betrothed*, Wilkin Flammock is the broad-comedy character, while in the far superior story of *The Talisman* there is hardly any touch of jest, save in the few sayings of Jonas Schwanker, the court fool of the Archduke of Austria. Woodstock, again, furnishes a capital example in Roger Wildrake, and *The Fair Maid of Perth* has a truly Shakespearean character in Oliver Proudfoot. Anne of Geierstein has a specimen of the dullard in Sigismund; and in *Count Robert of Paris*, which belongs to the failing period of Sir Walter's power, Sylvan, the ape of Agelastes, marks the fading out of the type.

If the critic of this brief paper will kindly consider the passing mention given above, and recall the characters barely named in it, it may be seen that, broadly classified, the several types which go to form the underplay of the dramas of Shakespeare and of the Elizabethan age are constantly repeated in Scott. They help to carry on the story by their weaknesses, foibles, and eccentricities, and though in many instances not fools, they play the part of the conventional and traditional stage-fool. They make the rollers on which the weightier action of the plot moves. They serve as foils to the loftier and more heroic actors. They are indispensable to the right development of the theme. They are not mere stop-gaps to divert one in the shifting of scenes, or reliefs to the sombre pathos of set speeches and impassioned dialogue. They cannot be cut out and dropped as superfluous. In this the dramatic sympathy of Scott marks the principle of evolution which is here insisted on, and I therefore hold that the true novel is only a further development of the true stage-play. It is a drama addressed to the mind rather than to the eye and ear of the reader.

Bernard Bar- — Edward Fitzgerald's letters to ton. the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, remind me of the singular manner in which I first became acquainted with Barton's letters to Lamb, Southey, and others. About forty years ago, there was an ideal Quaker settlement three miles from Bryant's historical home at Roslyn, Long Island. Nearly all the Friends who were wont to

assemble in a barnlike meeting-house on Sunday lived in quaint, old-fashioned houses, I know not how many generations old, and wore the original Quaker dress. One of the women preachers, known in my mother's family as Cousin Rebecca, lived on the hill overlooking Roslyn. Books and papers were scarce in her house, but next to George Fox, William Penn, and Horace Greeley, Bernard Barton was Cousin Rebecca's hero. She not only had Barton's *Memoirs*, published by his daughter Lucy (the lady who subsequently became the wife of Edward Fitzgerald), but she possessed a costly copy, bound in red morocco, of that elegant edition of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* about which Charles Lamb teased Barton in the letter beginning, "A splendid edition of 'Bunyan's Pilgrim'! Why, the thought is enough to turn one's moral stomach. His cockle-hat and staff transformed to a smart cock'd beaver and a jemmy cane; his amice grey to the last Regent Street cut; and his painful palmer's pace to the modern swagger. Stop thy friend's sacrilegious hands. . . . Perhaps you don't know my edition what I had when a child." For this edition Barton wrote a very beautiful sonnet, which I herewith transcribe, as it is not found in his *Memoirs*, and I never have seen it except in two copies of an edition reprinted in this country by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, dated 1844. One of these belonged to my relative, and the other I chanced upon in the University Library at Lawrence, Kansas. The sonnet reads as follows:—

"O! for one bright though momentary glance;  
Such as of old in Patmos Isle was given  
To him who saw the clouds asunder riven:  
And, passing all the splendour of romance,  
In glory, and in 'pomp of circumstance':—  
The new Jerusalem come down from Heaven:—  
Or the least measure of that mystic leaven,  
Which blessed old Bunyan's visionary trance!  
But vain the painter's or the poet's skill,  
That heavenly city's glory to declare;—  
All such can furnish is a vision fair,  
And gorgeous; having as its centre still,  
His cross who died on Calvary's Holy Hill;  
Man's only title to admittance there."

Mr. R. H. Stoddard has scarcely done Bernard Barton justice. A few of the sonnets, such as those upon the Howitts and John Evelyn and the one upon Selborne (Gilbert White's village), show much poetical insight, but the letters which Barton inspired Lamb, Edward Fitzgerald, and Southey to write are a precious legacy, which ought to save his name from oblivion. To this Quaker poet

Lamb opened his heart during the melancholy months when Mary had to be sent to an insane asylum; to him Fitzgerald confided his hopes and fears as to whether a painting which he had purchased was a genuine Gainsborough; and Southey wrote, July 9, 1821, the startling sentence, "So Buonaparte is now as dead as Cæsar or Alexander." Thus much of the literary gossip and life of the early part of our century may be found in the letters written to Bernard Barton, the popular Quaker poet, who is but a name in our day to the general reader.

A Variegated — "Black as a pot! Black as  
Color Line. a pot!"

"I ain't nigh so black as your own gran'-mammy."

"Black as a crow! Black as the ace o' spades!"

"All what you says to me I puts on your gran'-mammy," — this in the solemn tone of a witch casting a spell.

The foregoing dialogue took place between two little colored girls who were loitering on the banquet just outside my parlor window; and it set in motion a long train of thought. I was impressed anew by one of the strongly marked characteristics of the negro race, — the way in which the color line is drawn among them, — and it struck me as being somewhat surprising that people who write about them usually ignore this trait. The fact is, the white man draws one black color line, but the negro's color line is variegated. Every shade "counts" with the latter, and the color question is a fruitful topic for discussion; more frequent, it must be added, among women than among men. Tongues wag excitedly over the comparative "brightness" of Molly's and Juley Ann's complexion; hard words, and even blows, are often the outcome of such arguments. Naturally, the "brighter" — that is to say, the whiter — the complexion, the more superior and aristocratic does its owner consider herself; while "coal-black Rose" is literally and metaphorically in outer darkness. To have hair "as straight as a poker" and a skin light enough to freckle is to be an object of envy to those less blessed.

"My daughter Calline is the freckledest thing ever you see," said one colored mother proudly to another. "Why, even to her eyelids is freckled. An' as fer her hair, you could n't curl it to save you."

"Ah, Lord!" sighed the other, as she gazed mournfully upon her own dark-hued progeny, "wisht I could say 's much fer mine. 'Think I must 'a' ben cunjered when I married a man black like George, an' now I has this houseful o' nappy-headed chil-lun. Emma's hair 's that kinky it jus' *won't* grow long; an' it 's goin' to be a mighty big set-back to her when she comes old 'nough to marry."

There is a colored benevolent society in a certain Southern city — doubtless there are associations like it elsewhere — which will not admit to membership any one whose skin is darker than a certain delicate shade of tan. It is considered something of a misalliance when a yellow girl marries a black man. One tawny mother absolutely refused to let her daughter wed the man of her choice. "I don't want to have nothin' to do with dark-colored folks more 'n passin' the time o' day with 'em," remarked this stern parent. "I don't like 'em near me." But love laughs at such parental decisions, and the daughter settled the matter by eloping. In one respect she was fortunate; for her husband's relatives looked up to her as to a superior being. As one of her friends expressed it: "Ab's folks makes a perfec' treasure o' Jinny. They think she 's just let down" (that is, descended, as an angel might, from heaven to earth), "because she 's lighter 'n what they are."

"Nigger," of course, as a word typifying the deepest blackness, is an old-established taunt. But the black people know how to defend themselves. Yellow Clementine remarks of some passer-by: "Ain't she black, though! She don't look like nothin' in the world but the stump of a tree that's been burnt down. If I was black like that, I'd ask some one to give me a dost o' poison." Whereat black Nancy retorts: "Don't you be so stuck up about bein' bright-complected. The white in you is what the white folks would n't have. I'm a *nation*; you're *nothin'*!" Certainly, the handsome black woman, with her fine, robust figure and splendid teeth, did more resemble a "nation" than the yellow girl, who was frail in physique, with a sickly looking complexion and discolored teeth.

One dark-brown girl, of unusual intelligence and industry, was frequently heard asseverating with much emphasis, "Thank

goodness, there's no nigger about me!" "Well, what are you if you ain't a nigger, you conceited little black something?" inquired her fellow-servant one day, in tones of exasperation. "I'm no nigger. I'm a *Hayti*," responded Rosina haughtily. Being asked subsequently why she called herself a "*Hayti*," she laughed shamefacedly as she answered: "Oh, Lor', ma'am! I just wanted to say something to shut Marie's mouth. She's always crowin' over me because she's yellow."

This poor girl's idea of bliss was to be white; she could not imagine how a white person could ever be downcast or despairing; in her opinion, the color was enough to console one for anything. Her conception of heaven was that there she would be rid of her dark skin. It was quite pathetic to hear her shrilling, over her work,

"Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrims' pride,"

as if it gave her passionate pleasure to identify herself, in song, with the "dominant race."

The single color line of the whites and the variegated color line of the negroes are equally hard to cross; and without doubt the latter is accountable for the strange want of solidarity among the dark race which may often be noted. The yellow Afro-American learned from the white American the bitter lesson he now passes on so pitilessly to his black brethren; and sometimes one wonders what the upshot of it all will be.

The National Hymn. — The death of Rev. Samuel F. Smith brings up again the subject of the origin of the tune to which he wrote the words of the national hymn America. The *Souvenirs de la Marquise de Créqui* contain the solution of this much-disputed question.

The music was composed by Lully, an Italian, educated in France, and distinguished as the creator of French opera. The original text was written by Madame de Brinon, a Parisian lady. The hymn was suggested by Madame de Maintenon,

in honor of King Louis XIV. on his appearance at the official opening of the school for noble young ladies at the convent of St. Cyr, in 1686. It was sung by the pupils at the entrance of the king into the chapel, and the words were as follows: —

"Grand Dieu, sauvez le Roi!  
Grand Dieu, vengez le Roi!  
Vive le Roi!  
Qu'à jamais glorieux  
Louis victorieux  
Voye ses ennemis  
Toujours soumis.  
Grand Dieu, sauvez le Roi!  
Grand Dieu, vengez le Roi!  
Vive le Roi!"

It was a tradition at St. Cyr that Handel, during a visit to the superior of the convent, asked and obtained permission to copy the air and the words of that French invocation; and this assertion is supported by a written declaration, signed by the nuns of St. Cyr, and also by a full narration of the circumstances in the *Memoirs of the Duchess of Perth*, who gives three nuns of St. Cyr as her authority. Handel published the music with English words, and offered the work to King George I. of England, apparently as his own composition.

In 1790, a Danish clergyman, Heinrich Harries, prepared a hymn in honor of the birthday of King Christian VIII. of Denmark, and set it to what was called the English tune of God Save the King.

In 1793, a German scholar, Dr. Schumacher, translated the Danish hymn, with slight alterations, and published it in a Berlin newspaper, as a greeting to King Friedrich Wilhelm on his return from the campaign against France. That hymn, *Heil dir im Siegerkranz*, sung to the melody of God Save the King, became at once the favorite national hymn of Germany, and found its way also into Austria, Hungary, and Iceland; both music and words being in every case a plagiarism of the French originals.

Mr. Smith borrowed the tune from a German music-book, being entirely ignorant of the history of the composition, and he wrote his text without reference to the royalist invocation.